



The HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF

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VOLUME I
FUN AND THOUGHT FOR LITTLE FOLK



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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

BOOKS are as essentially a part of the home where boys and girls are growing into manhood and womanhood as any other part of the furnishings. Parents have no more right to starve a child's mind than to starve his body. If a child is to take his place among the men and women of his time he needs to know the past out of which the present grew, and he needs to know what is going on in the world in which he lives. He needs tools for his brain as much as for his hands. All these things are found, and best found, in books.

The child is helpless to provide himself with these necessities for life. The majority of parents are eager that their children shall start early and right on that road which leads to honorable success. But it is impossible for any parent, by no matter how liberal an expenditure, to collect books that shall adequately cover all a child's needs and interests. This is the task of experts.

INSTRUCTIVE PLAY

Recent studies of childhood have emphasized the conviction that a child develops his talents even more in his playtime than in his school; his spontaneous activities build up his fourfold—physical, mental, social, and moral—nature. Probably no collection of books has been more strongly affected by this modern discovery than this one. The whole effort has been to utilize the child's play-interests so that they shall express themselves in joyous ways that lead into the world of invention and industry, of imagination and achievement, of science and art and music, of character and worthwhile deeds.

Children's collections have had various literary styles. The encyclopedia is comprehensive, but stately and often dull; it will answer the question of the child, but it does not lead the child toward more knowledge. The scrapbook is interesting, but it has no plan or order. The "inspirational" book is full of fine sentiments, but without facts or much information.

THE PURPOSE OF *THE BOOKSHELF*

This collection is so built that it creates a desire for knowledge, and then satisfies that desire. At the same time it does not pretend to tell all that is known on any one subject. The Editors have seen to it that the information

is given in an attractive form with plenty of illustrative material. To awaken minds and to make them alert and receptive has been their aim.

THE PLAN AND SCOPE

These books begin with the dawn of intelligence in the child, and go with him through the morning of childhood, and into the noonday of youth. They contain a complete stock of finger-plays, action-plays, lullabies, and other entertaining and educational material enjoyable to babies and little children.

The material is classified. In some libraries articles upon an unrelated variety of subjects may be found within the covers of a single volume. This feature has been tried and found wanting. It means that when the reader is on the trail of a given subject he never knows where to look for it, and he is likely to have to hunt through several volumes before he learns what he wants to know. The argument for an unclassified library is that the child who is reading a story may happen at the end of that story upon an article containing valuable information, and thus be lured on to read it. Children are not so easily beguiled. The mental distraction of being, as it were, forced to spring from one theme to another certainly counterbalances any supposed advantage in the scrapbook arrangement. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is as true an adage and as necessary to remember and to practise to-day as it ever was.

In making the General Index the Editors have remembered that this is for use, not to fill space. The General Index is practical and will help the user to find just what he is looking for, and to find it quickly.

THE HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF is American in viewpoint, but world-wide in outlook. While it has been produced within the United States, it is larger than the United States, or even than North America. Unusual space is given to Canadian affairs and interests, and the rest of the world has not been neglected. Throughout the entire set, there is an emphasis on character, uprightness, honor, service, which is distinctly aimed to build up that type of manhood and womanhood for which the good American is famed at home and abroad.

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The Publishers and the Editors wish to thank each and every one of the individuals who have coöperated with them to make these volumes what they are. The courtesy, the heartiness with which assistance has been given, the belief of these friends in the success of the ideals of THE BOOKSHELF, have made the task of compiling, editing, and manufacturing a pleasure.

The Editors, in preparing the manuscript for these volumes, have endeavored in all cases where material has been used which has previously appeared in print to give credit to author, publisher, and book, and to any other to whom such acknowledgment was due. If they have failed to do so in any particular case, it has been an oversight, for which the Publishers are not responsible, as their instructions on this point were definite, and for which the Editors express their regrets. Future editions will offer an opportunity for any correction, which will be gladly made.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME I

MOST mothers and fathers realize that long before children are old enough to read there is a rich treasury of rhythm and song and story that may be given them. To make this treasury available is the purpose of this volume.

Finger-plays and action-plays, in which Froebel found so rich a meaning, do much to help the baby to know and control his fingers and hands, to enable him to discover the other parts of his body, to awaken his intelligence and to bring him into affectionate companionship with his father and mother. Here we have gathered not only the traditional ones, which the mother and father may remember from their own early childhood, but also many that will be fresh and new.

Mother Goose long ago established her throne as Queen of the Nursery. There is something about her short ditties, always full of rhythm, sometimes of sense, and frequently of the most elemental humor, that appeals to the baby mind as nothing else does. A proof of the worth of her songs and stories would be found if any of us should try to write better. We have brought together many familiar ones and some unfamiliar (for Mother Goose lived in many times and many lands), and have illustrated them with some new and charming drawings and color-plates.

Children as young as three are ready for the simplest sort of stories, but it is so hard for us grown-ups to become children again that many of us have found difficulty in suiting our language and thought to their eager but unfurnished minds. These bedtime stories and little tales of babies and animals and girls and boys are therefore a real godsend.

Most of the stories are illustrated by pictures, some are told entirely by them. The choice of these illustrations was made from our best modern knowledge about little children. It is now recognized that they like simple incidents, about themselves or the familiar things around them, drawn in clear outline or with strong color. There are certain artists, too, who seem to have retained their own childlikeness better than others, and such were called upon to illustrate this volume.

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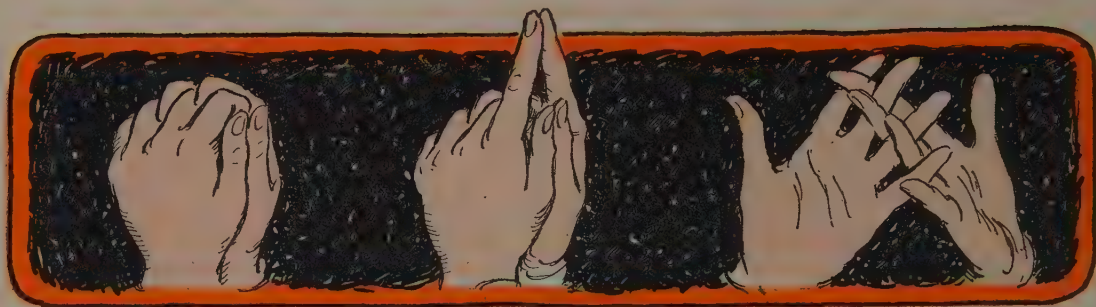
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FATHER PLAYS AND MOTHER PLAYS

THE CHURCH



A

B

C

THIS IS THE CHURCH

(Two hands, palms together, fingers folded down and interlaced—Figure A)

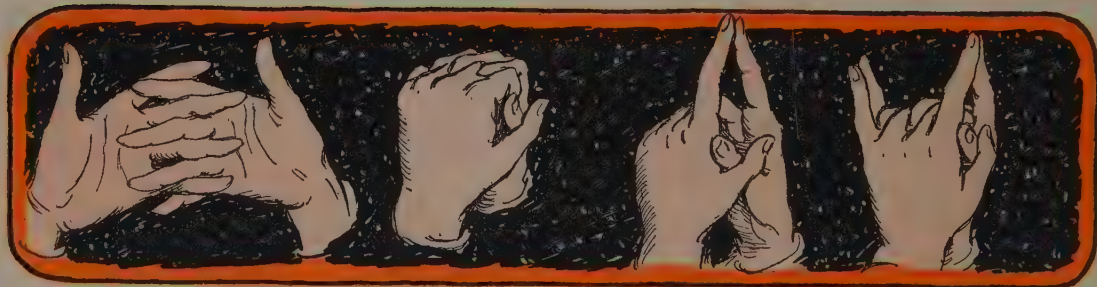
AND THIS IS THE STEEPLE,

(Raise the two pointer fingers as shown in Figure B)

OPEN THE DOORS, AND THERE ARE ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE.

(Open the hands, but leave the fingers interlaced—Figure C)

THE HOME



A

B

C

D

HERE ARE MY FATHER'S KNIVES AND FORKS,

(Figure A)

HERE IS MY MOTHER'S TABLE,

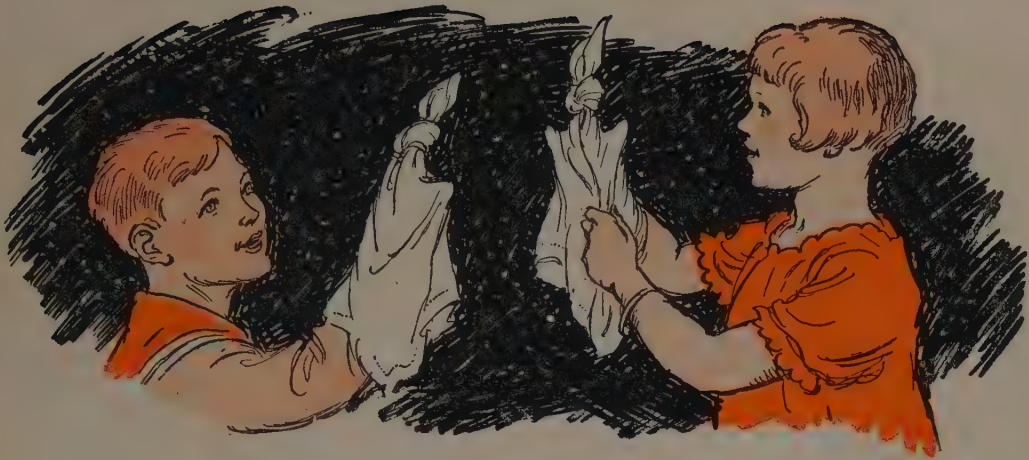
(Figure B)

HERE IS MY BIG SISTER'S LOOKING-GLASS,

(Figure C)

AND HERE IS THE BABY'S CRADLE.

(Figure D—rock the hands back and forth to imitate cradle)



DUET FINGER PLAYS

I. THE MANIKINS

The manikin is made with a large handkerchief (preferably one of Father's) in one corner of which is tied a loose knot, into which the index finger is inserted. The rest of the handkerchief is draped about the hand. The thumb and middle finger are outstretched under the handkerchief, thus providing the manikin with arms, while the left hand pulls the handkerchief together and gives shape to the body. A conversation then takes place, accompanied by appropriate gestures by the manikins, of which the following is an example:

He: Good morning, good dame (nodding). And why so sad so early in the morning? (coming nearer.)

She: I've lost my cow, sir (wringing her hands).

He: A cow—was she red, maybe?

She: That's right, sir (nodding excitedly).

He: With crooked horns? (pointing at her.)

She: Absolutely! (clapping her

hands.) You've found her! (jumping about.)

He: Oh no, but I've often thought I'd like to get a cow like that.

She: (flies off in a rage.)

II. THE BIRD'S NEST

Sister forms a nest with her two hands, and then invites Baby to come and see what is in the bird's nest. Baby pokes in an inquisitive finger, which is pinched by a hidden thumb, and promptly lets go. Sister will of course squeeze the little finger gently, so that Baby will laugh at the surprise and want to come again to find out if the birdie is still in his nest.





Finger Play



A BENCH



A TUB



A SCRUBBING BOARD



THE SOAP



A DIPPER



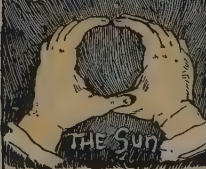
THE BASKET



CLOTHES PINS TWO

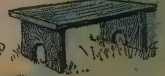


THE LINE



THE SUN

Here's a little wash-bench,



Here's a little tub.



Here's a little scrubbing-board,



And here's the way to rub.

Here's a little cake of soap,



Here's a dipper new.



Here's a basket wide & deep,



And here are clothes-pins two.

Here's the line away up high,

Here's the clothes all flying.

Here's the sun so warm & bright,

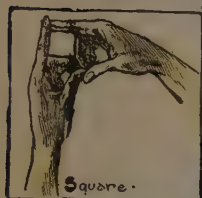
And now the washing's drying.

Edith Goodyear

Finger Play.

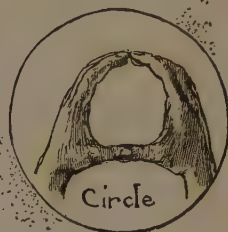
By Edith
Goodyear.

The little space 'twixt fingers & thumbs
Is round as a circle you see!



Square.

While in there, a tiny square
Shows corners four to me.



Circle

Circles are like the daisies white;
Like pennies, candies and plates,
Like Grandma's cookies & pumpkin pies;
And best of all, the pretty blue
In Baby's laughing eyes.



The square makes me think of the rug where he sits
On the nursery floor at play;
Of the lawn where he rolls
in the sunshine bright,
And the dainty spread
that covers his bed
When he's fast asleep at night.



COUNTING THE FINGERS

THIS is the thumb, you see;
This finger shakes the tree;
And then this finger comes up;
And this one eats the plums up;
This little one, says he,
"I'll tell of you, you'll see!"

This one fell in the water,
And this one helped him ashore,
And this one put him into bed,
And this one covered him o'er;
And then, in walks this noisy little chap,
And wakes him up once more.

That one is the thumb;
And this one wants a plum;
This one says, "Where do they grow?"
This one says, "Come with me—I know."
But this little one, he says,
"I will not go near the place!
I don't like such naughty ways."

This one walked out into the wood,
And caught a little hare;
And this one took and carried it home,
For he thought it dainty fare;
And this one came and cooked it up
With sauces rich and rare;
And this one laid the table out,
And did the plates prepare;
And this little fellow the keeper told
What the others were doing there.

Now, I think that through and through
Little Finger's right—don't you?

AN OLD NORSE FINGER PLAY

THICKEN man, build the barn,
Thinner man, spool the yarn,
Longen man, stir the brew,
Gowden man, make a shoe,
Littlen man, all for you!

BABY'S TOES

DEAR little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long nightgown
Wrapped for the night.

Come, let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby;
And three is a nun.

Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

1



Ring the bell

2



Knock at the door

3



Lift the latch

4



And walk in

FOR THE HURT HAND

*PAT it, kiss it,
Stroke it, bless it,
Three days' sunshine, three days' rain,
Little hand all well again.*



*Swing
arms from
side to
side*

*WASH the lady's dishes,
Hang them on the bushes;
When the bushes begin to crack,
Hang them on the old man's back;
When the old man begins to run,
Shoot him with a leather gun.*

On last line turn baby around.



THIS IS THE WAY MY FINGERS STAND

To the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."

THIS is the way my fingers stand,
Fingers stand, fingers stand,
This is the way my fingers stand,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they dance about,
Dance about, dance about,
This is the way they dance about,
So early in the morning.

This is the way I fold my hand,
Fold my hand, fold my hand,
This is the way I fold my hand,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they go to rest,
Go to rest, go to rest,
This is the way they go to rest,
So early in the morning.

THUMBKIN, POINTER

THUMBKIN, Pointer, Middleman big,
Sillyman, Weeman, rig-a-jig-jig.

NAMING THE FINGERS *

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

THIS is little Tommy Thumb,
Round and smooth as any plum.
This is busy Peter Pointer:
Surely he's a double-jointer.
This is mighty Toby Tall:
He's the biggest one of all.
This is dainty Reuben Ring:
He's too fine for anything.
And this little wee one, maybe,
Is the pretty Finger-baby.

All the five we've counted now,
Busy fingers in a row.
Every finger knows the way
How to work and how to play;
Yet together work they best,
Each one helping all the rest.

ROBERT BARNES

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine,
So that I may cut a shine?
Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

"SHALL I, OH! SHALL I?"

A LITTLE boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Said the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Said the little girl to the little boy,
"What will you do?"
Said the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

*(As the last words are sung, the mother kisses
the little one in the folds of the neck.)*

*From "Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play"; used
by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.

JACK, BE NIMBLE

JACK, be nimble,
Jack, be quick;

(Jack is one hand walking along on its fore- and middle-fingers.)

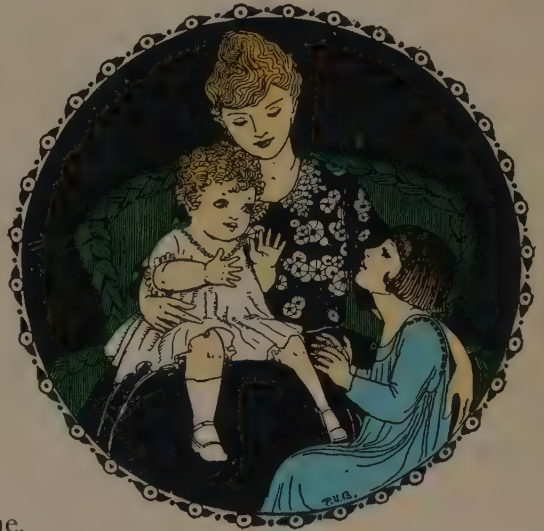


Jack, jump over
The candlestick.

(Fist closed; uplifted thumb for candle. Jack jumps over it.)

TWO LITTLE HANDS

Two little hands so soft and white,
This is the left—this is the right.
Five little fingers stand on each,
So I can hold a plum or a peach.
But if I should grow as old as you
Lots of little things these hands can do.



PAT A CAKE

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man.
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And then it will serve for Tommy and me.

CLAP YOUR HANDS

Baby, Baby, clap your hands!
Where London's built, there London stands,
And there's a bed in London Town,
On which my Baby shall lie down. ~

THE BIRD'S NEST

A Froebel Finger Play

HERE upon the leaves at rest
A little bird has built her nest.
Two tiny eggs within she's laid,
And many days beside them stayed.
Now she's happy; listen well!
Two baby birds break through the shell.
Don't you hear them? "Peep! peep! peep!"
We love you, mother. Cheep! cheep! cheep!"



TWO LITTLE BLACKBIRDS

THERE were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
(Little pieces of paper perched on forefingers.)
One named Jack, the other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack; fly away, Jill.
(Fingers soar gently in the air.)
Come again, Jack; come again, Jill.
(Fingers fly back.)

MASTER SMITH

IS MASTER SMITH within? Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick—tack—too.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail,
*(Right hand extended in shape of a bird is poised
on extended forefinger of left hand.)*
Niddle noddle went his head,
And waggle went his tail.
*(Little finger of right hand waggles from side to
side.)*

THE LITTLE WINDOW

A Froebel Finger Play

Look, my dear, at this window clear.
See how the light shines through in here.
If you would always see the light,
Keep your heart's window clean and bright.



GREETING

GOOD little Mother,
How do you do?
Dear strong "Daddy,"
Glad to see you!
Big tall Brother,
Pleased you are here.
Kind little Sister,
You need not fear,
Glad welcome we'll give you,
And Babykins, too.
Yes, Babykins,
How do you do?

A PLAY FOR THE ARMS

PUMP, pump, pump,
Water, water, come;
Here a rush, there a gush,
Done, done, done.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;
 When the pie was opened
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not that a dainty dish
 To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
 Counting out his money;
 The Queen was in the parlor,
 Eating bread and honey;
 The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes;
 When up came a blackbird
 And nipped off her nose.

(At this line somebody's nose gets nipped.)

THE PIGEON HOUSE

A Froebel Finger Play



Now I'm going to open my pigeon-house door.
 The pigeons fly out to the light,
 Straight to the meadows so pleasant they soar,
 And flutter about with delight.
 But at evening they'll all come home at last,
 And the door of the house I'll then shut fast.



SAID THIS LITTLE FAIRY

SAID this little fairy, "I'm as thirsty as can be."
 Said this little fairy, "I'm hungry, too, dear me!"
 Said this little fairy, "Who'll tell us where to go?"
 Said this little fairy, "I'm sure that I don't know."
 Said this little fairy, "Let's brew some dewdrop tea."
 So they sipped it and ate honey beneath the maple tree.

A BURROWING GAME

SEE the little mousie, creeping up the stair,
 Looking for a warm nest—there, oh, there!

(Mother's fingers creep up the body, and finally fumble in baby's neck.)

PAT A CAKE

A Froebel Finger Play

BABY, would you like to make
 For yourself a little cake?
 Pat it gently, smooth it down.
 Baker says: "Now, in to brown;
 Bring it here, baby dear,
 While the oven fire burns clear."
 "Baker, see, here is my cake;
 Bake it well for baby's sake."
 "In the oven, right deep down,
 Here the cake will soon get brown."

A KNEE GAME

WHAT do I see? Baby's knee.
 Tickily, tickily, tic, tac, tee.
 One for a penny, two for a pound;
 Tickily, tickily, round and round.

A FOOT PLAY

UP, down—up, down.
 One foot up and one foot down,
 All the way to London town.
 Tra la la la la la.

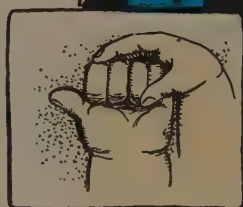
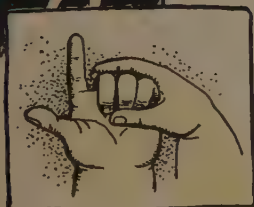
PUTTING THE FINGERS TO SLEEP



My fingers are so sleepy
It's time they went to bed,
So first, you Baby Finger
Tuck in your Little Head.



Ringman, come, now it's your turn,
And then come, Tallman Great;
Now, Pointer Finger, hurry
Because it's getting late.



Let's see if all are snuggled.
No, here's one more to come,
So come, lie close, little brothers,
Make room for Master Thumb.



THREE FACE PLAYS

BROW BENDER

BROW bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper.
Knock at the door—peep in,
Lift up the latch—walk in.

EYE WINKER

Eye winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Chin chopper.

HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR

HERE sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sit his two men;
Here sits the cock,
And here sits the hen;

Here sit the chickens,
And here they go in,
Chippety, chippety,
Chippety chin.

TWO FOOT PLAYS

THIS

LITTLE

PIG



THIS little pig went to market;



This little pig stayed at home;



This little pig had roast beef;



This little pig had none;



This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

SHOE THE OLD HORSE

SHOE the old horse,
Shoe the old mare;
But let the colt
Go bare, bare, bare.

MY LITTLE GARDEN

SEE my little garden,



How I rake it over,

Then I sow the little brown seeds,



And with soft earth cover.

Now the raindrops patter
On the earth so gayly;



See the big round sun smile
On my garden daily.

The little plant is waking;
Down the roots grow creeping;



Up now come the leaflets
Through the brown earth peeping.

Soon the buds will laugh up
Toward the springtime showers;
Soon my buds will open
Into happy flowers.



THE FAMILY*

BY EMILIE POULSSON



THIS is the mother, so busy at home,
Who loves her dear children, whatever may come.



This is the father, so brave and so strong,
Who works for his family all the day long.



This is the brother, who'll soon be a man;
He helps his good mother as much as he can.



This is the sister, so gentle and mild,
Who plays that the dolly is her little child.



This is the baby, all dimpled and sweet;
How soft his wee hands and his chubby pink feet!



Father, and mother,
and children so dear,

Together you see them,
one family here.

*From "Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play"; used by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

TEN LITTLE SQUIRRELS

TEN little squirrels up in a tree—
(Ten fingers outspread.)



The first two said: "What do I see?"
(Thumbs only.)



The next two said: "A man with a gun."
(Forefingers only.)



The next two said: "Let's run; let's run."
(Middle fingers only.)



The next two said: "Let's hide in the shade."
(Ring fingers only.)



The last two said: "We're not afraid."
(Little fingers only.)



Bang! went a gun.
(Clap hands.)



Away they all run.
(All fingers scamper off.)





JOHNNY SHALL HAVE A NEW BONNET

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny?
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?



RIDING SONGS *for* FATHER'S KNEE

TO MARKET RIDE THE GENTLEMEN

To MARKET ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee;
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim;
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim;
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trot.

HERE GOES MY LORD

HERE goes my lord—
A trot! a trot! a trot! a trot!
Here goes my lady—
A canter! a canter! a canter! a canter!
Here goes my young master—
Jockey-hitch! jockey-hitch! jockey-hitch! jockey-hitch!
Here goes my young miss—
An amble! an amble! an amble! an amble!
The footman lags behind,
And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make up his time.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

A FARMER went trotting upon his gray mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down.
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

UP TO THE CEILING

UP to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backward and forward, round and round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry chorus, ding, ding, ding!

THE MESSENGER

HERE in the morning we're starting so soon,
Give us a message, we'll ride to the moon,
Straight through the meadows and hop o'er the stile,
And we will but charge you a farthing a mile.
A farthing a mile! a farthing a mile!
We will but charge you a farthing a mile.

CATCH HIM, CROW

Catch him, crow! Carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe and ready to fall,
Home comes [Johnny], apples and all.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

Ride a Cock-Horse to Charing Cross,
To see a Young Lady jump on a White Horse,
With Rings on her Fingers, and Bells on her Toes,
She shall have Music wherever she goes.

THIS IS THE WAY

THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Nin! Nin! Nin!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trot! Trot! Trot!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Jogglety! Jogglety! Jogglety! Jog!

RIDE AWAY, RIDE AWAY

RIDE away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

TO MARKET, to market,
To buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again,
My journey is done.

TROT, TROT, THE BABY GOES

BY MARY F. BUTTS

EVERY evening Baby goes
Trot, trot, to town—
Across the river, through the fields,
Up hill and down.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Up hill and down,
To buy a feather for her hat,
To buy a woolen gown.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;
The birds fly down, alack!
“You cannot have our feathers, dear,”
They say; “so please trot back.”

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;
The lambs come bleating near.
“You cannot have our wool,” they say;
“But we are sorry, dear.”

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Trot, trot, to town.
She buys a red rose for her hat,
She buys a cotton gown.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy;
 A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
 And a two-penny apple pie.

Ride a cock-horse to Shrewsbury-cross,
 To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
 It trots behind and it ambles before,
 And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

Here we go UP, UP, UP!

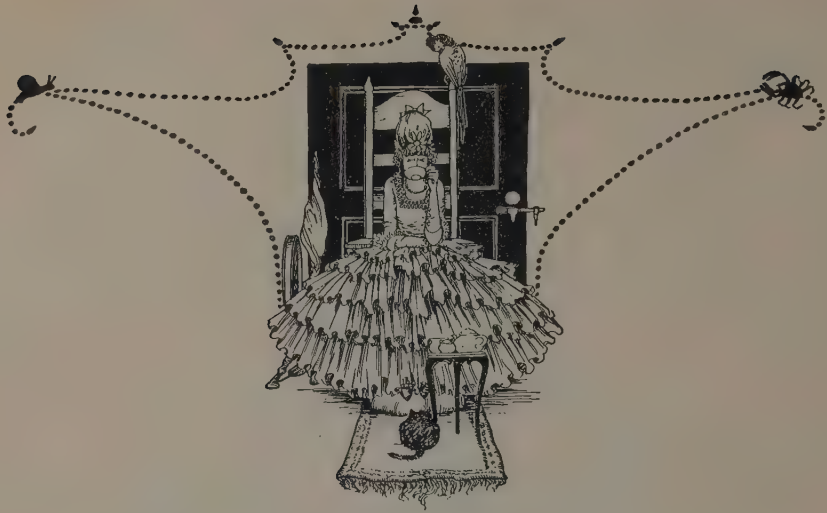
Here we go DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!

Here we go BACKWARDS and FORWARDS!

And here we go AROUND
 AND AROUND!



MOTHER · GOOSE
SONGS · AND · STORIES



CROSS PATCH

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;

Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.

HAPPY LET US BE

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they ring;
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been;
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE BASKET

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"

"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"

"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by-and-by."



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
FROM A DRAWING BY ANNE ANDERSON

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

GOOSEY, goosey, gander, where dost thou wander?
Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man that would not say his prayers,
I took him by his hind legs and threw him down stairs.



ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop,
So I said, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.

THE WIND

ARTHUR O'BOWER has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land—
A King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

RING-A-RING-A-ROSES

RING-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! hush! hush! hush!
We're all tumbled down.



I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY

I HAD a little doggy that used to sit and
beg;
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs and
broke his little leg.
Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to
make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a little
silver bell.



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.



HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

LADY-BUG

LADY-BUG, lady-bug, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all
gone:
All but one whose name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

SEE-SAW, SACARADOWN

SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down:
That is the way to Boston town.





From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham

"WHERE SHE WAS GOING I COULDN'T BUT ASK IT,
FOR IN HER HAND SHE CARRIED A BROOM."



JACK AND JILL

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To draw a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper ;
Went to bed to mend his head,
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in, and she did grin
To see his paper plaster ;
Mother, vexed, did whip her next
For causing Jack's disaster.

WILLY BOY

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you if I may.
"I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them make the hay."

BONNY LASS

BONNY lass, bonny lass, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet serve the swine;
Thou shalt sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And thou shalt eat strawberries, sugar, and cream!

THE FOX AND THE OLD GRAY GOOSE

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate mustard in all their whole life;
They ate their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night,
The stars they were shining, and all things bright.
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-ho!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened awhile;
Oh, ho, said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho!

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake:
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-ho!

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this unto yonder wee town e-ho!

Old Gammer Hipple-hopple hopped out of bed,
She opened the casement, and popped out her head.
Oh! husband, oh! husband, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox is gone through the town, oh!

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap;
But the fox was too cunning, and gave him the slip,
And ran through the town, the town, e-oh!

When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe
Through the town, e-oh!

When the fox came back to his den,
He had young ones, both nine and ten.
"You're welcome home, daddy; you may go again,
If you bring us such nice meat from the town, e-oh!"

OH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?

I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir, says she,
And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love for evermair,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



DING-DONG-BELL

DING—
Dong—
Bell!

Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out? Big Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn.

LONDON BRIDGE

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee,
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye

Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll set a man to watch it then,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll set a man to watch it then,
With a gay ladye.

We'll put a pipe within his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll put a pipe within his mouth,
With a gay ladye.



"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea."



LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE BO-PEEP, she lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
When she awoke she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them!

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by—
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
Then went over hill and dale,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail.



SIMPLE SIMON

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
But all the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail!



COME OUT TO PLAY

Boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day:
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street,
Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went the Pussy-Cat, and down went he!
Down came Pussy-Cat, away Robin ran,
Says little Robin Redbreast—catch me if you can.

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and then he was afraid.
Little Robin chirped and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-Cat said Mew, mew, mew—and Robin flew away.

GREEN GRAVEL

ALL round the green gravel the grass grows so green,
And all the pretty maids are fit to be seen;
Wash them in milk, dress them in silk,
And the first to go down shall be married in green.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the butcher's
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant."
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

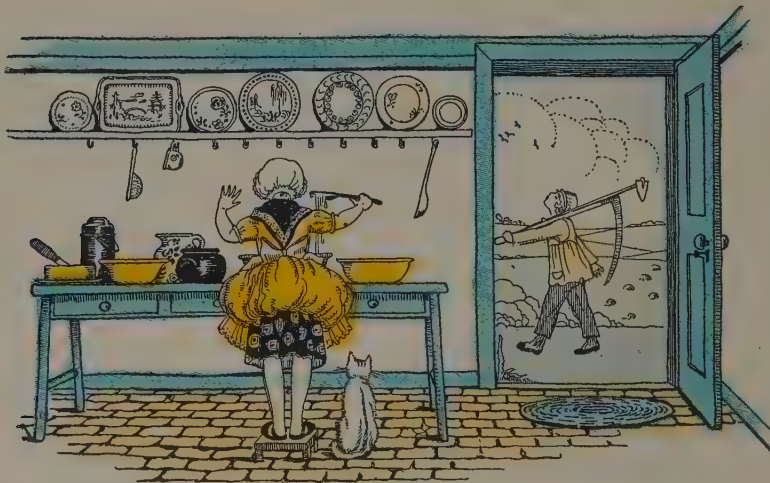


THE STORY OF MOTHER HUBBARD, TOLD IN JAPANESE PICTURES.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
 What! Is this the way you mind your sheep,
 Under the haycock, fast asleep?



MY MAID MARY

MY MAID Mary
 She minds her dairy,
 While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn.
 Merrily runs the reel
 And the little spinning-wheel
 While I am singing and mowing my corn.



BEGGARS ARE COME TO TOWN

HARK! Hark!
The dogs do bark!
The beggars are come to town;

Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

BOW-WOW-WOW

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

BYE, BABY BUNTING

BYE, Baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
And Brother's gone to buy a skin,
To wrap the Baby bunting in.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN



THREE little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:

"O mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens."
Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
No, you shall have no pie.
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."



The three little kittens, they found their mittens,
And they began to cry:

"O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."
Put on your mittens
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.

"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."



The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;

"O mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens."
Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens, they washed their mittens.
And hung them out to dry;
 "O mother dear,
 Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"
 Washed your mittens!
 Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by;
 Hush! Hush! "Mee-ow, mee-ow."
We smell a rat close by,
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."



TOM WAS A PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills, and a great way off,
The wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he well pleased both the girls and boys,
And they always stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.



Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.



She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! Mother," says he,
"It will not go for naught."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.



Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no
harm.



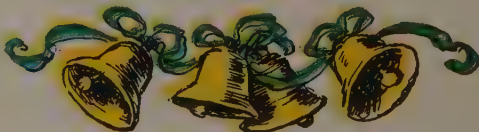
I'll sit by the fire, and give her some
food,
And pussy will love me because I am
good.

DEEDLE, DEEDLE, DUMPLING

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

ORANGES AND LEMONS

GAY go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.



OLD. MOTHER GOOSE



THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER

"LITTLE Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper."
"What shall I sing?"
"White bread and butter."
"How shall I cut it
Without any knife?
How shall I marry
Without any wife?"



PUSSY AND THE MICE

NINE little mice sat down to spin;
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll snip off our heads."

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.



MISS MUFFET

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

THERE was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down—
Hickory, dickory, dock.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE

IF ALL the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

THE KING OF FRANCE

THE King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

SEE-SAW

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master:
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London to see the Queen."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."



PUSSY SITS BESIDE THE FIRE

Pussy sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do?"
"Indeed, I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

PETER PIPER

PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?



OLD KING COLE

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he:
He called for his pipe, and he called for
his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
(Twee-tweedle-dee, twee-dee-dee, went
the fiddlers three)—

IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.



Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

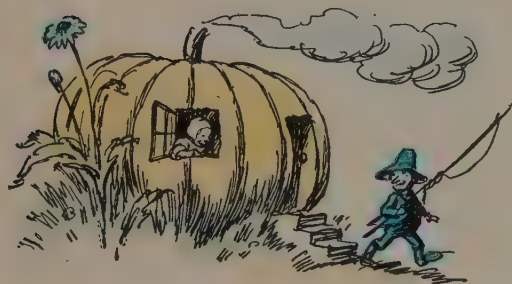
THE TAILORS AND THE SNAIL

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.



PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well.



I WENT UP ONE PAIR OF STAIRS

First Child.—I went up one pair of stairs.

Second Child.—Just like me.

First Child.—I went up two pairs of stairs.

Second Child.—Just like me.

First Child.—I went into a room.

Second Child.—Just like me.

First Child.—I looked out of a window.

Second Child.—Just like me.

First Child.—And there I saw a monkey.

Second Child.—Just like me.

HOW MANY STRAWBERRIES IN THE SEA

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the
sea?

I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the
wood.

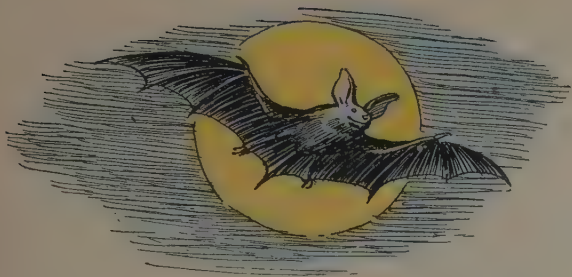
I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side.
If ifs and ands
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!





BAT, BAT, COME UNDER MY HAT

BAT, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

TOMMY SNOOKS AND BESSY BROOKS

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
Wilt marry me on Monday?

ROBIN AND RICHARD

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky:
"Oho! brother Richard, the sun's very high."

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

THE north wind doth blow, and we shall
have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor
thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself
warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
poor thing.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

RUB-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker:
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

GREAT A LITTLE a

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND

I HAD a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot
And there I bid him drum.
I bought a little handkerchief
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters
To tie his little hose.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.



DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is new come to town,
With a petticoat green, and a bright yellow gown,
And her white blossoms are peeping around.

BILLY BOY

OH, WHERE have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
"I have been to seek a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."

What work can she do, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
What work can she do, charming Billy?
"She can brew and she can bake,
She can make a wedding cake—
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?
"She can make a cherry pie
Quick's cat can wink her eye—
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."

How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
"She is three times six, four times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven—
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE Queen of Hearts, she made some
tarts

All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those
tarts,

And with them ran away.



The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts brought back the
tarts,

And vowed he'd steal no more.

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

WHAT are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of,
made of.

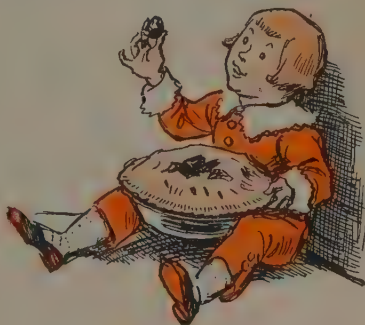
What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of,
made of.

HANDY SPANDY

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

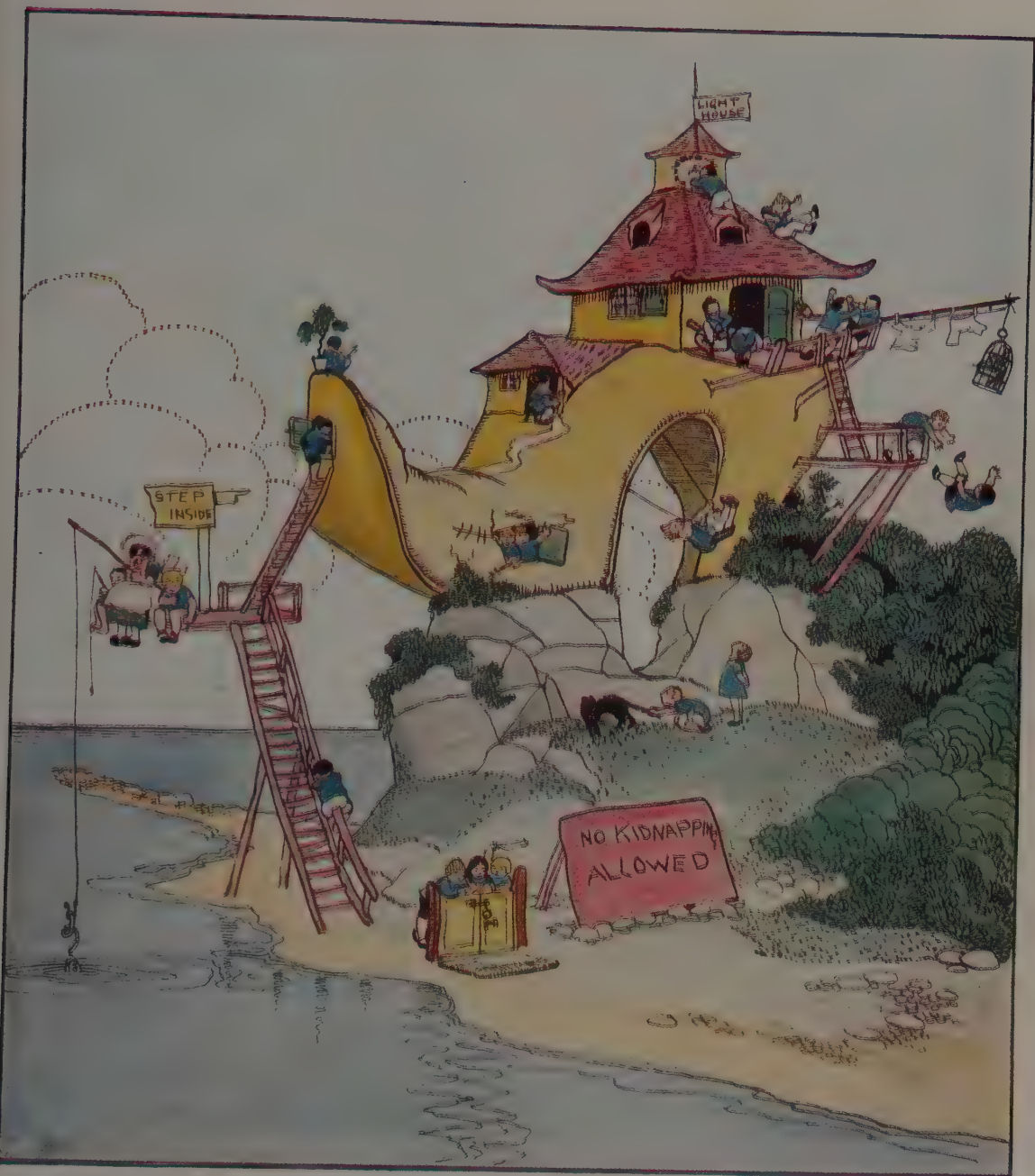


There Was an Old Woman



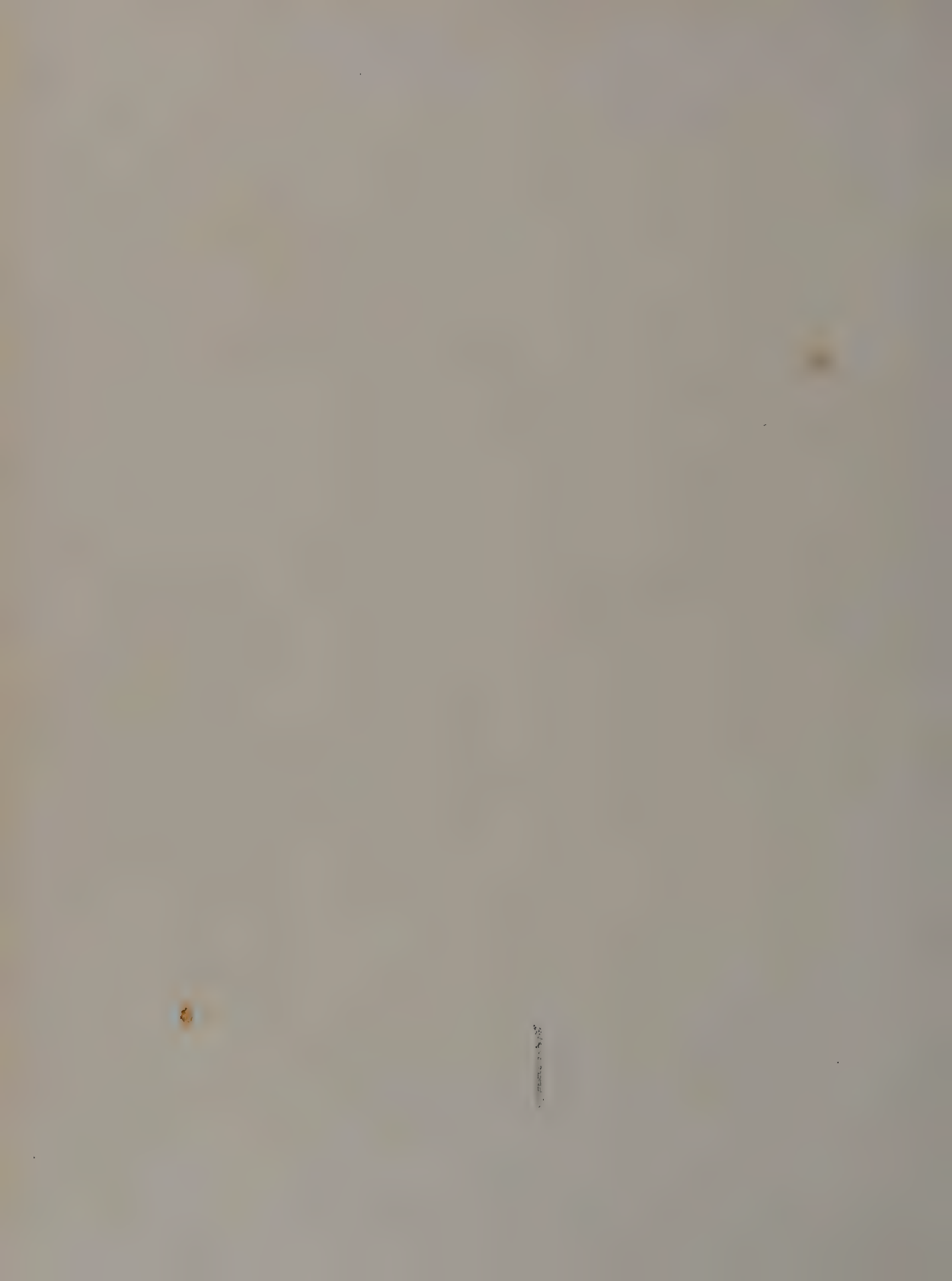
here was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe ,
Who had so many children
She didn't know what to do
She gave them some broth
Without any bread
And whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed . ”



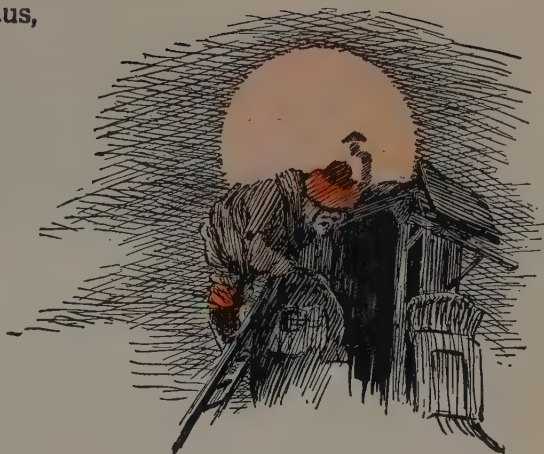


There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed.

FROM A DRAWING BY P. VINTON BROWN



Now it happened that Santa Claus,
 Passing that way,
 Peeped into the shoe top
 And saw how they lay—
 With their round, rosy faces
 All shining with tears,
 And resolved to do something
 To comfort the dears.



So while they were sleeping
 In woful array,
 He bundled those children
 Right into his sleigh;
 And cracking his whip
 As his reindeers sped forth,
 Away they all flew
 To his home in the North.



What wonders he showed them,
 Such beautiful toys!
 Such dolls for the girls,
 And such drums for the boys!
 Such farms and such stables,
 Such monkeys and bears,
 Such dishes and tables
 And tiny dolls' chairs!

And when they had seen
 All the wonderful things
 Which each winter, at Christmas,
 Dear Santa Claus brings,
 He gave them, to make
 Their enchantment complete,
 Just all of the candy
 And cake they could eat.



When they told of their travels,
 Their mother, it seems,
 Only laughed, and declared
 They were nothing but dreams.
 I am sure, though, things *must*
 Have occurred as they say,
 Else why were they, all of them,
 Ill the next day?

Humpty Dumpty



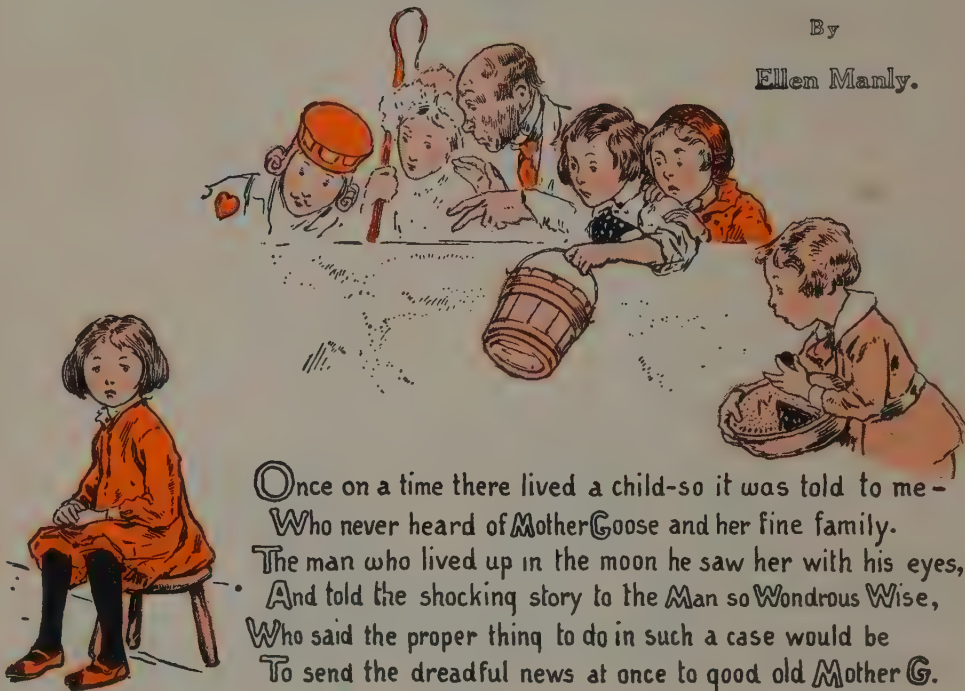
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again."

A MESSAGE TO

MOTHER GOOSE.

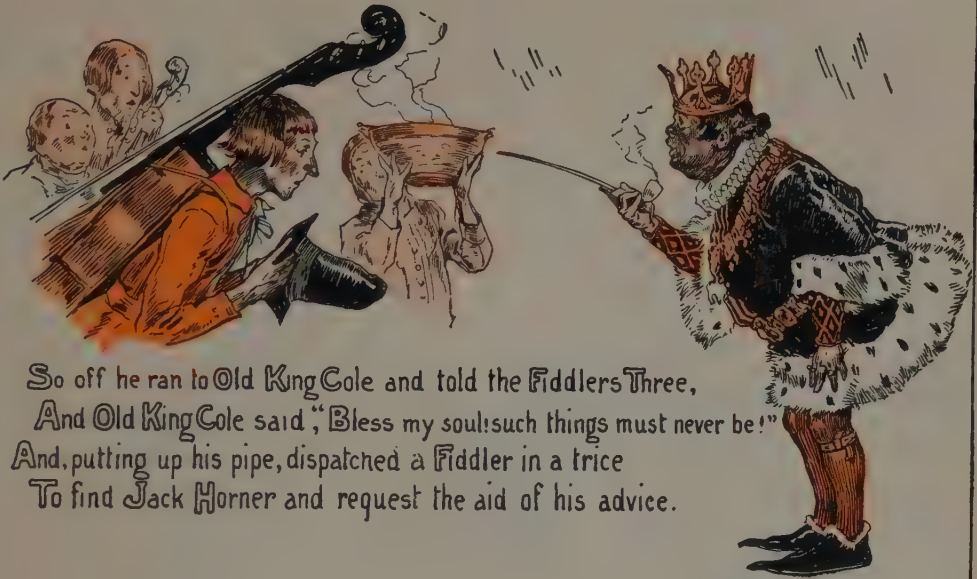
By

Ellen Manly.



Once on a time there lived a child-so it was told to me-
Who never heard of Mother Goose and her fine family.
The man who lived up in the moon he saw her with his eyes,
And told the shocking story to the Man so Wondrous Wise,
Who said the proper thing to do in such a case would be
To send the dreadful news at once to good old Mother G.





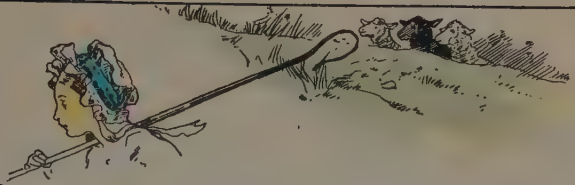
So off he ran to Old King Cole and told the Fiddlers Three,
 And Old King Cole said, "Bless my soul! such things must never be!"
 And, putting up his pipe, dispatched a Fiddler in a trice
 To find Jack Horner and request the aid of his advice.

Jack Horner cried: "Alack-a-day! and can it really be.
 There lives a child who never heard about my pie and me?
 I cannot spread the news myself - I'm busy finding plums.
 You'd better ask the King of France when next this way he comes!"



The King of France was close at hand, a-marching up the hill,
But kindly turned his men about to search for Jack and Jill;
And Jack and Jill, with all good-will, they hunted up Bo-Peep.
And then they wakened poor Boy Blue, beside the hay asleep.





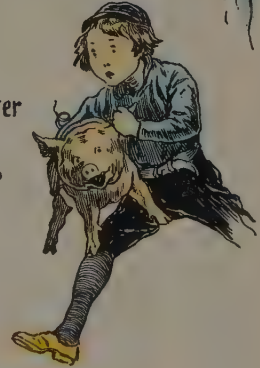
BoPeep she left her wandering sheep; BoyBlue he blew his horn,
And sent the Knave of Hearts to tell the Maiden all Forlorn.
John Barleycorn, he heard the news, and Tom the Piper's Son;
And Tom set out to find John Stout as fast as he could run.



The story shocked Miss Muffet so she dropped her curds and whey
And flew to Mother Hubbard's house, but found her gone away
To buy her poor old dog a bone, and so she told Jack Sprat
As he was lecturing Tommy Green for drowning pussy cat.



Brave Tommy Tucker stopped his song at hearing what she said,
And, quite forgetting supper-time, his butter and his bread,
To Mary Quite Contrary went, as in the garden row
She raked the shells and silver bells that she had coaxed to grow!



V

Then Mary left her precious flowers and ran with might and main,
 (The Man in Leather lent his coat in case it chanced to rain),
 And came to Mother Goose's farm before BowBells could ring,
 Which, Little Polly Finders said, was quite a lucky thing.

Within her cosy little house beneath the
 jimcrack-tree

The worthy dame was just about to
 brew a cup of tea.

But when she heard the dreadful news
 she let the teapot fall.

And for her Sunday cap and gown impatiently
 did call.



"Quick! get my steeple hat," quoth she, "my newest high heeled shoes,
 And bring my gander to the door; there is no time to lose!

I must away to Santa Claus before the set of sun,

To tell him this alarming tale and see what can be done!"

She wrapped her in her scarlet cloak; she donned her steeple hat;
 The gander flapped his lovely wings and circled like a bat,
 And then the noble bird away to Christmas Land did soar,
 Nor slackened speed till they arrived at Santa Claus's door!



MARY! MARY! QUITE CONTRARY.



ANNE ANDERSON

Good Santa Claus was overjoyed his dear old friend to see,
 And treated her to cake and nuts from off a Christmas tree.
 Just what was said on either side I can't exactly tell,
 As nobody was near enough to hear it very well.



But this I've learned: old Santa Claus that very Christmas took
 That poor, benighted little child a most enchanting book,
 And now she knows old Mother Goose - her children great and small,
 And, as good little folks should do, she dearly loves them all:



V



JINGLES

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

THERE was a man in our town,
And all he did each day
Was to skip and hop along the streets
And on a trumpet play.

A MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT

THE most wonderful sight I ever did
see
Was an owl on the branch of our old
oak-tree;
His eyes were so large and his head
was so small
That he seemed all eyes and no head
at all.





SLEEPY~TIME SONGS AND STORIES

SWEET · AND · LOW

❧ By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western Sea.

Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western Sea!

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying Moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on Mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his Babe in the Nest,

Silver sails all out of the West

Under the Silver Moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

GOOD-BYE-BABY





JAPANESE LULLABY

BY EUGENE FIELD

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats a sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

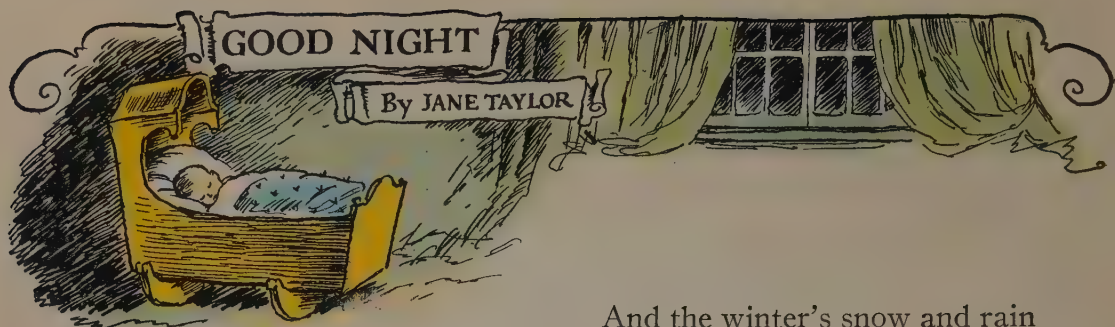
But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

HUSH THEE, MY BABBY

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

EARLY

Cock crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.



LITTLE baby, lay your head
 On your pretty cradle-bed;
 Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
 And the light are gone away;
 All the clothes are tucked in tight;
 Little baby dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
 How the bitter wind doth blow;

And the winter's snow and rain
 Patter on the window-pane:
 But they cannot come in here,
 To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,
 Till the stormy night is past;
 And the curtains warm are spread
 Round about her cradle-bed:
 So till morning shineth bright,
 Little baby dear, good night.



CRADLE HYMN

BY ISAAC WATTS



HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
 Holy angels guard thy bed;
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide;
 All without thy care, or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven He descended,
 And became a child like thee!

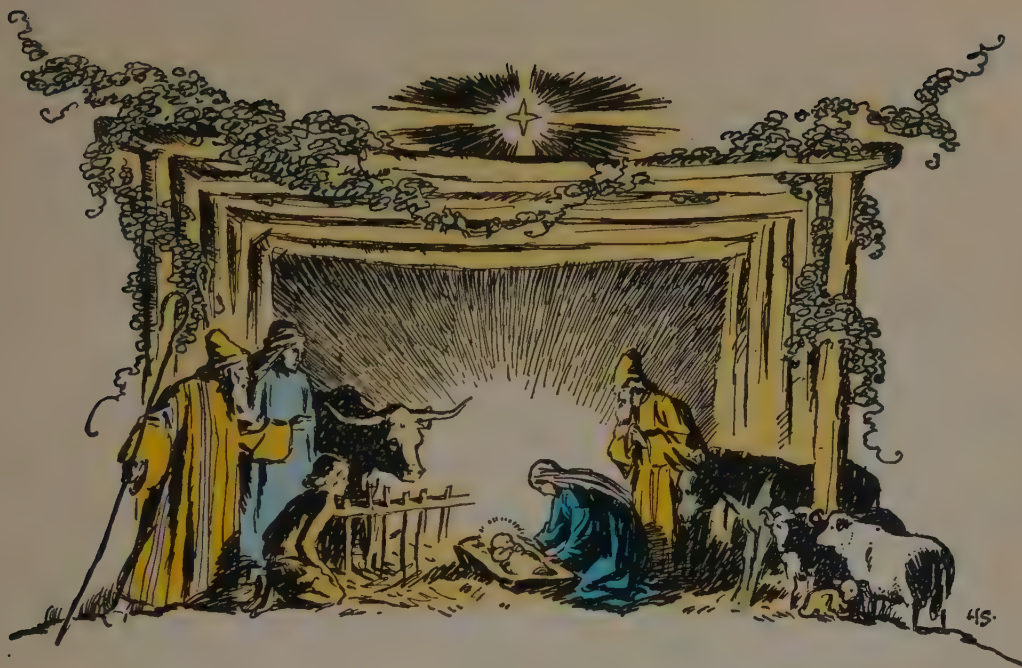
Soft and easy is thy cradle;
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,

When His birthplace was a stable,
 And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 When they sought Him, there they found
 Him,
 With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
 Lovely infant, how He smiled!
 When He wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
 Where the honest oxen fed;
 —Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed!



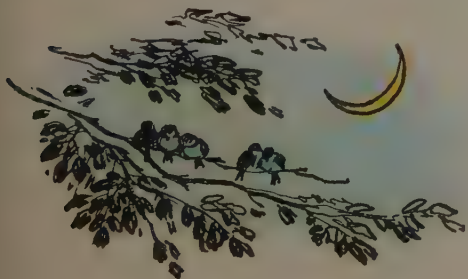
Mayest thou live to know and fear Him
 Trust and love Him all thy days;
 Then go dwell forever near Him,
 See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

SLEEP, MY TREASURE

BY E. NESBIT

SLEEP, sleep, my treasure.
 The long day's pleasure
 Has tired the birds, to their nests they creep;
 The garden still is
 Alight with lilies,
 But all the daisies are fast asleep.



Sleep, sleep, my darling,
 Dawn wakes the starling,
 The sparrow stirs when he sees day break;
 But all the meadow
 Is wrapped in shadow,
 And you must sleep till the daisies wake!

THE SLEEPY-TIME STORY*

BY GERTRUDE SMITH

ONE night Arabella and Araminta's mamma was sewing, and their papa was reading his newspaper. And there was a fire in the grate—a warm, bright fire in the grate.

And Arabella sat on the rug before the fire, and Araminta sat on the rug before the fire.

And Arabella was playing with her little white kitty, and Araminta was playing with her little black kitty.

And Arabella's little white kitty's name was Annabel, and Araminta's little black kitty's name was Lillabel.

Arabella had a little red ball fastened to a long string, and Araminta had a little blue ball fastened to a long string. Arabella would roll her ball, and her little white kitty would run and jump for it. And Araminta would roll her ball, and her little black kitty would run and jump for it.

The kittens were so cunning and funny, and they were having such a splendid time.

Sometimes when Arabella's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Arabella would laugh until she tumbled right over on the floor.

And sometimes when Araminta's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Araminta would laugh until she would tumble right over on the floor.

Oh, they were having a splendid time.

But all at once their mamma looked up from her sewing, and said, "Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And their papa looked up from his paper, and said, "Yes, good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And Arabella said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

And Araminta said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

And their papa said, "Yes, indeed; yes, indeed. Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

Always, when it was bedtime, their papa and mamma would say, "Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta."

And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always ran away to bed.

And their dear mamma always went with them and tucked them in and kissed them, and then came away downstairs and left them. And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always went to sleep.

*From "Arabella and Araminta Stories." Used by permission of publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

But to-night their mamma said,

“Run and get your nighties, dears,
And get each a flannel gown,
And we'll sit and rock you here,
Till you go to sleepy-town.”

And Arabella ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And Araminta ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And their mamma undressed Arabella, and their papa undressed Araminta.

Arabella's little flannel gown was red, and Araminta's little flannel gown was pink. When they had put them on over their nighties they were just as warm as toast.

Arabella's kitty was playing with Araminta's kitty on the rug before the fire. They were rolling and tumbling and chasing each other, and they looked so cunning and sweet.

And Arabella's mamma took Arabella on her lap, and Araminta's papa took Araminta on his lap.

Arabella said, “Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, mamma!”

And Araminta said, “Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, papa!”

So they jumped down and caught the kitties.

Their mamma rocked Arabella, and their papa rocked Araminta; and they sang to them,

“Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!”

And they sang it over, and over, and over.

“Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!”

And Arabella cuddled in her mamma's arms, and hugged her little kitty close; and Araminta cuddled in her papa's arms, and hugged her little kitty close.

And their mamma sang, and their papa sang:

“Now she goes to sleepy-town, sleepy-town, sleepy-town;
Cuddled in her little gown, here she goes to sleepy-town.”

And they sang it over, and over, and over.

“Now she goes to sleepy-town, sleepy-town, sleepy-town;
Cuddled in her little gown, here she goes to sleepy-town.”

And very soon Arabella could only just hear her mamma singing, and very soon Araminta could only just hear her papa singing, "Sleepy-town, sleepy-town." And soon they couldn't hear them at all. They were sound asleep!

And their mamma looked at their papa, and said, "Our precious little dears are both sound asleep."

And their papa said, "Yes, our little pets have both reached sleepy-town."

And Arabella's mamma carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed, and Araminta's papa carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed. And Arabella was hugging her white kitty up close in her arms and Araminta was hugging her black kitty up close in her arms. And the kitties were both sound asleep, too.

But Arabella's kitty and Araminta's kitty did not sleep with them all night—oh, no indeed! They had a nice little, warm little, soft little bed down in the basement, close to the furnace.

And their papa took the kitties out of their arms, and carried them down to their bed.

And Arabella slept, and slept, and slept, and slept, and slept. And Araminta slept, and slept, and slept, and slept, and slept.

And the little kitties in their soft little bed slept, and slept, too. All through the long, dark, beautiful night they slept.

And the sun came, and the morning came, and it was another day!

THE GO-SLEEP STORY*

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

"How can I go to bed," said Penny, the flossy dog, "till I say good-night to Baby Ray? He gives me part of his bread and milk, and pats me with his little, soft hand. It is bedtime now for dogs and babies. I wonder if he is asleep?"

So he trotted along in his silky, white nightgown till he found Baby Ray on the porch in mamma's arms.

And she was telling him the same little story that I am telling you:

The doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said Snowdrop and Thistledown, the youngest children of Tabby, the cat, "till we have once more looked at Baby Ray? He lets us play with his blocks and ball, and laughs when we climb on the table. It

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THE LAND OF NOD

is bedtime now for kitties and dogs and babies. Perhaps we shall find him asleep." And this is what the kitties heard:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the three little Bunnies, "till we have seen Baby Ray?" Then away they went in their white, velvet nightgowns as softly as three flakes of snow. And they, too, when they got as far as the porch, heard Ray's mamma telling the same little story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the four white Geese, "till we know that Baby Ray is all right? He loves to watch us sail on the duck-pond, and he brings us corn in his little blue apron. It is bedtime now for geese and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies, and he really ought to be asleep."

So they waddled away in their white, feather nightgowns, around by the porch, where they saw Baby Ray, and heard mamma tell the "Go-Sleep" story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck-pond, deep, deep, deep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the five white Chicks, "till we have seen Baby Ray once more? He scatters crumbs for us and calls us. Now it is bedtime for chicks and geese and rabbits and kittens and dogs and babies, so little Ray must be asleep."

Then they ran and fluttered in their downy, white nightgowns till they came to the porch, where little Ray was just closing his eyes, while mamma told the "Go-Sleep" story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck-pond, deep, deep, deep,
Five downy little chicks, crying peep, peep, peep,
All saw that Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.



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IN DREAMLAND

THE GENTLE DARK *

BY W. GRAHAME ROBERTSON

So it is over, the long bright Day,
 And little Maid Twilight, quiet and meek,
 Comes stealing along in her creep-mouse way
 Whispering low—for she may not speak—
 "The Gentle Dark is coming to play
 At a game of Hide and Seek."

Some babies are cross when she whispers them this,
 And some are afraid and begin to cry.
 I never can think what they find amiss.
 Afraid of the Dark! I wonder why.
 The Gentle Dark that falls like a kiss
 Down from the sleepy sky.

THE FERRY FOR SHADOWTOWN

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray;
 This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
 It always sails at the end of the day,
 Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest little head, on my shoulder, so;
 A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
 Drifting away from the world, we go,
 Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See where the fire-logs glow and spark,
 Glitter the lights of the shadowland,
 The raining drops on the window, hark!
 Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
 A lake lies shimmering, cool and still.
 Blossoms are waving above its brim,
 Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
 Silently lower the anchor down:
 Dear little passenger, say "Good-night."
 We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, in the tree top:
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
 Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

O Gentle Dark, we know you are kind
 By the lingering touch of your cool soft hand;
 As over our eyes the veil you bind
 We shut them tight at word of command,
 You are only playing at Hoodman-Blind,
 A game that we understand.

The voice is tender (O little one, hark!),
 The eyes are kindly under the hood,
 Blow out the candle, leave not a spark,
 Trusting your friend as a playmate should.
 Hold up your arms to the Gentle Dark,
 The Dark that is kind and good.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING
LEAVES

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SEE the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
 From the lofty elder tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly: one might think
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending,
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws and darts!
 First at one and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many—now—now one—
 Now they stop and there are none:
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap, halfway,
 Now she meets the coming prey;
 Lets it go as fast and then
 Has it in her power again.
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.

* From "A Year of Song," by W. Grahame Robertson; used by permission of the publishers, John Lane Company.



LATE

By Josephine Preston
Peabody

My father brought Somebody up
To show us all asleep.

They came as softly up the Stairs
As you could creep. ~

They whispered in the Doorway there,
And looked at us awhile.

I had my Eyes shut up, but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my Eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep.

Because I knew He wanted us
To be asleep. ~

A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

WHEN the sun has left the hilltop,
 And the daisy-fringe is furled;
 When the birds from wood and meadow
 In their hidden nests are curled,
 Then I think of all the babies
 That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the high lands
 And babies in the low,
 There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins
 On the margin of the snow,
 And brown ones naked in the isles
 Where all the spices grow.

MY DOLLY

HUSH, Dolly, bye, Dolly, sleep, Dolly, dear,
 See what a bed, Dolly, I've for you here;
 Therefore, to sleep, Dolly! don't fret and cry;
 Lay down your head, Dolly, shut up your eye.

When the bright morn, Dolly, once more has
 come,
 Up gets the sun, and goes forth to roam;
 Then shall my dear Dolly soon get up, too;
 Then shall be playtime for me and for you.

Now go to sleep, Dolly, good night to you;
 You must to bed, Dolly—I'm going too;
 Just go to sleep without trouble or pain,
 And in the morning I'll come back again.

THE CHILD AND THE WORLD

I SEE a nest in a green elm-tree
 With little brown sparrows—one, two, three!
 The elm-tree stretches its branches wide,
 And the nest is soft and warm inside.
 At morn the sun, so golden bright,
 Climbs up to fill the world with light;
 It opens the flowers, it wakens me,
 And wakens the birdies—one, two, three.
 And leaning out of my window high,
 I look far up at the blue, blue sky,
 And then far out at the earth so green,
 And think it the loveliest ever seen—
 The loveliest world that ever was seen!

And some are in the palace,
 On a white and downy bed;
 And some are in the garret,
 With a clout beneath their head;
 And some are on the cold, hard earth,
 Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,
 Dear flowers yet unblown—
 O little kings and beggars
 Of the pageant yet unshown—
 Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
 To-morrow is your own.

EVENING SONG

BY C. FRANCES ALEXANDER

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
 In their soft round nests,
 Crouching in the cover
 Of their mother's breasts.
 Little lambs lie quiet,
 All the summer night,
 With their old ewe mothers,
 Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
 Lie our little heads,
 With our own dear mothers
 Sitting by our beds;
 And their soft sweet voices
 Sing our hush-a-byes,
 While the room grows darker,
 As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening
 Round our father's knees;
 Birds are not so merry,
 Singing on the trees;
 Lambs are not so happy,
 'Mid the meadow flowers;
 They have play and pleasure,
 But not love like ours.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, your cradle is green,
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,
 And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring,
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

THE SANDMAN

BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFF

THE rosy clouds float overhead
 The sun is going down;
 And now the Sandman's gentle tread
 Comes stealing through the town.
 "White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
 And as he shakes his hand,
 Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
 His gift of shining sand.
 Blue eyes, black eyes, gray eyes and brown,
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,
 when he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
 Yes, in another land—
 He gathers up at break of day
 His store of shining sand.
 No tempests beat that shore remote,
 No ships may sail that way;
 His little boat alone may float
 Within that lovely bay.
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,
 when he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
 Above the happy eyes;
 And every child right well he knows—
 Oh, he is very wise!
 But if, as he goes through the land,
 A naughty baby cries,
 His other hand takes dull gray sand
 To close the wakeful eyes.
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,
 when he goes through the town.

So when you hear the Sandman's song
 Sound through the twilight sweet,
 Be sure you do not keep him long
 A-waiting on the street.
 Lie softly down, dear little head,
 Rest quiet, busy hands,
 Till, by your bed his good-night said,
 He strews the shining sands.
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,
 when he goes through the town.

THE FAIRY FOLK

BY ROBERT BIRD

COME cuddle close in daddy's coat
 Beside the fire so bright,
 And hear about the fairy folk
 That wander in the night.
 For when the stars are shining clear
 And all the world is still,
 They float across the silver moon
 From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
 Are hung with silver bells,
 And when they're shaken with the wind
 Their merry ringing swells,
 And riding on the crimson moth,
 With black spots on his wings,
 They guide them down the purple sky
 With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys,
 To see how sweet they sleep,
 To stand beside their cozy cots
 And at their faces peep.
 For in the whole of fairy-land
 They have no finer sight
 Than little children sleeping sound
 With faces rosy bright.

On tiptoe crowding round their heads,
 When bright the moonlight beams,
 They whisper little tender words
 That fill their minds with dreams;
 And when they see a sunny smile,
 With lightest finger tips
 They lay a hundred kisses sweet
 Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
 Spread out their crimson wings,
 And bear away the fairy crowd
 With shaking bridle rings.
 Come bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
 Beside the fire so bright—
 Perhaps the little fairy folk
 Will visit you to-night.

QUEEN MAB

BY THOMAS HOOD

A LITTLE fairy comes at night;
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
 With silver spots upon her wings,
 And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
 And when a good child goes to bed,
 She waves her wand from right to left,
 And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things—
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
 And trees that bear delicious fruit,
 And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
 From lovely flowers that never fade,
 Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
 And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues
 For singing songs and telling tales,
 And pretty dwarfs to show the way
 Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
 From left to right she weaves her rings,
 And then it dreams all through the night
 Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
 And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
 And ogres draw their cruel knives,
 To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
 Or raging flames come scorching round,
 Fierce dragons hover in the air,
 And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
 And wish the long black gloom away;
 But good ones love the dark, and find
 The night as pleasant as the day.

LULLABY

BY GERTRUDE THOMPSON MILLER

COME lay your head on my breast, my dear.
 That I may feel your sweet form near;
 Then we'll rock, rock, in the rocking chair,
 And play we're sailing up through the air.

Your body so warm, so close, and so round,
 A more precious bundle ne'er was found;
 Just nestle your head right here on my arm,
 And Mother will keep you safe from all harm.

Now, we rock, rock, and away we go,
 Over the houses and trees, just so;
 Like the birds, we'll fly to a sunny land,
 And there we'll join the fairies' band.

We'll take them to ride; we'll sail for home,
 For Father is there, and he's all alone;
 Then we'll alight on the nursery bed,
 Fairies for company in Mother's stead.

KENTUCKY BABE *

BY RICHARD HENRY BUCK

SKEETERS am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 San'man am a comin' to dis little coon of mine,—
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,
 Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love:
 Yo' is mighty lucky, babè of old Kentucky,—
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
 Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's
 breast,—
 Um-um-um-um,—
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de canebrake wid his little dog and
 gun,—
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time
 is done,—
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Bogie man'll catch yo' sure unless yo' close yo'
 eyes,
 Waitin' jes outside de doo' to take yo' by sur-
 prise!
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

* Copyright, 1896, by the White-Smith Music Publishing Co. These words are published by the Company in the form of a musical composition by Adam Geibel, the well-known composer.

MY POSSESSIONS

I'm a rich man,
If ever there was one:
I've a horse and an apple,
And both are my own.

But some others might wish
Such fine presents to keep;
So I'll take them to bed,
To hold while asleep.

And when in the morning
I wake up once more,
I've my toy and my apple,
To me a rich store.

THE WAKE-UP STORY *

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

THE sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks, and four geese, and three rabbits, and two kitties, and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he would wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said: "Good pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little further on the path, and stopped at the woodpile, and said: "Good chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear Baby Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said: "Good cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree: "Good tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty, red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his nightgown looking out of the window.

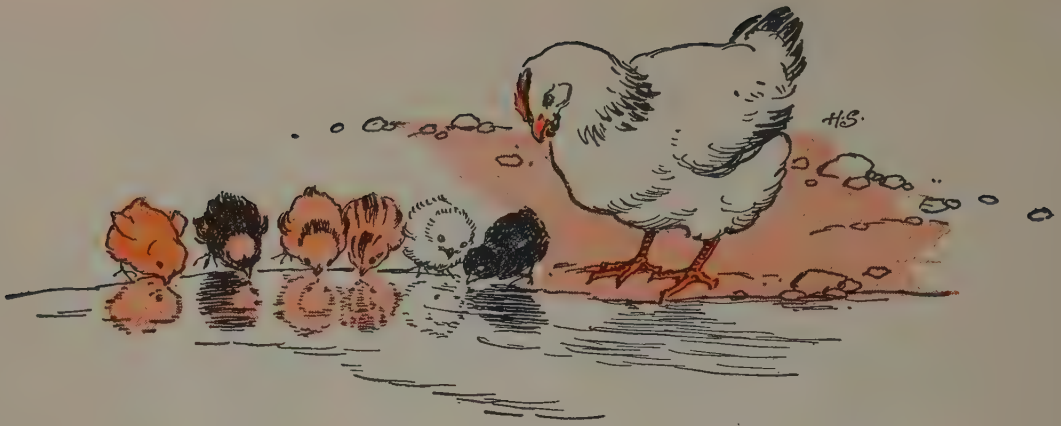
And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the Wake-Up Story that I am telling you.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The top-knot Biddy an egg new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.



**FIRST STORIES FOR
VERY LITTLE FOLK**

P. VINTAGE BROWN

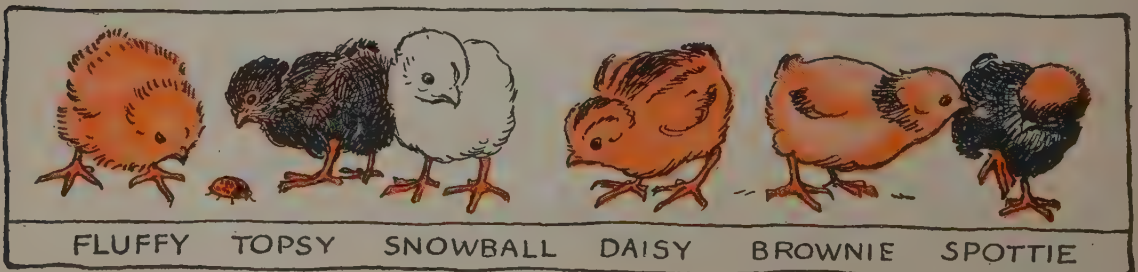


ABOUT SIX LITTLE CHICKENS

BY S. L. ELLIOTT

A MOTHER BIDDY sat on her nest, with what do you think in the nest? Six smooth white eggs! After she had sat there quite a long time till she was very tired, what do you suppose happened to one of those eggs? There was a noise that went "snick, snick," and out of the shell stepped something like a little fuzzy ball, but with two bright eyes, and two bits of feet to walk on. What do you think it was? A little chicken? Yes, and Mother Biddy was so glad to see it, and she called it "Fluffy." And

Fluffy said: "Peep, peep! I have some brothers and sisters in the shells; if you call them, I think they will come." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck!" and something said: "Peep, peep!" and out came another chicken, as black as it could be, so Mother Biddy called it "Topsy." "Are there any more?" said Mother Biddy. "Yes. Peep, peep! We're coming; wait for us," and there came four more little chickens as fast as they could run. One was as white as snow, and Mother Biddy called it



"Snowball." The next was yellow and white, and she named it "Daisy." Then there was a yellow one with a brown ring around its neck, and that was called "Brownie." And what do you think! One was all black, only it had a little white spot on the top of its head that looked like a cap, so Mother Biddy called it "Spottie." Now they were all out of their shells, and they said: "Peep, peep! We're hungry." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck! Come and see my babies." And out of the house,

close by, came a little girl with some corn-meal in a dish, and my! wasn't she glad to see the chickens?

After they had eaten all they wanted, they thought they would take a walk and see this queer world they had come to live in.

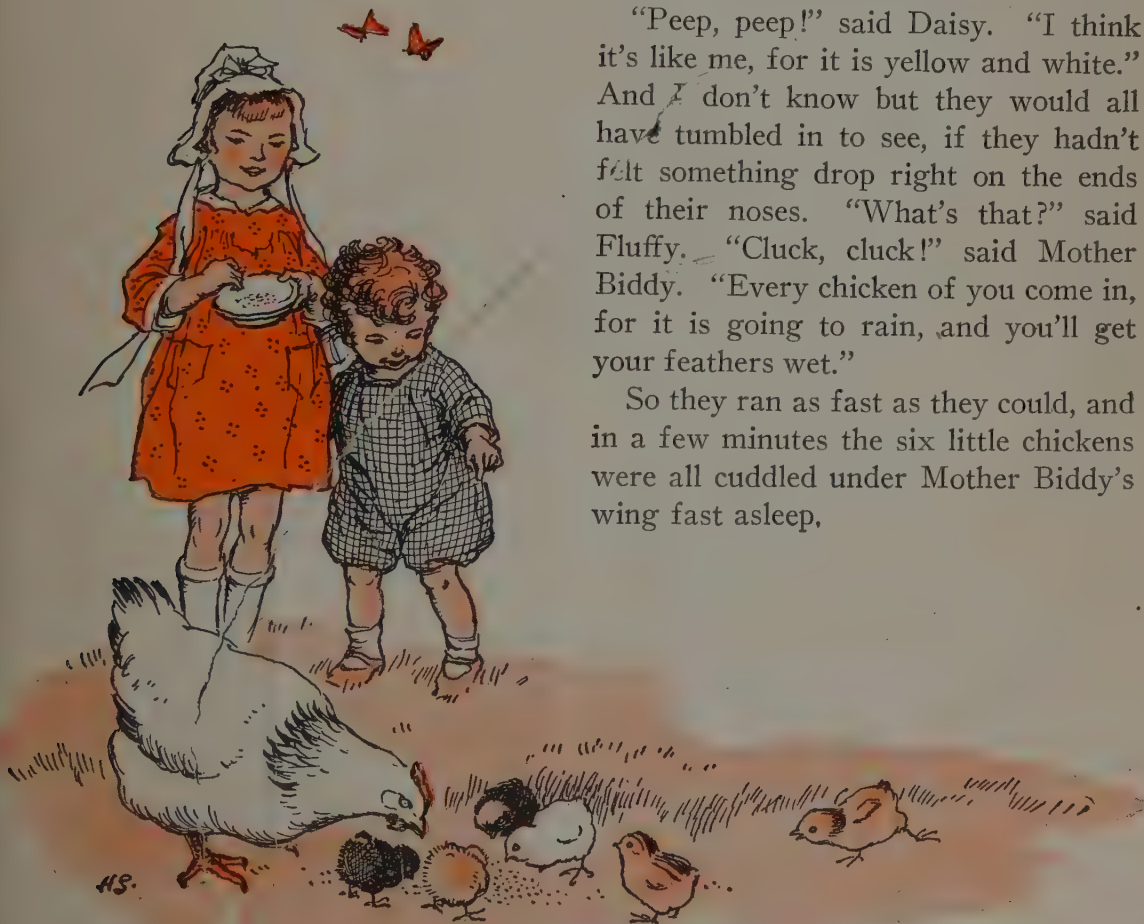
Pretty soon they came to a brook, and they all stood in a row and looked in. "Let us have a drink," they said, so they put their heads down, when—

"Peep, peep!" said Spottie. "I see a little chicken with a spot on its head."

"No, no," said Brownie; "it has a ring around its neck, and looks like me."

"Peep, peep!" said Daisy. "I think it's like me, for it is yellow and white." And I don't know but they would all have tumbled in to see, if they hadn't felt something drop right on the ends of their noses. "What's that?" said Fluffy. "Cluck, cluck!" said Mother Biddy. "Every chicken of you come in, for it is going to rain, and you'll get your feathers wet."

So they ran as fast as they could, and in a few minutes the six little chickens were all cuddled under Mother Biddy's wing fast asleep.



THE KITTEN THAT FORGOT HOW TO MEW

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN

ALL little girls, and little boys, too, like to read stories about kittens. Here is a story about a dear little kitten that belonged to a dear little girl named Peggy.



Peggy had two brothers and three cousins—all boys—and every boy had a little dog. At first the dogs would tease the kitten, but they soon learned better. The dogs and the kitten played together. All day long, out in the yard, you could hear them going, "Bow-wow!" and "Mew!"

But, you see, there was only one little "Mew" and ever so many "Bow-wows," and after a while the kitten hardly ever spoke at all.

But one day the kitten wanted to mew, and—what do you suppose?—she had forgotten how to do it! She tried and tried, and all she could say was

"M-m-m-bow!"—just as much like a dog as a kitten. She was so sad she ran out into the yard and cried.

The Big White Hen passed by and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Big White Hen," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and try, and all I can say is M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Hen; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-da-cut!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Sheep and asked, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Sheep," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and try, and all I can say is M-m-m-bow!"



"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Sheep; "I will teach you to talk. Listen: M-m-m-baa!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Horse and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Horse," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk."



I try and I try, and all I can say is M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Horse; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-neigh!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Cow and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Cow," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, as hard as I ever can, and all I can say is M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the



Cow; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-moo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that is more like it, but that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

The New Baby was sitting in her high chair at the kitchen door.

"Baby dear," sighed the kitten, "I am in trouble. I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all





I can say is M-m-m-bow! Can't you teach me?"

The Baby nodded her head and began, "M-m-m-google-google-goo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she sat on the kitchen step and cried again.

"What is the matter?" asked a soft voice behind her.

"Oh!" sobbed the kitten, without looking up, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and nothing can help me. All I can say is M-m-m-bow!"

"Look at me," said the soft voice.

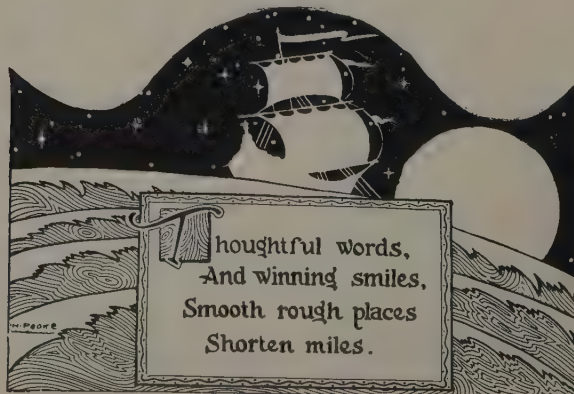
The little kitten looked. And there stood a beautiful big gray cat!

"I can teach you to talk," said the Cat. And she did. She taught her so

well that the little kitten never again forgot how to mew, though she played



out on the soft green grass with the dogs every day.



FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE

Moo, moo!

What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that's what I'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.



Mew, mew!

What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mew! that's what I'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.



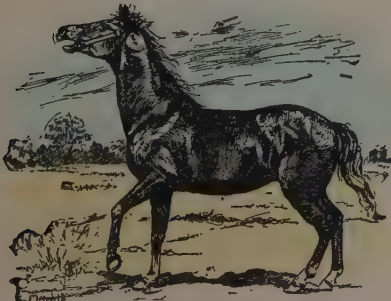
Bow-wow!

I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow-wow! that is just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.



Neigh, neigh!

Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.



“TIME TO GET UP!”

BY ELLEN FOSTER

LITTLE ELINOR GRAY lived in a big city, but her grandmother lived in a big house in the country. Elinor and her Nurse Norah were going to visit her, and had to take a long ride in the railway-train, and another ride in a carriage that Grandmother sent to meet them, so it was almost dark when they drove up to the door.

Elinor's grandmother had two beautiful dogs—"Bruno," a big collie, and "Bounder," a little fox-terrier. And when they saw the little girl jump out of the carriage, they barked and barked because they were so glad to see her. And they said to themselves (*I think* they said to themselves): "We will let her have a good sleep to-night, for she must be very tired and it is nearly dark. But to-morrow, bright and early, we will ask her to come for a romp with us in the garden, and show her how much nicer it is to live in the country than in the city, where little girls have to walk so quietly along the streets, and dogs have to be led along the sidewalk, and cannot frolic on the soft green grass."

Elinor was very sleepy after her long ride in the train, and so, after she had had her supper, her grandmother told her she might go to bed early and get a good sleep, and that Nurse Norah would call her at seven o'clock in the morning.

But what do you think happened? Why, Bruno and Bounder somehow got into the house *before* seven o'clock that morning, and came leaping up the stairs, and went straight to Elinor's door. Elinor was a very sound sleeper, and did not hear them at first, and did not wake up. But soon Bounder began to scratch at the door with his little, sharp claws and to make queer little whine-y sounds; and Bruno's bushy tail went "Rap! rap! rap!" on the door, too. Then Elinor woke up, and listened a moment, and then she said: "Oh, *I* know what it is! It's those darling dogs!" And she jumped out of bed and opened the door, and there, sure enough, was Bounder, dashing right into the room, barking, "Good morning! good morning!" and big Bruno, looking at Elinor as if saying, "Good morning! did n't you hear us? It's time to get up!"

Elinor said: "Oh, you beauties! Yes, I know! And I'll get dressed right away!"

But what do you think happened *then*? Why, Bruno and Bounder did n't give her time even to call Nurse Norah and get dressed. You see, Bruno and Bounder did not often have so nice a little visitor, and they were ready to begin play that very minute. Bounder was jumping up and down and all over the room, and at last he spied Elinor's slippers on the floor and caught up one of them between his sharp little teeth and ran round and round the room with it. But Bruno chased Bounder all round the room trying to make him drop the slipper, while Elinor stood still and laughed and laughed and laughed!

But just then Nurse Norah came rushing in from the next room, asking what *was* the matter and in a minute, the naughty Bounder was made to give up Elinor's slipper, and Bruno chased him all the way out of the house.

And just as soon as Elinor had had her breakfast, she ran out and had a fine romp with Bruno and Bounder in Grandmother's garden.



From the engraving of the painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

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"TIME TO GET UP!"



MAGGIE'S VERY OWN SECRET

By

SARA JOSEPHINE ALBRIGHT



MR. and Mrs. Squeaky were two little, gray mice. They lived away back in the corner of a great, big, empty box in the cellar.

One morning Mr. Squeaky went up the cellar stairs on tiptoes, to hunt for some bread and cheese in the kitchen.

All at once he heard some one talking, and he hid behind the broom and was as still as he could be.

It was the little boy Johnnie, who lived up-stairs. He had a big hammer and a saw in his hand, and he was talking to his little sister.

"I think that big, empty box down cellar would make a fine dolls' house, Maggie. I can fix a little porch on it, and make an up-stairs and a down-stairs," the little boy said.

"Oh, Johnnie, that will be lovely," his little sister said. "I'll do something for you sometime. Maybe—maybe—I'll draw a whole slate full of el'phants, for you to look at!"

Then they started down the cellar steps.

Mr. Squeaky was so frightened that he almost tumbled down the stairs.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, "they are going to break up our house with a big hammer and a saw, and make a dolls' house out of it! Let's run as fast as we can!"

Poor little Mrs. Squeaky began to cry.

"Where shall we go?" she whispered. "Oh, I am so afraid, and there are always those dreadful traps around to catch us!"



But they ran as fast as they could to the darkest corner. Mrs. Squeaky's sharp little eyes saw a hole, and she ran into it, and Mr. Squeaky squeezed in after her.

Now where do you think they found themselves? Right inside of an old shoe! The hole that they came through was just a hole in the shoe and made a nice little door. And there was another hole a little higher up that made a nice little window to peep out of.

"Why, this is the dearest little house, so cozy and warm," Mrs. Squeaky said. "Nobody will ever find us in here, I know."

After they lived there a while, a whole family of little pink baby mice came to live with them. The papa mouse and the mama mouse were so proud and so glad, they got little bits of cotton and soft paper and rags, and made the nicest little beds you ever saw.

The little pink baby mice could only say, "Squeak! Squeak!" and cuddle up under the warm covers, but Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky laughed, and thought they were the smartest babies in the whole world.

"Why, I feel like 'The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe and had so many children she did n't know what to do,'" Mrs. Squeaky said one day. She was sitting by the little window rocking the baby mouse and taking a little rest.

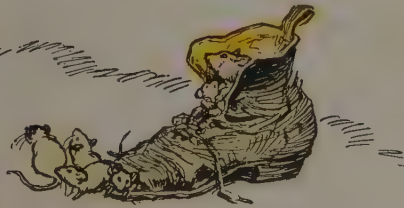
Mr. Squeaky had gone out to hunt for some supper, and the four other little mice were peeping out of the little hole in the toe of their shoe house, for Papa to come home.

All at once, Maggie, the little girl who lived up-stairs, ran into the dark corner to hide from Johnnie, just for fun. And what do you think she saw?

The four little mice peeping out of the door, and the poor, frightened mama mouse and the little baby at the window.

Maggie stopped just a minute to whisper gently to little, gray Mrs. Squeaky, "Don't be frightened, 'Little Old Woman Who Lives in the Shoe.' I'll never, never tell anybody where you live. No, I won't even tell Johnnie or my kitty. They might try to catch you. It shall be my VERY OWN SECRET — and yours!"

So nobody but little Maggie ever knew about Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky, and their little pink babies in the old shoe — until long afterward, when she told me the story, as I have told it to you.



LITTLE BY LITTLE

WHEN Charley awoke one morning, he looked from the window, and saw the ground deeply covered with snow.

On the side of the house nearest the kitchen, the snow was piled higher than Charley's head.

"We must have a path through this snow," said his father. "I would make one if I had time. But I must be at the office early this morning.

"Do you think you could make the path, my son?" he asked little Charley.

"I? Why, the snow is higher than my head! How could I ever cut a path through that snow?"

"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try," said the father, as he left for his office.

So Charley got the snowshovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it, mother," he said. "A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow."

"Little by little, Charley," said his mother. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mother, I see," said Charley. "If I throw it away little by little, it will soon be gone."

So he worked on.

When his father came home to dinner, he was pleased to see the fine path. The next day he gave little Charley a fine blue sled, and on it was painted in yellow letters, "Little by Little."





LITTLE STORIES *that* GROW BIG



To MOTHER:

This is the kind of stories that the kindergartners call "cumulative," or "repetitive." They keep repeating and then adding to themselves until they are quite long. The repetition helps the children memorize them, and adding to them holds the children's attention and interest.

You will find these very useful to read and teach to the little ones.

THE EDITORS.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THIS is the house that Jack built.

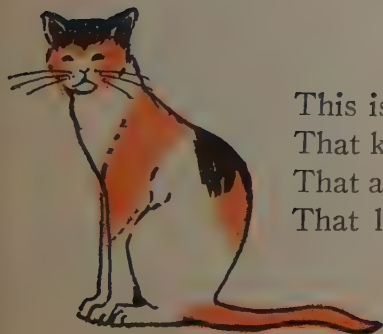
This is the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.



This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cow with
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT

BY CAROLYN WELLS



THIS is the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Doll* that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the
Tree of a
dusky shade
that gave the
Wood that
heated the
Oven that
baked the
Cake that fed

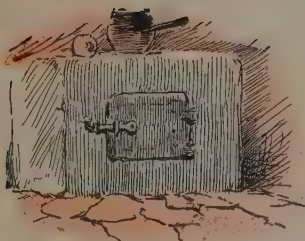


the *Doll* that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is
the *Cake*
that fed the *Doll* that lived
in the House that Jill built.

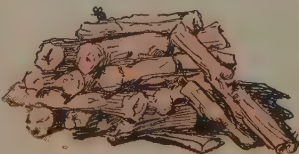


This is the *Ax* with
a shining blade that
chopped the *Tree* of a
dusky shade that gave the *Wood* that heated
the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that
fed the *Doll* that lived in the House
that Jill built.



This is the
Oven that baked
the *Cake* that
fed the *Doll*
that lived in the
House that Jill
built.

This is the *Wood* that
heated the *Oven* that baked
the *Cake* that
fed the *Doll*
that lived in
the House that
Jill built.



This is the
Woodman
sober and
staid who
slung the *Ax*
with a shin-
ing blade that
chopped the
Tree of a
dusky shade
that gave the
Wood that
heated the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed
the *Doll* that lived in the House that Jill built.





This is the *Horse* that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Knight* with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Lady* in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Glittering Cavalcade* that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Donkey* who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

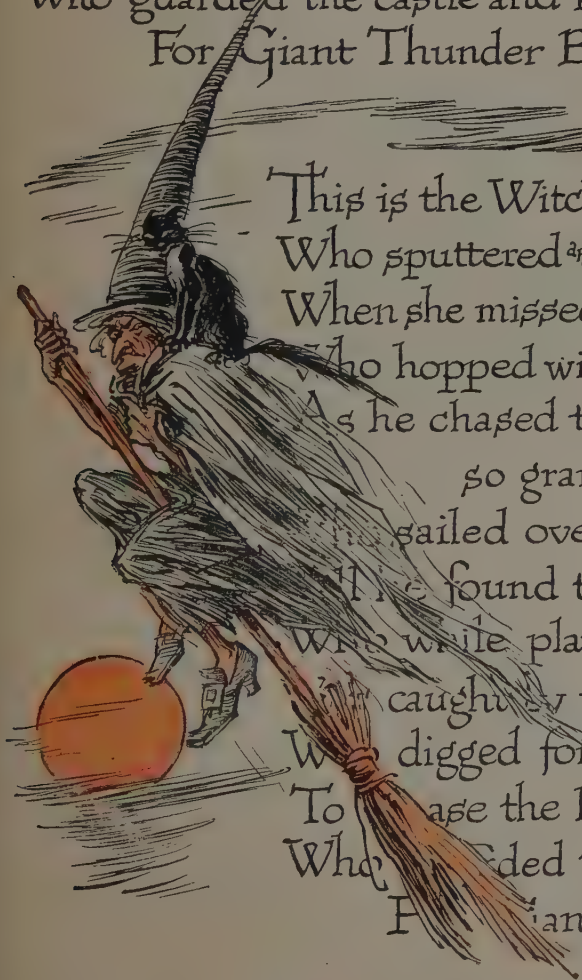


This is the *King* who was much dismayed to hear the Donkey who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the Goblin with fingers so frail
 Who hopped with ease over mountain^{and} dale
 As he chased the Prince so brave^{and} so grand
 Who sailed over sea and rode over land
 Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
 Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
 Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
 Who digged for gems all night and day
 To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
 For Giant Thunder Bones.



This is the Witch with Broomstick and Cat
 Who sputtered^{and} snarled^{and} shook her tall hat
 When she missed the Goblin with fingers so frail
 Who hopped with ease over mountain^{and} dale
 As he chased the Prince so brave and
 so grand
 Who sailed over sea and rode over land
 Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
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 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
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And last comes the Kobold who slept while 't was light
 And did all the housework in the dead of the night
 To worry the Witch with Broomstick and Cat
 Who sputtered and snarled and shook her tall hat
 When she missed the Goblin with fingers so frail
 Who hopped with ease over
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HAROLD
 SICHEL



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG *

AN OLD woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the piggy wouldn't go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to him: "Dog! dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said: "Stick! stick! beat dog! dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said: "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said: "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the water wouldn't.

* From "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs; used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said: "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the ox wouldn't.

So she went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said: "Butcher, butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said: "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night!" But the rope wouldn't.

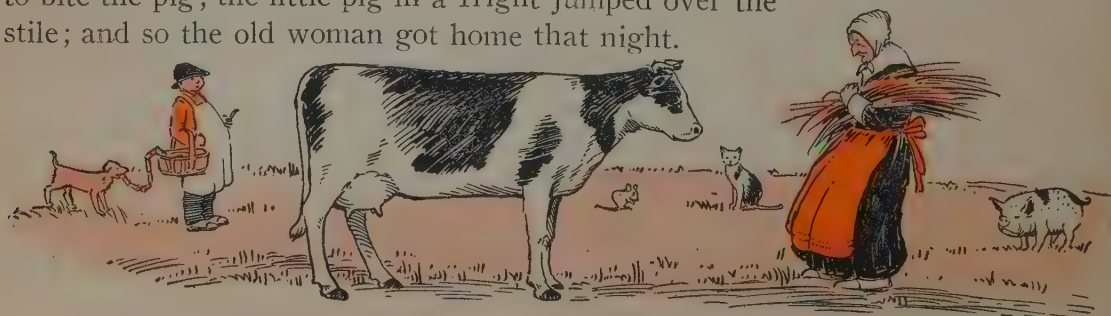
She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said: "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said: "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the cat said to her: "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her: "If you will go to yonder hay-stack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the hay-stack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.



THE LAMBIKIN *

ONCE upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Now one day he set off to visit his Granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but a Jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a Vulture, and the Vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But the Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Vulture thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

And by and by he met a Tiger, and then a Wolf, and a Dog, and an Eagle; and all these, when they saw the tender little morsel, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his Granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, "Granny dear, I've promised to get very fat; so, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn-bin at once."

So his Granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn-bin, and there the greedy little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his Granny said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home. But cunning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin; "you must make a

* From "Indian Fairy Tales," edited by Joseph Jacobs; used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."

So his Granny made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gayly. Soon he met with the Eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft, warm nest, replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very annoying!" sighed the Eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself, and singing:

"Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the little slyboots replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too; Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the Jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he, too, called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa——"

But he never got any farther, for the Jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried: "Hullo! you've turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out of that!"

Whereupon he tore open Drumikin and gobbled up Lambikin.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE *

THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house:

The cat bit the mouse's tail off. "Pray, puss, give me my tail." "No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

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"No," said the farmer, "I'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," says the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again.

HENNY-PENNY *

ONE day Henny-penny was picking up corn in the cornyard when—whack!—something hit her upon the head. "Goodness gracious me!" says Henny-penny; "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king."

So she went along, and she went along, and she went along till she met Cocky-locky. "Where are you going, Henny-penny?" says Cocky-locky. "Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny. "May I come with you?" says Cocky-locky. "Certainly," says Henny-penny. So Henny-penny and Cocky-locky went to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Ducky-daddles. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky?" says Ducky-daddles. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. "May I come with you?" says Ducky-daddles. "Certainly," says Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

* From "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs; used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Goosey-poosey. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles?" says Goosey-poosey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny, and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles. "May I come with you?" says Goosey-poosey. "Certainly," says Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Turkey-lurkey. "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. "May I come with you, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey. "Oh, certainly, Turkey-lurkey," says Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Foxy-woxy, and Foxy-woxy says to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey?" And Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-lurkey says to Foxy-woxy: "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling." "Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey," says Foxy-woxy; "I know the proper way; shall I show it you?" "Oh, certainly, Foxy-woxy," says Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, Turkey-lurkey, and Foxy-woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy-woxy's cave. But Foxy-woxy says to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey: "This is the short way to the king's palace; you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey." "Why, of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" says Henny - penny, Cocky - locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey.

So Foxy-woxy went into his cave, and he didn't go very far, but turned round to wait for Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So at last Turkey-lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He hadn't got far when "Hrumph!" Foxy-woxy snapped off Turkey-



"THIS IS THE SHORT WAY"

lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey-poosey went in, and "Hrumph!" off went her head and Goosey-poosey was thrown beside Turkey-lurkey. Then Ducky-daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph!" snapped Foxy-woxy, and Ducky-daddles's head was off, and Ducky-daddles was thrown alongside Turkey-lurkey and Goosey-poosey. Then Cocky-locky strutted down into the cave, and he hadn't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-woxy, and Cocky-locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey, and Ducky-daddles.

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky-locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but didn't kill him, he called out to Henny-penny. But she turned tail and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

THREE GOATS IN THE RYEFIELD

ADAPTED BY CECILIA FARWELL

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy whose task it was to drive the goats to and from the hills. One morning, as they went along the road, the first goat saw a hole in the fence which shut off a field of rye.

"Oh," said the first goat, "here is a chance to get into that field. I do not think that we want to eat rye—there is plenty of grass on the hill. But we can go in and see what it is like, just the same."

With that he turned aside from the road and went through the hole into the ryefield, and the others followed after him.

"Here," cried the boy, "come out of that!"

But the goats did not come out, so the boy climbed over the fence and started after them to chase them out. But the goats just ran round and round in the field, until at last the little boy was so tired that he sat down by the fence and cried.

By-and-by a dog came down the road. "Why, little boy," he said, "what are you crying for?"

"I am crying because the goats will not come out of the ryefield. I was driving them along the road to the hills and they went through the fence, and I have chased them and chased them, and they will not come out."

"Well," said the dog, "that is nothing to cry about. Just you wait here and I will go into the field and chase them out for you."

So the dog ran through the hole and started after the goats, barking loudly. When the goats saw him coming they started to run, and ran round and round in the field until at last the dog was so tired that he sat down by the fence and cried.

By-and-by a fox came trotting down the road. "Why, dog," he said, "what are you crying for?"

"I am crying because little boy is crying," said the dog.

"And what are you crying for, little boy?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the goats will not come out of the ryefield. I was driving them along the road to the hills and they went through the fence, and I have chased them and chased them and they will not come out."

"Well," said the fox, "that is nothing to cry about. Just you wait here and I will go into the field and chase them out for you."

So the fox ran through the hole and started after the goats, barking shrilly. And when they saw him coming they started to run, and ran round

and round in the field until at last the fox was so tired that he sat down by the fence and cried.

By-and-by a bee came flying lightly overhead.

"Why, fox," he said, "why are you crying?"

"I am crying because dog is crying," said the fox.

"And why are you crying, dog?" asked the bee.

"I am crying because little boy is crying" said the dog.

"And why are you crying, little boy?" asked the bee.

"I am crying because the goats will not come out of the ryefield. I was driving them along the road to the hills, and they went through the fence, and I have chased them and chased them and they will not come out!"

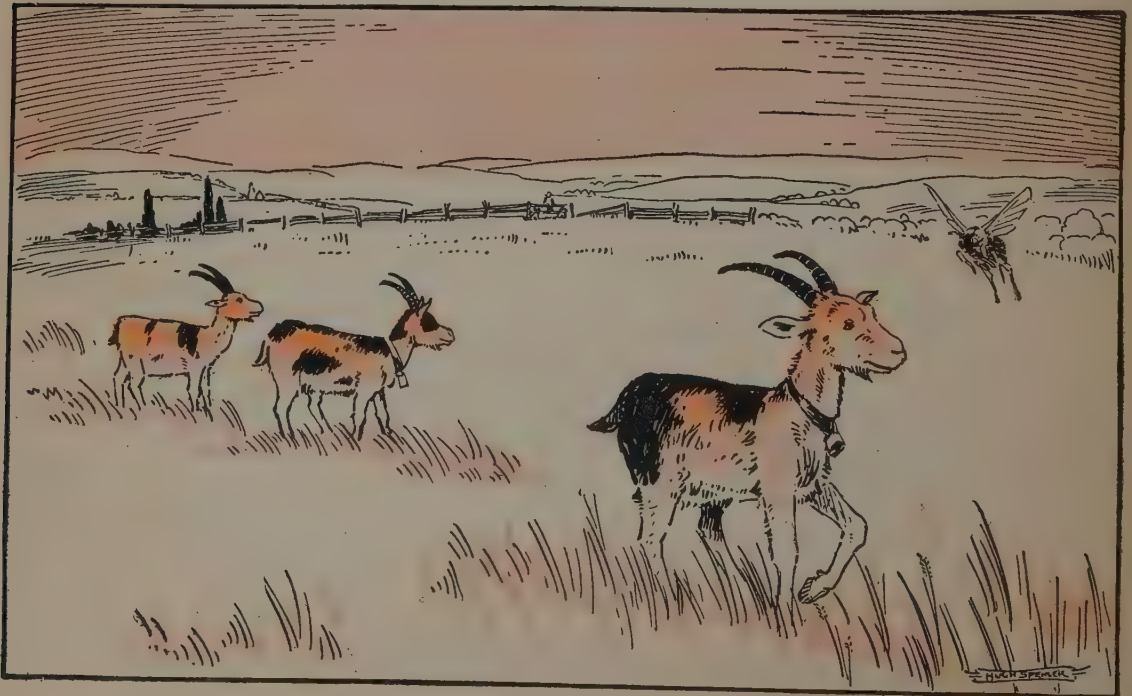
"Oh," said the bee, "that is nothing to cry about. Just you wait here and I will go into the field and chase them out for you."

So he flew over the fence and flew straight to the first goat and began to buzz in his ear. The first goat lifted up his head and said: "Ho! What is this?" and he looked all around him, but could see nothing from which to run.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" said the bee, and he lighted on the ear of the goat.

"Now here is someone that means business," said the goat, and he shook his head to shake off the bee, but the bee only clung the tighter.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" he said. Then he stung the first goat in the ear. "Now," said the first goat, "this is a serious matter. Ouch!" he added, as the bee stung



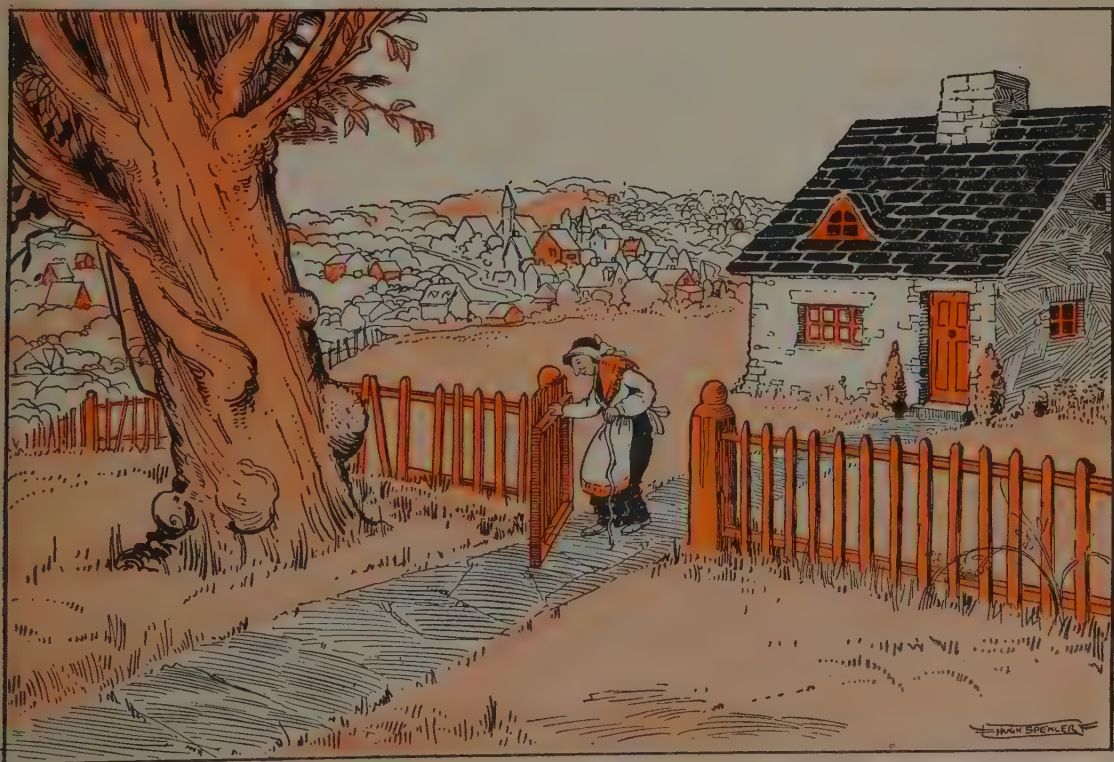
him again. "Come on, you," he called to the others, "it is time to get out of here!" With that he led them straight to the hole in the fence, and they ran through it, all three of them, and out into the road where the little boy sat with the dog and the fox.

"Oh," said the dog, "the bee can do something that I cannot, even if he is so small."

"Yes," said the fox, "the bee didn't make much noise, but the noise that he did make counted more than all of our barking."

TEENY TINY

THERE was once upon a time a teeny-tiny woman who lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way, she came to a teeny-tiny gate; so the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny meadow. And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny meadow, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny stone, and the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self: "This teeny-tiny bone will make me some teeny-tiny soup



for my teeny-tiny supper." So the teeny-tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone into her teeny-tiny pocket, and went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now, when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house, she was a teeny-tiny bit tired; so she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cupboard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, which said:

"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes, and went to sleep again. And when she had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny louder:

"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny further under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again a teeny-tiny louder:

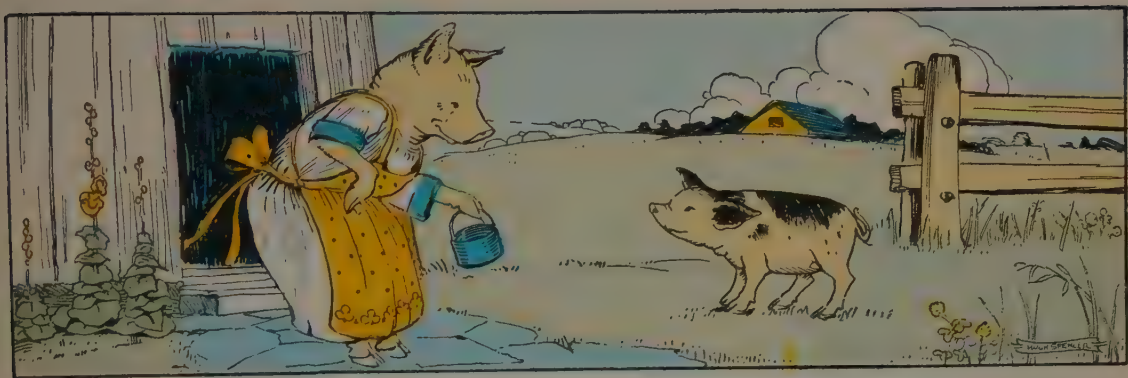
"GIVE ME MY BONE!"

At this the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened; but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice:

"TAKE IT!"



LITTLE BUNNIE BROWN IS AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS



"TROT AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO MARKET AND GET ME A PAIL OF MILK"

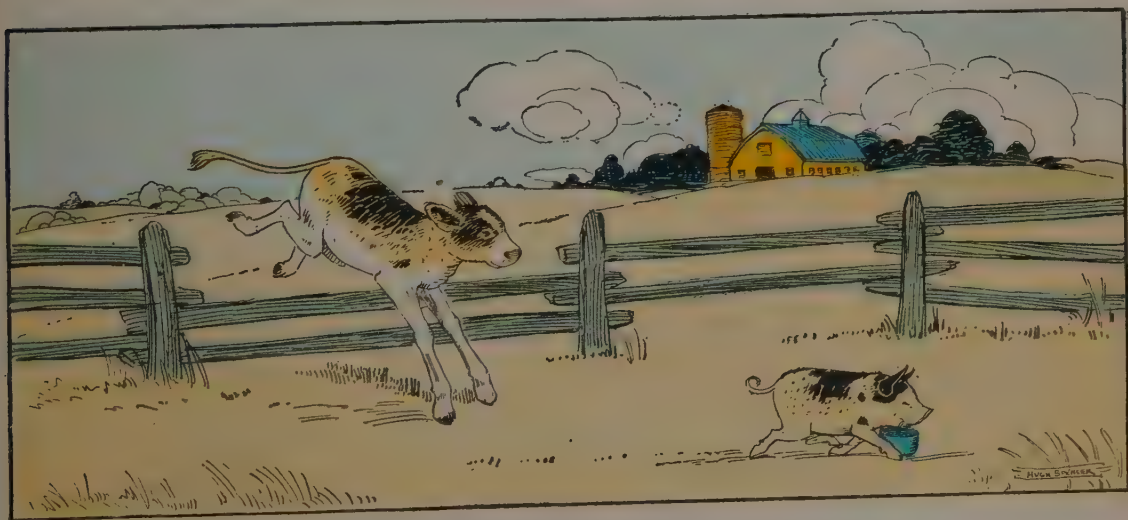
THE GOOD LITTLE PIGGIE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY L. WALDO LOCKLING

ONCE there was a little piggie, a very good little piggie, who obeyed his mother so well that often she let him out of the pen to play with his friends on the farm. One afternoon this little piggie was playing with them, when suddenly he heard his mother calling: "Piggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie!"

"Piggie, dear," she said, as he ran to her, "take this and trot as fast as you can to market and get me a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night."

So Piggie took the pail between his teeth, and off he went to do what his mother told him. Now, you must remember that this little piggie was such a dear, good little piggie, that he had a great many friends among the other



"WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, PIGGIE?" SAID BOSSIE CALE

animals. So he had not gone far when who should spy him but his friend Bossie Calf. "Hello, there!" said the calf. "Where are you off to, Piggie?"

"I'm going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." And the calf leaped over his master's fence, and away he went scampering after Piggie.

By and by, who should come along but Piggie's friend Billie Goat. "Mercy on us!" baa-ed Billie. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie," said the calf.

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"Going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Billie Goat ran out of the barn-yard and hurried after the calf.

Just as they were passing the house, who should spy them but Rover the dog.

"Where are you going, Billie," barked Rover, running out to the gate as he saw them rushing along. "Going with Bossie," said the goat.

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to bring Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Rover hurried along up the road after the goat.

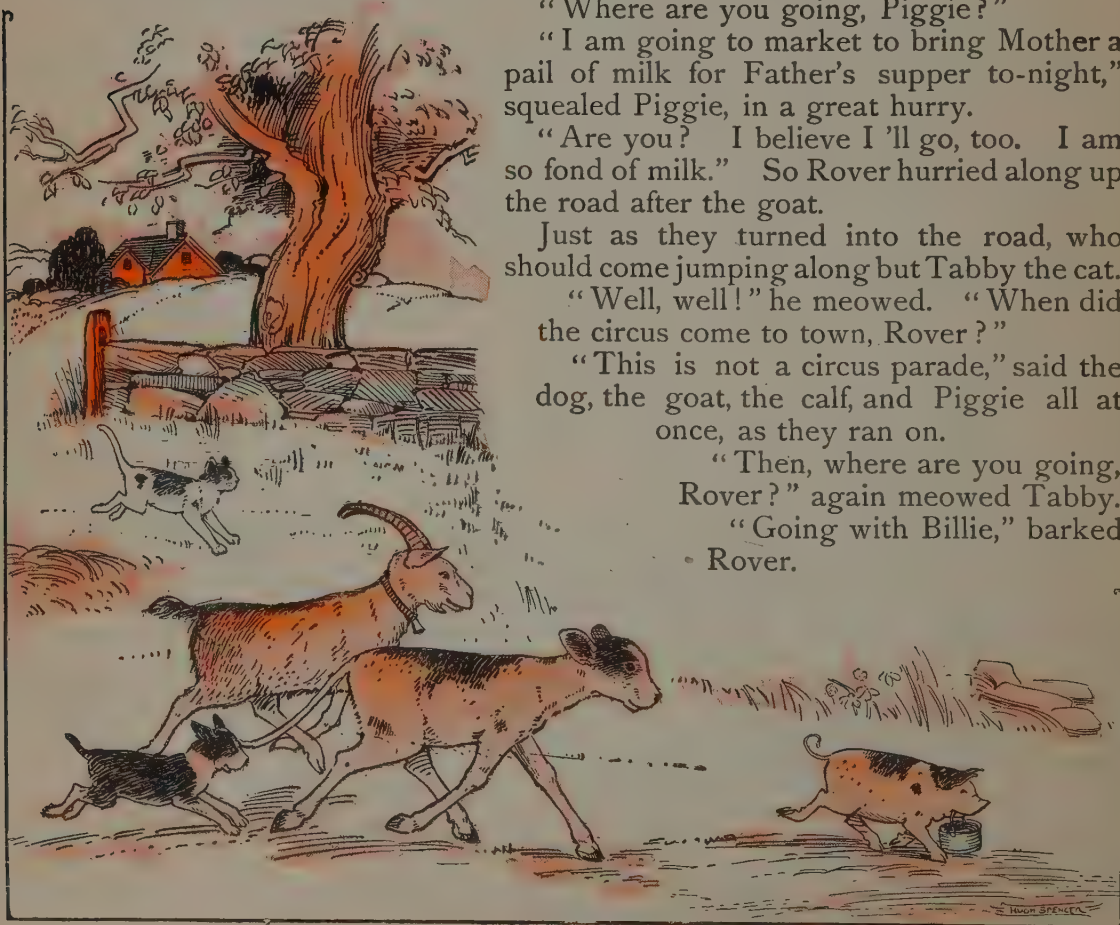
Just as they turned into the road, who should come jumping along but Tabby the cat.

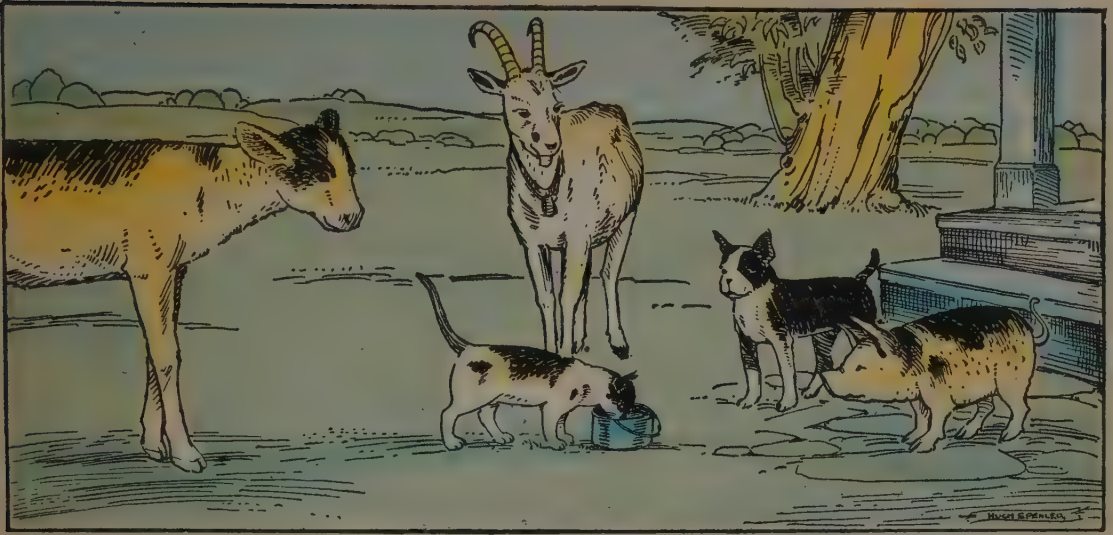
"Well, well!" he meowed. "When did the circus come to town, Rover?"

"This is not a circus parade," said the dog, the goat, the calf, and Piggie all at once, as they ran on.

"Then, where are you going, Rover?" again meowed Tabby.

"Going with Billie," barked Rover.





"MY, THAT 'S GOOD!"

"Where are you going, Billie?" "Going with Bossie."

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to get my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go along. I am so fond of milk." So Tabby raced along after Rover.

When they got to the market, Piggie told his friends to wait outside while he hurried in and got the milk for his father's supper. It did not take him long, and he soon came trotting out because he was to hurry back home.

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," meowed Tabby the cat, as she stuck her head in the pail. "My, that 's good!"

"Pass it to me, Tabby," barked Rover the dog, "for politeness' sake. My, that 's good!"

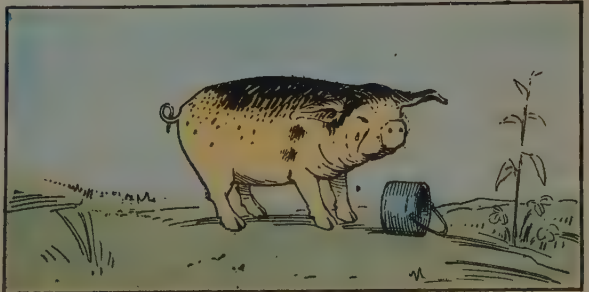
"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," said Billie Goat. "My, that 's good."

"Do not forget me, Billie, for politeness' sake," said Bossie the calf. "My, that 's good!"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" squealed Piggie, when he saw what had happened.

"What shall I do?" And away he trotted all by himself with an empty pail, to tell his mother that he did really and truly get the milk, but that his friends had "supped" it all up!

But just then the farmer came with a great, *big* pail of milk and gave it all to them, so that the good little piggie and his father and mother had a fine supper; and much more milk than Piggie could have brought.



"AWAY HE TROTTED WITH AN EMPTY PAIL"

SONG OF THE PEAR TREE

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too.
What on the tree may be?
Why, there's a beautiful branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too,
And what on its branch may be?
A beautiful twig.
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too.
Now what on the twig may be?
A beautiful nest.
Nest on the twig,
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too.
Now, what in the nest may be?
A beautiful egg.
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the twig,
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too.
Now, what from the egg shall we see?
A beautiful bird.
Bird from the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the twig,
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green orchard
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree has leaves, too.
Now, what on the bird may be?
A beautiful feather.
Feather on the bird,
Bird from the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the twig,
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green meadow
Standeth a fine pear tree;
The fine pear tree hath leaves, too.
Now, what from the feather will be?
A beautiful bed.
Bed from the feather,
Feather from the bird,
Bird from the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the twig,
Twig on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green meadow
 Standeth a fine pear tree;
 The fine pear tree hath leaves, too.
 Now, what in that bed may be?

A beautiful child.

Child in the bed,
 Bed from the feather,
 Feather from the bird,
 Bird from the egg,
 Egg from the nest,

Nest on the twig,
 Twig on the branch,
 Branch on the tree,
 Tree in the ground.

Out in the green, green meadow
 Standeth a fine pear tree;
 The fine pear tree hath leaves, too,
 And on it these things all be.

COCK-ALU AND HEN-ALIE

BY MARY HOWITT

In this tale is shown to you
 How large the boast of Cock-alu;
 But, when he comes to act, you'll see
 Small hope indeed for Hen-alie;
 And thus you clearly will perceive
 That who has great things to achieve
 Must not stand talking but must do,
 Else he will fail like Cock-alu.
 For he who would perform the most
 Will utter no vainglorious boast;
 But still press onward, staunch and true,
 With but the honest end in view.

COCK-ALU and Hen-alie sat on the perch above the bean-straw. It was four o'clock in the morning, and Cock-alu clapped his wings and crowed; then, turning to Hen-alie, he said: "Hen-alie, my little wife, I love you better than all the world: you know I do. I always told you so! I will do anything for you; I'll go round the world for you; I'll travel as far as the sun for you! You know I would! Tell me, what shall I do for you?"

"Crow!" said Hen-alie.

"Oh, that is such a little thing!" said Cock-alu, and crowed with all his might. He crowed so loud that he woke the farmer's wife, and the dog and the cat, and all the pigeons and horses in the stable, and the cow in the stall. He crowed so loud that all the neighbors' cocks heard him and answered him, and they woke all their people; and thus Cock alu woke the whole parish.

"I've done it rarely this morning!" said Cock-alu; "I told you I would do anything to please you!"

The next morning, at breakfast, as Hen-alie was picking beans out of the bean-straw, one stuck in her throat; and she was soon so ill that she was just ready to die.

"Oh, Cock-alu," said she, calling to him in the yard, where he stood clap-

ping his wings in the sunshine, "run and fetch me a drop of water from the silver-spring in the Beech-wood! Fetch me a drop quickly, while the dew is in it; for that is the true remedy."

But Cock-alu was so busy crowing against a neighbor that he took no notice.

"Oh, Cock-alu, do run and fetch me the water from the silver-spring, or I shall die; for the bean sticks in my throat, and nothing but water with dew in it can cure me! Oh, Cock-alu, dear, run quickly!"

Cock-alu heard her this time, and set off, crowing as he went. He had not gone far before he met the snail.

"Where are you going, snail?" says he.



"I'm going to the cow-cabbage," says the snail; "and what urgent business may it be that takes you out thus early, Cock-alu?" says the snail.

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife, Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat," says Cock-alu.

"Oh," says the snail, "run along quickly, and get the water while the dew is in it; for nothing else will get a bean out of the throat. Don't stop by the way, for the bull is coming down to the silver-spring to drink, and he'll trouble the water. Gather up my silver-trail, however, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better!"

Cock-alu hastily gathered up the silver-trail which the snail left. "This will make Hen-alie a pair of stockings!" said he, and went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met the wood-pigeon. "Good morning, pigeon," says he; "and which way are you going?"

"I am going to the pea-field," says the pigeon, "to get peas for my young ones; and what may your business be this morning, Cock-alu!"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife, Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"I'm sorry to hear that," says the pigeon; "but don't let me detain you, for water with the dew in it is the best thing to get a bean out of the throat; and let me advise you to make haste, for the bloodhound is going to lap at the spring, and he'll trouble the water. So run along, and here, take with you my blue velvet neck-ribbon, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better."

"Oh, what a nice pair of garters this will make for Hen-alie!" exclaimed Cock-alu, and went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met the wild-cat. "Good morning, friend," says Cock-alu, "and where may you be going this morning?"

"I'm going to get a young wood-pigeon for my breakfast, while the mother is gone to the pea-field," says the wild-cat; "and where may you be traveling to this morning, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood," replied Cock-alu, "to get a drop of water for my little wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"That's a bad business," says the wild-cat, "but a drop of water with the dew in it is the right remedy; so don't let me keep you; and you had better make haste, for the woodman is on his way to fell a tree by the spring, and if a branch falls into it, the water will be troubled; so off with you! But carry with you a flash of green fire from my right eye, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better."

"Oh, what a beautiful green light, like the green on my best tail-feathers! I'll keep it for myself; it's fitter for me than for Hen-alie!" said Cock-alu.

So he hung the green light on his tail-feathers, which made them very handsome, and he went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met with the sheep-dog. "Good morning, sheep-dog," says Cock-alu; "where are you going?"

"I'm going to hunt up a stray lamb for my master," says the sheep-dog, "and what brings you abroad?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to get a drop of water for my little wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat," says Cock-alu.

"Then why do you stop talking to me?" says the sheep-dog, in his short way; "your wife's bad enough, I'll warrant me; and a drop of water with the dew in it is the thing to do her good. Be off with you! The farmer is coming to lay the spring dry this morning. I left him sharpening his mattock when I set

out. You'll be too late, if you don't mind!" and with that the sheep-dog went his way.

"An unmannerly fellow," says Cock-alu, and stood looking after him; "I'll not go at his bidding, not I!" So he clapped his wings and crowed in the wood, just to show that he set light by his advice. "And never to give me anything for poor Hen-alie, that lies sick at home with a bean in her throat! The ill-natured churl!" cried Cock-alu to himself, and then he stood and crowed again with all his might.

After that he marched on, and before long reached the Beech-wood, but as the silver-spring lay yet a good way off, he had not gone far in the wood before he met the squirrel.

"Good morning, squirrel," says he; "what brings you abroad so early?"

"Early do you call it, Cock-alu?" says the squirrel; "why, I've been up these four hours; I just stopped to give the young ones their breakfasts, and then set off to silver-spring for a drop of water while the dew was in it; I've got it here in a cherry-leaf. And pray you, what business may take you abroad, Cock-alu?"

"The same as yours," replied Cock-alu; "I'm going for water, too, for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"Ah, well-a-day!" says the squirrel; "that's a bad thing! But run along with you; for the old sow is coming down with her nine little pigs, and if they trouble the water it will be all too late for poor little Hen-alie!"

And with that the squirrel leaped up into the oak-tree above where Cock-alu stood, for that was her way home, and left him without further ceremony.

"Humph!" said Cock-alu; "she might have given me some of the water out of her cherry-leaf for my poor little Hen-alie!" And so saying, he walked on through the Beech-wood, and as he met no more creatures he soon reached the silver-spring.

But it was now noon-day, and there was not a drop of dew in the water, and the bull had been down and drunk, and the bloodhound had lapped, and the old sow and her nine little pigs had wallowed in it, so the water was troubled; and besides that the woodman had felled the tree which now lay across the spring, and the farmer was digging the new watercourse, so the spring was getting lower every minute. Cock-alu had come quite too late; there was not a drop left for poor little Hen-alie.

When Cock-alu saw this he was very much disconcerted; he did not know what to do; he stood a little while considering, and then he set off as hard as he could go to the squirrel's house to beg a drop of water from her. But the squirrel lived a long way off in the wood, and thus it was a considerable time before he got there.

When he reached the squirrel's house, however, nobody was at home. He

knocked and knocked for a long time, and at last he walked in, but they were all gone out; he peeped therefore into the pantry to see if he could find the water; there was plenty of hazel-nuts and beech-nuts, heaps and heaps of them all laid up in store for winter, but no water; at length he saw the curled-up cherry-leaf, like a water-jug, standing at the squirrel's bed-side, but it was empty; there was not a single drop in it.

"This is bad business!" said Cock-alu to himself, and turned to leave the house. At the squirrel's door he met a woodpecker.



"Woodpecker," says he, "where is the squirrel gone to? I want to beg a drop of water from the silver-spring for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat!"

"Lack-a-day!" said the woodpecker, "the old squirrel drank every drop, and drained the jug into the bargain; he lay sick in bed this morning, but there was such virtue in the water that he got well as soon as he drank it; and now he has taken his wife and the little ones out for an airing; they will not be back till night, I know. But if you will leave any message with me I will be sure and deliver it, for the squirrel and I are very neighborly."

"Oh!" groaned Cock-alu; "but what would be the use of leaving a message if they have no water to give me!"

With that he came down from the old pine tree where the squirrel lived, set out on his way home again, and came at length out of the Beech-wood, but it was then getting toward evening.

He came to his own yard. There was the perch on which he and Hen-alie had so often sat, and there was the bean-straw, and there lay poor Hen-alie just as he had left her.

"Hen-alie, my little wife," said he, crowing loudly as he came up, that he might put a cheerful face on the matter, "I have been very unlucky; I could not get you any water, but I have got something so nice for you! I have brought you a pair of silver-gauze stockings which the snail has sent you, and a pair of blue velvet garters to wear with them, which the ring-tail dove gave me!"

"Thank you," said poor little Hen-alie, in a very weak voice, "but I wish you could have brought me some water; these things will do me no good!"

"I could not bring you water, for the silver-spring is dry," said Cock-alu, feeling very unhappy, and yet wishing to excuse himself; "there's not a drop of water left in it!"

"Then it's all over with me!" sighed poor little Hen-alie.

"Don't be down-hearted, my little wife," said Cock-alu, trying to seem cheerful, "I will give you something better than all; I will give you the green-fire flash from the wild-cat's eye, which he gave me to wear on my tail-feathers. Look up, my poor little Hen-alie, and I'll give it all to you!"

"Alas!" sighed poor little Hen-alie, "what good will they do me! Oh, that somebody only loved me well enough to have brought me one drop of silver-spring water!"

All this while something very nice was happening, which I must tell you.

There was in the poultry-yard a shabby little drab-colored hen, very small and very much despised; Cock-alu would not look at her, nor Hen-alie either; she had no tail-feathers at all, and long black legs which looked as if she had borrowed them from a hen twice her size: she was, in short, the meanest, most ill-conditioned hen in the yard.

All the time, however, that Cock-alu was out on his fruitless errand, she had been comforting Hen-alie in the best way she could, and assuring her that Cock-alu would soon be back again with the water from the silver-spring. But when he came back without a single drop, and only offered the fine silk stockings and blue velvet garters instead, she set off, without saying a word, as fast as her long legs would carry her out of the wood and down to the silver-spring, which she reached in a wonderfully short time.

Fortunately the silver-spring had flowed into its new channel as clearly as ever, and the evening dew had dropped its virtues into it. The owls were shouting "Kla-vit!" from one end of the wood to the other. The dark leathern-winged bats and the dusky white and buff-colored moths were flitting about the broad shadows of the trees; but the little hen took no notice of any of them. On she went, thinking of nothing but that which she had to do; and reaching the silver-spring, she gathered up twelve drops of water, and, hurrying back again, came into the yard just as poor Hen-alie was saying: "Oh, that somebody had loved me well enough to fetch me only one drop of silver-spring water!"

"That I do!" said the shabby little hen, and dropped one drop after another into her beak.

The first drop loosened the bean, the second softened it, and the third sent it down her throat.

Hen-alie was well again; Cock-alu was ready to clap his wings and crow for joy; and the little hen turned quietly away to her solitary perch.

"Nay," said Hen-alie, "but you shall not go unrewarded; see, here is a pair of silk stockings for you, and here is green fire which will make the most beautiful feathers in the world grow all over your body! Take them all, you good little thing, and to-morrow morning you will come out the handsomest hen in the yard!"

So it was. There must have been magic in those silk stockings and that green fire, for the shabby little thing was now transformed into a regular queen-hen. The farmer's wife thought she must have strayed away from some beautiful foreign country, and gave her a famous breakfast to keep her. Cock-alu was very attentive to her; and as to Hen-alie, she never ceased singing her praises as long as she lived.

THERE IS THE KEY OF THE KINGDOM

THERE is the key of the Kingdom.

In that Kingdom there is a city;

In that city there is a town;

In that town there is a street;

In that street there is a lane;

In that lane there is a yard;

In that yard there is a house;

In that house there is a room;

In that room there is a bed;

On that bed there is a basket;

In that basket there are some flowers.

Flowers in the basket,

Basket on the bed,

Bed in the room,

Room in the house,

House in the yard,

Yard in the lane,

Lane in the street,

Street in the town,

Town in the city,

City in the Kingdom,

And this is the key of the Kingdom.



THE DOLL'S BATH



THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

THIS IS THE WAY

THIS is the way we wash our clothes,
 Wash our clothes,
 Wash our clothes;
 This is the way we wash our clothes,
 So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
 Iron our clothes,
 Iron our clothes;
 This is the way we iron our clothes,
 So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
 Sweep the house,
 Sweep the house;
 This is the way we sweep the house,
 So early Friday morning.

This is the way we mend our shoes,
 Mend our shoes,
 Mend our shoes;
 This is the way we mend our shoes,
 So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we bake our cake,
 Bake our cake,
 Bake our cake;
 This is the way we bake our cake,
 So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we visit our friends,
 Visit our friends,
 Visit our friends;
 This is the way we visit our friends,
 So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
 Go to church,
 Go to church;
 This is the way we go to church,
 So early Sunday morning.

LITTLE TOMMY'S MONDAY MORNING

(In a meter neither new nor difficult)

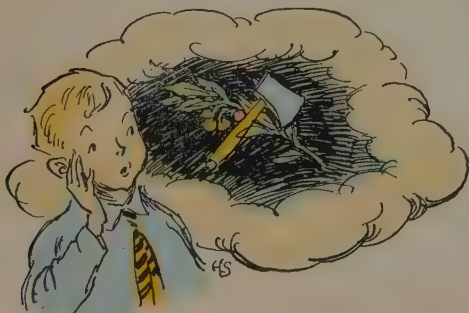
BY TUDOR JENKS

ALL was well on Sunday morning,
All was quiet Sunday evening;
But, behold, quite early Monday
Came a queer, surprising Weakness—
Weakness seizing little Tommy!
It came shortly after breakfast—
Breakfast with wheat-cakes and honey
Eagerly devoured by Tommy,
Who 'til then was well as could be.
Then, without a moment's warning,
Like a sneeze, that awful Aw-choo!
Came this Weakness on poor Tommy.
"Mother, dear," he whined, "dear

Mother,
I am feeling rather strangely—
Don't know what's the matter with me—
My right leg is out of kilter,
While my ear—my left ear—itches.
Don't you know that queerish feeling?"

"Not exactly," said his mother.
"Does your head ache, Tommy
dearest?"

Little Thomas, always truthful,
Would not say his head was aching,
For, you know it really wasn't.
"No, it doesn't *ache*," he answered



(Thinking of that noble story
Of the Cherry-tree and Hatchet);
"But I'm tired, and I'm sleepy,
And my shoulder's rather achy.
Don't you think perhaps I'd better
Stay at home with you, dear mother?"

Thoughtfully his mother questioned,
"How about your school, dear Tommy?
Do you wish to miss your lessons?"
"Well, you know," was Tommy's
answer,
"Saturday we played at football;

I was tired in the evening,
 So I didn't learn my lessons—
 Left them all for Monday morning,
 Monday morning bright and early—"And this morning you slept over?"
 So his mother interrupted.
 "Yes, Mama," admitted Tommy.
 "So I have not learned my lessons:
 And I'd better wait till Tuesday.
 Tuesday I can start in earnest—
 Tuesday when I'm feeling brighter!"



Smilingly his mother eyed him,
 Then she said, "Go ask your father—
 You will find him in his study,
 Adding up the week's expenses.
 See what Father says about it."
 Toward the door went Tommy slowly,
 Seized the knob as if to turn it.
 Did not turn it; but, returning,
 Back he came unto his mother.
 "Mother," said he, very slowly,
 "Mother, I don't feel so badly;
 Maybe I'll get through my lessons.
 Anyway, I think I'll risk it.
 Have you seen my books, dear Mother—
 My Geography and Speller,
 History and Definitions,—
 Since I brought them home on Friday?"
 No. His mother had not seen them.

Then began a search by Tommy.
 Long he searched, almost despairing,
 While the clock was striking loudly.
 And at length when Tommy found
 them—

Found his books beneath the sofa—
 He'd forgotten all his Weakness,
 Pains and aches were quite forgotten.
 At full speed he hastened schoolward.
 But in vain, for he was tardy,
 All because of that strange Weakness
 He had felt on Monday morning.

Would you know the name that's given,
 How they call that curious feeling?
 'Tis the dreaded "Idon'twantto"—
 Never fatal, but quite common
 To the tribe of Very-lazy.
 Would you know the charm that cures
 it—

Cures the Weakness "Idon'twantto"?
 It is known as "Butyou'vegotto,"
 And no boy should be without it.

Now you know the curious legend
 Of the paleface little Tommy,
 Of his Weakness and its curing
 By the great charm "Butyou'vegotto."
 Think of it on Monday mornings—
 It will save you lots of trouble.



DAYS OF BIRTH

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,

Wednesday's child is brave and glad,
Thursday's child is never bad,

Friday's child is loving and kind,
Saturday's child is clear in mind,

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

THE WASHING

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for very shame;
They that wash on Friday
Wash because of need;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh, they are lazy indeed!

SOLOMON GRUNDY

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy—
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married, *etc.*

BABY'S PLAY DAYS

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



NUMBER RHYMES



1, 2, 3, 4, 5

ONE
Two
Three
Four
Five

I caught a hare alive.

Six
Seven
Eight
Nine
Ten

I let it go again.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird

And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:

So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.

"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gray mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask!" said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider

And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother;
"We shine," said the eleven:
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve:
So they toiled and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

COUNTING APPLE-SEEDS

ONE, I love,
Two, I love,
Three, I love, I say,
Four, I love with all my heart,
And five, I cast away;
Six, he loves,
Seven, she loves,
Eight, they both love;
Nine, he comes,
Ten, he tarries,
Eleven, he courts,
Twelve, he marries;
Thirteen, wishes,
Fourteen, kisses,
All the rest little witches.

TWINS

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

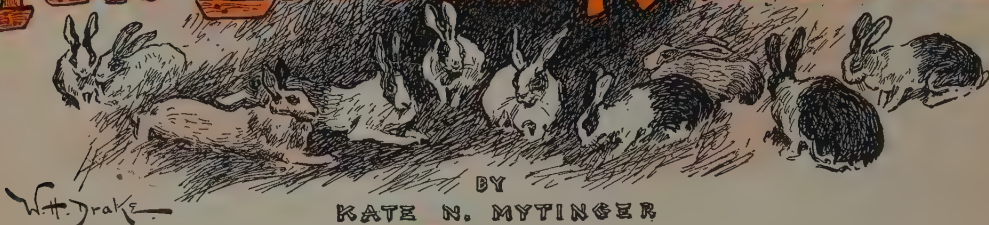


HERE 's a baby! Here 's another!
A sister and her infant brother.

Which is which 't is hard to tell,
But "mother" knows them very well.

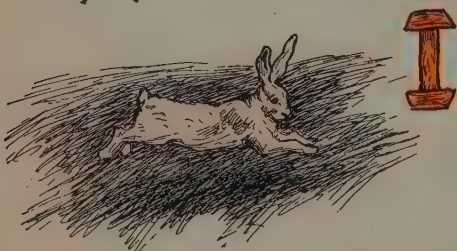


THE RHYME OF TEN LITTLE RABBITS



W. H. Drake

BY
KATE N. MYTINGER

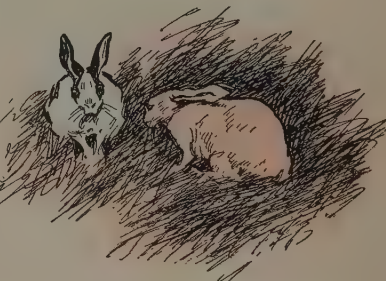


I

little rabbit, one
went out in the
field to run.

2

little rabbits, two
Said they didn't
know what to do.



3

little rabbits, three
Said: "Let us
climb a tree."

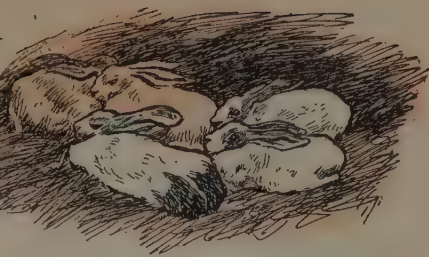


4

little rabbits, four
Said: "Let's swing
on the old barn door"



5 little rabbits, five
Said: "We're glad
just to be alive."



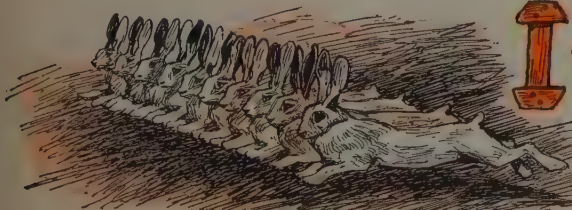
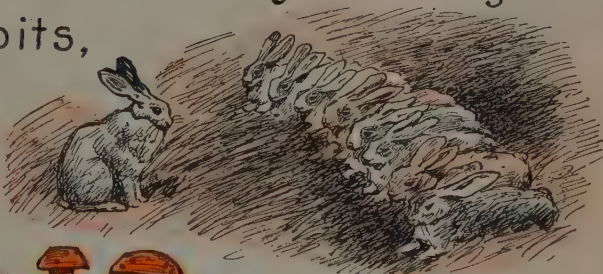
6 little rabbits,
six
Said: "We like to
pick up sticks."

7 little rabbits,
seven
Said: "We wish we
were eleven?"



8 little rabbits,
eight
Said: "Come let us run
through the gate."

9 little rabbits,
nine
Said: "Then let us
form in line."



10 little rabbits,
ten

all got in line - and then -
wasn't it fun to see them run?

IN JULY

by A.S. WEBBER.



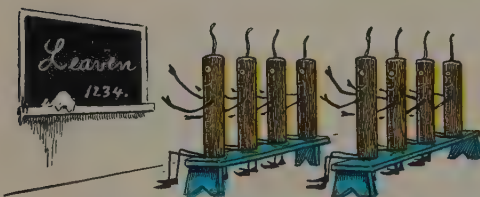
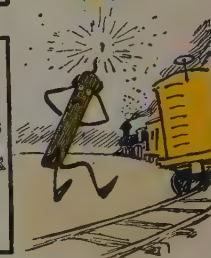
10

Ten little fire crackers
Standing in a line.
One thought 'ed light a match
Then --
There were nine.



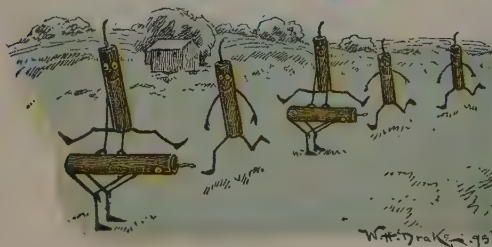
9

Nine little fire crackers
Walking very straight.
One caught an engine spark
Then --
There were eight.



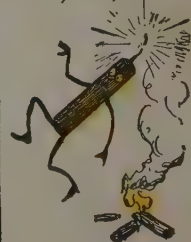
8

Eight little fire crackers
Trying to spell 'LEAVEN'.
One went too near the gas,
Then --
There were seven.



7

Seven little fire crackers
Cutting up tricks.
One played with lighted punk
Then --
There were six.





6

Six little fire crackers
Glad they are alive,
One went to have a smoke
than
There were five.



5

Five little fire crackers
Wishing there were more,
One went to find a friend
then
There were four.



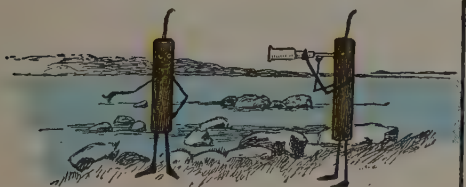
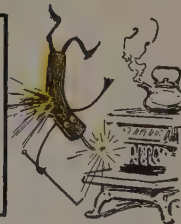
4

Four little fire crackers
Merry as could be,
One played upon the hearth
then
There were three.



3

Three little fire crackers
Puzzled what to do,
One stirred the kitchen fire
then
There were two.



2

Two little fire crackers
Looking for some fun,
One met a little boy
then
There was one.



1

One little fire cracker
Sat him down to cry,
'Tis such a risky thing
to live
In July.



W.T. Drake - 95.

TEN LITTLE COOKIES

TEN little cookies, brown and crisp and fine—
Grandma gave Baby one; then there were nine.

Nine little cookies on a china plate—
Betty took a small one; then there were eight.

Eight little cookies, nice and round and even—
The butcher boy ate one; then there were seven.

Seven little cookies, much liked by chicks—
The old hen ate one; then there were six.

Six little cookies, when grandma went to drive—
Betty had another one; then there were five.

Five little cookies, placed too near the door—
The little doggie ate one; then there were four.

Four little cookies, brown as brown could be—
Grandma took one for herself; then there were three.

Three little cookies—when grandpa said, “I too,
Would like a very little one”; then there were two.

Two little cookies—fast did Betty run
To give one to her mamma; then there was one.

One little cookie—and now our story is done,
Baby Jane ate the last; then there was none.

OUR BABY

ONE head with curly hair,
Two arms so fat and bare,
Two hands and one wee nose,

Two feet with ten pink toes,
Skin soft and smooth as silk,
When clean, 'tis white as milk.

TEN LITTLE ENGLISH BOYS

TEN Little English Boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.



Nine Little English Boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were Eight.



Eight Little English Boys traveling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were Seven.

Seven Little English Boys chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were Six.



Six Little English Boys playing with a Hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were Five.

Five Little English Boys going in for Law;
One got in chancery, and then there were Four.



Four little English Boys going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.

Three Little English Boys walking in the Zoo;
The big bear hugged one, and then there were Two.

Two Little English Boys sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.

One Little English Boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there was None.



LONG TIME AGO

BY ELIZABETH PRENTISS

ONCE there was a little Kitty,
 White as the snow;
 In a barn she used to frolic,
 Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
 Ran to and fro,
 For she heard the little Kitty,
 Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little Kitty,
 Black as a sloe;
 And they spied the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
 Paws soft as snow;
 And they caught the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
 All in a row;
 And they bit the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
 Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
 But she slipped away from Kitty,
 Long time ago.

BUCKLE MY SHOE

ONE, Two—buckle my shoe;
 Three, Four—open the door;
 Five, Six—pick up sticks;
 Seven, Eight—lay them straight;
 Nine, Ten—a good fat hen;
 Eleven, Twelve—I hope you're well.
 Thirteen, Fourteen—draw the curtain;
 Fifteen, Sixteen—the maid's in the kitchen;
 Seventeen, Eighteen—she's in waiting.
 Nineteen, Twenty—my stomach's empty.



"AH, AH! SO THAT'S WHERE HE BURIES HIS OLD BONES!"

Happy Days

WHAT THE CAT AND HEN DID

FOUR little children were playing in their garden one day. There were Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy.

They were so busy making mud-pies that they did not see "Mrs. Tomkins," the old cat, when she came and mewed, and mewed, and put up her paw, and touched Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy—first one and then the other; as much as to say, "Do come, some of you, and help me! Do come, *please!*"

By and by the children's mother came out of the house and saw how queerly the cat was acting, and said: "Children, Mrs. Tomkins is trying to get you to go with her and see if her babies are all right."

So the children left their play, and said: "Come, Mrs. Tomkins, we will go with you now."

The old cat gave a thankful "m-i-e-o-u," and started down the walk leading to the barn. Every now and then she looked back to see if the children were really coming. When she got to the stable, she ran and jumped up on the manger, and looked down into it, and gave a quick, sharp "m-i-e-o-u," as if to say, "What do you think of that?" And the children looked in and saw a hen sitting upon the old cat's kittens and trying to keep them all covered up! When the cat tried to go near them, the hen would



THEY WERE SO BUSY MAKING MUD-PIES THAT THEY DID NOT SEE "MRS. TOMKINS"



EVERY NOW AND THEN SHE LOOKED BACK TO SEE IF THE CHILDREN WERE REALLY COMING

peck at her and drive her away. How the children laughed! Mollie said: "Did you ever see anything so funny! I am going to ask Mother to write a funny story about it,—how our old hen adopted the kittens."

The hen had been sitting upon some eggs in a nest near where the cat had set up housekeeping, and when the cat went out, the hen came over and took the cat's little family under her wings, just as if they had been so many chick-

a-biddies. And when the cat went home again, the hen wouldn't let her come near the kittens. Mollie took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins was happy.

The next day she came again, looking as though she said, "I am very sorry to trouble you, but I *must*." Then she said: "M-i-e-o-u! m-i-e-o-u!" So the children left their play and went to the stable with her, and found the hen playing mother to Mrs. Tomkins's kit-

bors!" Then she took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins picked up one of the kittens.

The children's mother was sitting in the library reading when the old cat came in, with a kitten in her mouth. She put it softly down, went out, and soon returned with another. She kept on doing this until she had moved all her family of five kittens. Then she settled herself in a cozy corner, and



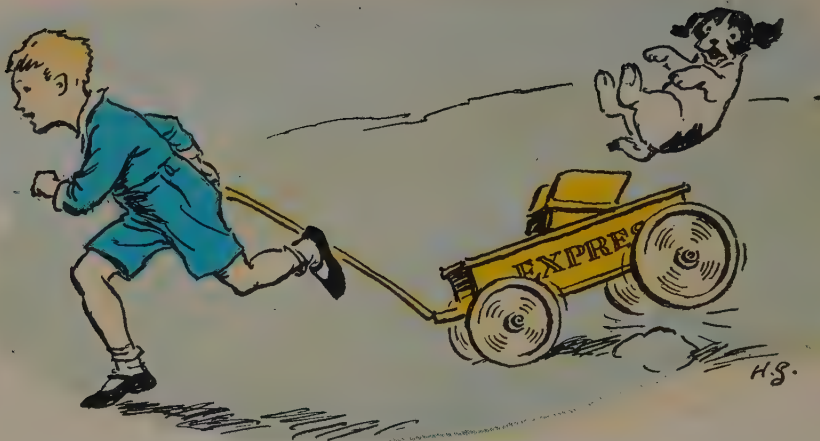
MRS. TOMKINS GAVE A SHARP "M-I-E-O-U," AS IF TO SAY "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

tens again and trying to make them keep still and stay under her wings. If one of them poked its head out, she would give it a sharp peck to make it go back.

The children laughed again, and Mollie said: "Poor Mrs. Tomkins, I would look for a new house if I were you—you do have such meddlesome neigh-

looked at the lady, and purred in this way: "If you only knew how much trouble I have had with that bad old hen, you would let me and my children stay here."

Just then the children came in and begged to have the kittens stay. So a new home was made for them in a box in the woodhouse.



NED AND ROVER AND JACK

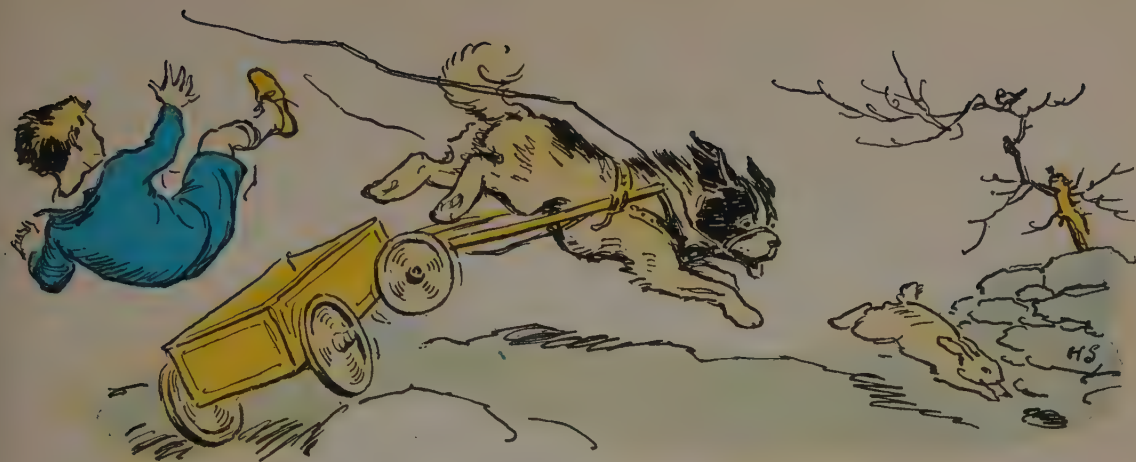
A BOY named Ned had a little puppy-dog named Rover. One day, Ned's papa gave him a nice new toy wagon. Ned was pulling it around the yard when he saw Rover. "Come, Rover!" he said, "I will give you a fine ride." So he took Rover and put him in the wagon and gave him a ride.

But just then Ned saw a boy he knew, named Tom. Tom was running down the street. Ned called to him, but he did not hear. Ned wanted to show Tom his new wagon. So he ran after Tom as fast as he could go, calling, "Tom! Tom!" and never thinking of poor little Rover. He was barking with all his might: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!" which means, "Oh, stop! stop! I'm going to fall out!" And the next minute Rover went bumpity-bump out into the road, and ran off home, crying, "Ow-wow-wow!" He was not hurt much, but he was badly frightened. But he soon forgot his ride, and he grew and he grew, and he grew, till, by and by, he was a big

dog. And then, Ned's little brother, Jack, had a little wagon. But now Rover was too big to ride in it. So Jack said he would make Rover pull it and *he* would ride.

Ned helped him to harness Rover in it like a horse, and Jack climbed in and took the reins. "Get up!" said Jack, and away they went out into the yard and on into a big field. But just then a little rabbit started up in front of them, and the minute Rover saw it, he began to race after the rabbit. Poor Jack couldn't hold him at all. Round and round they went, and they ran, and they ran, and they ran! Jack called out, "Whoa, Rover! Stop, Rover!" But Rover didn't stop. He wanted to catch the rabbit, and he forgot about Jack.

At last the rabbit ran toward a hole under the wall, where Rover could not get him. But Rover dashed after him as fast as he could go. Bumpity-bump went the little wagon, and just as Rover missed the rabbit, the wheel



struck a big stone and poor *Jack* tumbled out on the ground. But he didn't cry. He was not hurt much, and he wasn't frightened at all. He ran and caught

Rover, and said, "Oho! Who cares for a little bump like that? You're a funny horse, *Rover*. But you didn't catch your rabbit, you old runaway—did you?"

DOT'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

ONCE there was a little girl called *Dot*. And she was just five years old. And she had a fine birthday cake. It was big and round, and it had five beautiful little pink candles set in pink rosebuds on top.

Dot sat at the big table at dinner that day, and by and by they put a pretty pink paper cap on her head and then brought in the birthday cake. And the little candles were all burning bright. And when she saw it she said, "Oh! oh! how lovely! It is just too pretty to cut!"

But her mother said, "I will cut it for you, dear." So she cut one piece for *Dot*, and then she asked *Dot*, "Will *Marie* have a piece?" *Marie* was *Dot*'s big doll. And *Dot* looked at her and said: "*Marie* says, 'No, thank you.'"



And her mother said, "Will Fuzzy have a piece?" Fuzzy was Dot's Teddy Bear. And Dot looked at him and said: "He says, 'No, thank you.'" And Mother said, "Will Father have a piece?" And Dot said, "Oh, yes. Won't you, Father?" And Father said, "Yes, please." And Dot said, "Mother, you *must* have a piece of my birthday cake."

And Mother said, "Yes, thank you."

And Mother cut the cake and gave Dot a piece and Father a piece and herself a piece. But she left the parts of the cake where the candles were burning—one, two, three, four, five. And Dot's birthday cake lasted one, two, three, four, five whole days before it was all gone.

IN SEARCH OF A BABY

BY F. TAPSELL

"PLEASE, I'm lost." These words, and a thump! thump! on the door were what Mrs. Stone heard as she sat at supper in her tiny house in the wood.

She went to open the door, and there she saw a dear little girl about three years old.

"Please, I'm lost," again came the words, and two fat little fists went up to a pair of big blue eyes.

"Come in, little girl, and tell me all about it," said the woman. "Maybe I can help you to find your way."

The child let herself be led into the room; then all at once the two tiny fists came down from the two blue eyes, and she gave a quick look at the table.

"Are you having supper?" she said. "May I have supper too? I am ever so hungry."

"Yes, dear; of course you shall have some," was the reply. "See, you shall sit on this chair by my side. Now what will you have?"

"I think I would like some bread and butter with sugar on it—brown sugar,

you know," and soon the little girl was as happy as could be.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Mrs. Stone, when supper was over and the little girl had begun to think once more about how she was to find her way home.

"Meg," was the reply.

"But your other name, for you must have two names?"

"No, my name is just Meg, of course; I don't have any other name," she said, a look of wonder in the big blue eyes.

"Do you know where you live?"

"Yes; I lives in the nursery. Didn't you know that?"

She was so sure that it did not seem any good to say any more about it. So Mrs. Stone only asked, "Where were you going when you came to my house?"

"To find a baby," was the reply. "Rob said that if I went to a house in the wood they would give me one. Have you got a baby to give me?"

"No, dear; I am afraid I have not.

But why do you want a baby? I am sure you have lots of dolls."

"Yes, of course I have; but then, you see, dolls are not alive. I want a real baby to play with.

"Enid won't play with me much now, for she says I am too small, and Rob is at school all the time."

"Why, who is that?" said a voice, and a man came in with a bag of tools.

Then the two little fists again went up to the blue eyes, for the little maid was shy of this great big man.

"Well, wife, so you have a friend, I see," he said. "Who is the little lass?"

"I don't know," said the wife. "It seems she was lost, and came here to ask her way. She says she came to find a baby."

"Come here, little one, and don't be afraid," said the man. "There never was a child yet who would not come to me," and as he spoke he drew her on to his knee. "Now, then, tell me all about it."

After one glance at the man's kind face, Meg nestled up to him and began:

"Nurse was so busy she could not be in the room with me.

"So I put on my hat and came to look for a baby; but I got lost on the way. At last I came to the wood and saw this house. She could not give me a baby, as Rob said she would, but she gave me some tea, and bread and butter with sugar on it. We only have that on Sunday at home. Is this Sunday?"

"No, little Miss," said the man. "But I expect you had it just for a treat, as you had got lost."



"PLEASE, I'M LOST"

But just then steps were heard on the path, and there was a sharp knock at the door.

The latch was lifted, and a voice said:

"Have you seen a little girl in a white frock pass this way?"

"Why, that must be Nurse," cried Meg.

In spite of being cross at Meg's having run away, Nurse had to laugh; then she bent down and said, "But what made you run away like this, Miss Meg?"

"Rob told me that if I came to the house in the wood I should find a real live baby; but he was wrong, for she," with a smile at Mrs. Stone, "is very nice, but she has no baby to give me."

"Of course not, child; but do you know that I have some news for you?"

"What is it? Do tell me?" cried the little girl.

"While you were away in the wood to look for a baby we have found a baby

at home. You have a new baby brother. Come home with me now and you shall see him."

"A new little brother," said Meg, her eyes wide open with wonder. "He must have known I had gone out to look for one. So now I have got two friends and a baby too. Come along, quick."

"Good-bye," she said to her new friends. "Thank you ever so much for being so kind, and for the supper."

"I am coming to have supper with you again soon, and then I will bring the new baby with me. You will give me and baby bread and butter with sugar on it, won't you?" and Meg trotted off as happy as a little queen.

DOLLY DIMPLE

BY F. TAPSELL

"OH, DEAR, I am so lonely, and it is so dark! I do want my dear Dolly Dimple. I think I will go and fetch her." And little four-year-old Babs got out of bed and felt her way to the door.

The door was just a wee crack open. As she peeped in, Babs saw that there was a light in the room, and the sight which met her eyes almost made her cry out.

On the floor stood Dolly Dimple in her very best frock, and Mr. Jollyman was asking her to dance with him.

Teddy Bear was at work on the big drum, and the clown was turning the organ to make music for the dolls to dance to.

The tin soldiers, on the backs of cows,

pigs, and sheep from the Noah's Ark were having a sham fight.

The dolls from the dolls' house were going for a ride in the big horse and cart.

"It is too bad of them to go and have a good time like this when I am in bed," thought Babs, "and I am going to take Dolly Dimple away with me, all the same."

But when she tried to pick up the doll and carry her off, Mr. Jollyman flew at her in a fury.

He began to kick her bare legs till Babs thought she would have no shins left at all; but she would not run away.

"I want Dolly Dimple," she said. "She is my doll, and you have no right

to try to keep her away from me."

"She is yours in the day, but not at night," was the reply.

"How do you think we toys could live if we had no life but the one we endure at your hands? It is in the night

But just as she thought her last hour was come, she heard the word "Halt!" and then the sound of Dolly Dimple saying, "No, don't kill her. She is very good to me most of the time."

The rest of the dolls had begun to



that we live and have our good times, for we know you are safe in bed then."

"I don't care what you say; I will have her," cried Babs, very angry now.

She tried once more to get hold of Dolly Dimple; but before she could do so, Mr. Jollyman turned to the soldiers, and said the one word, "Charge!"

There was a great noise and a rush, and right down upon the little girl came camels, horses, lions, tigers, sheep, and pigs.

dance once more, but Dolly Dimple came up to the little girl and took hold of her arm.

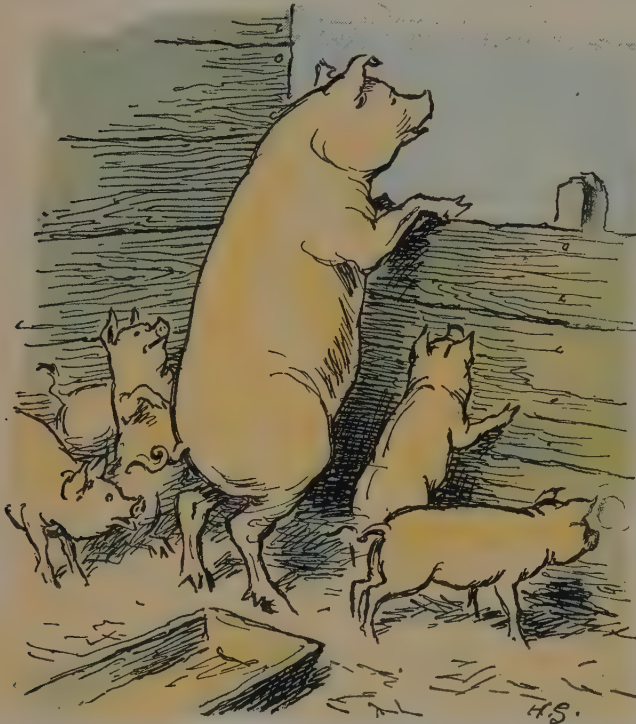
"I am queen here in the night," she said. "I will not hurt you, as you have been good to me, and I know you love me. If you like, I will come and stay with you till you go to sleep. Pick me up."

So Babs picked up the doll, and took it back to bed with her, and hugged it in her arms.

HOW POLLY HAD HER PICTURE TAKEN

BY EVERETT WILSON

IT was a bright spring morning, and all the animals on the Meadowbrook Farm had been given their breakfast, and the Piggy-wig family had settled down to a cozy nap. Suddenly there was heard a great noise and rushing out in the apple orchard. Old Mother Piggy-wig jumped up on her hind legs and looked over



the fence of her sty to see what it was all about. The little pig that went to market, and the little pig that stayed at home, also jumped up, quite as excited as their mother. Then the little pig that had roast beef, and the little pig that had none, woke up, and they, too, scampered about, wishing to know what was going on down under the apple-trees. But before old Mother Piggy-wig could tell them, the little pig, who, one day, could not find his way home, found a big hole in the lower board of the sty, and at once shouted:

"Oh, I see what it is! It is little Polly going to have her picture taken."

And, sure enough, there was Polly's brother Ned with his camera; and after him came Polly, and after Polly came—guess what!

Well, first there came Blackie, the cat; then came Banty, the hen; and then came Gyp, the dog. And such a mew-mewing, and cluck-clucking, and bow-wow-ing you never heard!

Polly had often had her picture taken, but it was always with her papa or her mamma, and she had never had her picture taken with her pets. So brother Ned had promised that on her birthday he would take her picture with all of her pets—if they would only keep still. This day was Polly's birthday, and, as the weather was fine, her brother had told her to follow him out to the orchard.

Ned fastened his camera on its three sprawling legs, while Polly tried to gather

her pets around her. But by this time Blackie, the cat, was chasing a squirrel (though he did not catch him); and Banty, the hen, was away off scratching for worms; and Gyp, the dog, was barking at a bossy calf down by the brook, for, of course, Polly's pets did not know it was her birthday and that they were to have their pictures taken with her.

Polly called, as loud as she could: "Here, Blackie, Blackie; here, Banty, Banty; here, Gyp, Gyp," and as quick as a wink the animals came running up to her.



At first she sat down, but all three of her pets got in her lap until you could scarcely see Polly behind them. That would not do, of course, because it was Polly's picture that was the most important.

Finally, she stood up and made her pets stand up, too. Then she had more trouble, for Gyp wanted to stand next to her, and so did Banty, and so did Blackie, but she told them if they were not good and did not stand just where she put them, they could not have their pictures taken at all. She even said she would get the little pig that could not find his way home, and would have her picture taken with *him*. They did not like that, so they promised to be good. She stood Banty on one side of her, and Gyp on the other side, and then she put Blackie on one end next to Banty. But Gyp and Blackie jumped around so lively that Brother Ned ran into the house and brought out Polly's toy cow, and stood her next to Blackie, and that kept *him* quiet, because he was afraid the cow would hook him with her horns—he did not know it was not a *real* cow. Then Ned brought out Polly's toy lion and put him next to Gyp, and that kept *him* quiet, because he thought the lion would eat him up,—he did not know it was not a *real* lion.

So, after they were all nice and quiet, Ned called out:

"Ready! Look pleasant! One, two, three—all over!"

And here is the way they looked in the picture that Ned took that morning



IDLE BEN

IDLE Ben was a naughty boy
 (If you please, this story's true),
He caused his teachers great annoy,
 And his worthy parents, too.

Idle Ben, in a boastful way
 To his anxious parents told
That while he was young he thought he'd play,
 And he'd learn when he grew old.

"Ah, Ben," said his mother, and dropped a tear,
 "You'll be sorry for this, by-and-by."
Says Ben, "To me that's not very clear,
 But at any rate I'll try."

So idle Ben, he refused to learn,
 Thinking that he could wait;
But when he had his living to earn,
 He found it was just too late.

Little girls, little boys, don't delay your work,
 Some day you'll be women and men.
Whenever your task you're inclined to shirk,
 Take warning by idle Ben.

THE HOLE IN THE CANNA-BED

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

ONE evening in May, Chuckie Wuckie's papa finished setting out the plants in the front yard. Into one large bed he put a dozen fine cannas. They looked like fresh young shoots of corn. He told Chuckie Wuckie that when summer came they would grow tall, with great spreading leaves and beautiful red-and-yellow blossoms.

"Taller than me, papa?" asked the little girl, trying to imagine what they would look like.

"Much taller; as tall as I am."

Chuckie Wuckie listened gravely while papa

told her she must be very careful about the canna-bed. She must not throw her ball into it, or dig there, or set a foot in the black, smooth earth. She nodded her head solemnly, and made a faithful promise. Then she gathered up her tiny rake and hoe and spade, and carried them to the vine-covered shed to put beside her father's tools.

Next morning, when papa went to look at the canna-bed, he discovered close beside one of the largest plants a snug, round hole. It looked like a little nest. He found Chuckie Wuckie dig-

ging with an iron spoon in the ground beside the fence.

"Dearie," he said, "do you remember I told you, last night, that you must not dig in the canna-bed?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Come and see the hole I found there."

So Chuckie Wuckie trotted along at her father's heels. She stood watching him as he filled in the hole and smoothed down the earth.

"I did not dig it," said Chuckie Wuckie. "I just came and looked to see if the canna had grown any through the night, but I did not dig it."

"Really?" asked her papa, very gravely.

"Really and truly, I did not put my foot on there," said Chuckie Wuckie.

Papa did not say another word. But he could not help thinking that the hole looked as if the iron spoon had neatly scooped it out.

Next morning he found the hole dug there again, and Chuckie Wuckie was still busy in her corner by the fence. He did not speak of it, however. There were prints of small feet on the edge. He only smoothed down the earth and raked the bed. He did this for three mornings, then he led Chuckie Wuckie again to the canna-bed.

"Papa," she said earnestly, "I did not dig there. Truly, I did n't. The hole is there every morning. I found it to-day before you came out, but I did not dig it." There were tears in her brown eyes.

"I believe you, Chuckie Wuckie dear," said her father, earnestly.

That night the little girl stood at the gate,

watching for her father to jump off the car. She could hardly wait for him to kiss her. She took his hand and led him to the canna-bed.



"PAPA TOLD HER SHE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THE CANNA-BED."

"Look!" she cried eagerly.

She was pointing excitedly to a hole beside the roots of a fresh, green canna plant.

"That hole again," said her father. "There's a stone in it now, is n't there?"

"No, that's what I thought; stoop down and look close, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie.

It was the head of a fat hop-toad, but all that could be seen was its mouth and bright eyes. It



was staring at them. Papa poked it with the point of his umbrella. It scrambled deeper into the hole, until there was nothing to be seen but the dirt. It was slowly changing to the color of the black earth.

"I watched him," cried Chuckie Wuckie, excitedly—"oh, for an hour! When I found him he was just hopping on the canna-bed. He was looking for his house. He acted as if the door had been shut in his face. Then he began to open it. He crawled and scrambled round and round, and threw up the dirt, and poked and pushed. At

last he had the hole made, just as it is every morning, and he crawled in. Then he lay and blinked at me."

"Clever fellow," said papa. "Well, we won't grudge him a home, and we won't shut the door again in his face, will we, Chuckie Wuckie?"

The cannas have grown very tall now—almost as tall as Chuckie Wuckie's papa—and so thick that you cannot see where the roots are; but a fat, brown hop-toad has a snug, cool, safe little nest there, and he gratefully crawls into it when the sun grows very hot.



BY ELLA FOSTER CASE

ONCE upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he did n't know his own grandmother could n't tell him.

"You 'd better keep a bright eye in your head, these days," said she, one chilly afternoon. "Your gran'ther has smelled a trap."

"Scat!" answered the small mouse—" 's if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

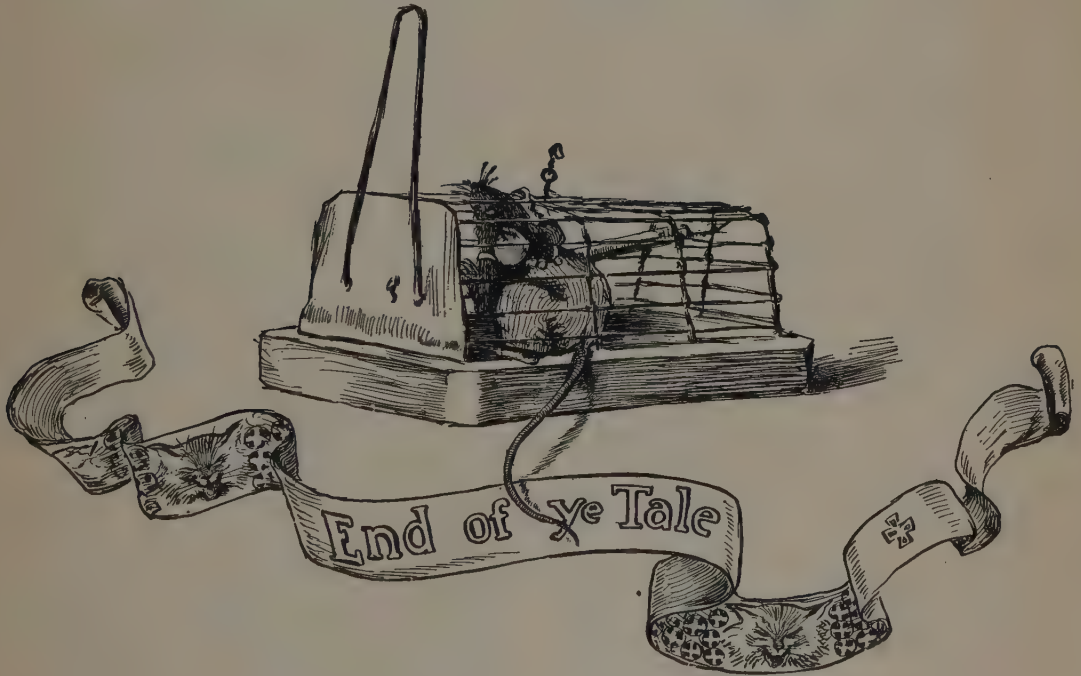
"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, "cheese—as I 'm alive!" Scuttle—scuttle. "I 'll be squizzled, if it is n't in that cunning little house; I know what that is—a cheese-house, of course. What a

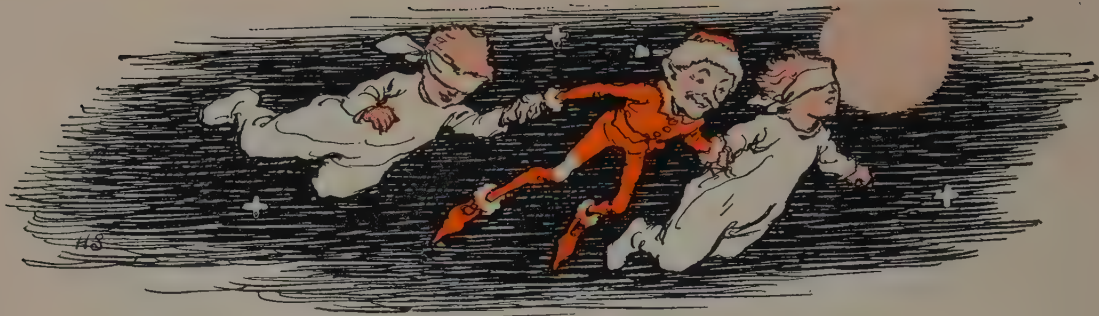
very snug hall! That 's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I 've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it 's so open—to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there—guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Would n't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I 'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What 's that noise? What

in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is—but what if it should



turn out to be a—O-o-o-eeee!” And that 's just what it did turn out to be.





THE VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS LAND

JACK and Margaret were growing more excited each day, because Christmas was so near. They talked of nothing but Santa Claus.

"Don't you wish you could *see* him?" they said over and over.

One night, just before Christmas, Mother tucked them in bed and left them to go to sleep. But Jack wriggled, Margaret wriggled. At last they both sat up in bed.

"Jack," Margaret whispered, "are you asleep?"

"No," said Jack, "I can't go to sleep. Margaret, don't you wish you could see Santa Claus? What's that?"

They both listened, and they heard a little *tap, tap* on the window. They looked, and there, right in the window, they saw a funny little Brownie.

"What's that I heard you say? You want to see Santa Claus? Well, I am one of his Brownies. I am on my way back to Santa Claus Land. I'll take you with me if you want to go."

Jack and Margaret scrambled from their beds.

"Come on, show us the way!" they cried in great excitement.

"No, indeed," said the Brownie. "No one must know the way to Santa Claus Land. Kindly wait a moment."

Then the Brownie took something soft and thick and dark, and tied it around Jack's eyes. Next he took something soft and thick and dark, and tied it around Margaret's eyes.

"How many fingers before you?" he asked.

Both of them shook their heads. They could not see a wink.

"Very well, now we're off," said the Brownie.

He took Jack's hand on one side, and Margaret's on the other. It seemed as if they flew through the window. They went on swiftly for a little while, then the Brownie whirled them round and round until they were dizzy, and off they went again. The children could not tell whether they were going north, south, east or west. After a time they stopped.

"Here we are," said the Brownie.

He uncovered their eyes, and the children saw that they were standing before a big, thick gate.

The Brownie knocked and the gate swung open. They went through it, right into Santa Claus' garden.

It was a very queer garden. There were rows and rows of Christmas trees, all glittering with balls and cobwebby tinsel, and instead of flower beds there were beds of every kind of toy in the world. Margaret at once ran over to a bed of dolls.

"Let's see if any of them are ripe," said the Brownie.

"Ripe!" said Margaret in great surprise.

"Why, of course," said the Brownie. "Now if this one is ripe it will shut its eyes."

The Brownie picked a little doll from the bed and laid it in Margaret's arms. Its eyes went half shut, and then stuck.

"No, it's not ripe yet," said the Brownie. "Try this one."

He picked another one, and this one shut its eyes just as if it had gone to sleep.

"We'll take that one," he said, and he dropped it into a big sack he was carrying.

"Now this one cries, if it's ripe," he said as he picked a lovely infant doll. The Brownie gave it a squeeze, and the doll made a funny squeaking noise.

"Not quite ripe," he said, and he put it back into the bed. He tried several others, and he picked a good many. Some of them cried, some said "Mamma" and "Papa," and some

danced when they were wound up.

"Oh, do come over here, Margaret!" Jack called.

Margaret ran over to another bed and there were drums—big drums, little drums, and middle sized drums; yellow drums, blue drums, green drums, red drums.

"Can we gather some of these?" said Jack to the Brownie.

"Why, of course. Let's see if this one is ripe."

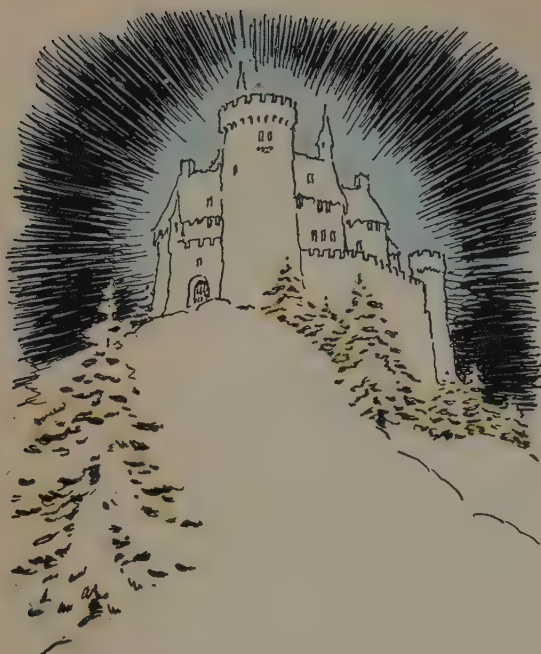
The Brownie took up a little red drum, and gave it a thump with a drum stick. But it made such a queer sound that Jack and Margaret both laughed out loud. The little red drum was put back into the bed, and the Brownie tried another big one. It went *Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!* and Jack and Margaret marched all along the bed, keeping step to it.

When they had finished picking drums, they went over to a bed filled with horns. That was the most fun of all. Some of them made very queer noises, and on some the Brownie played jolly little tunes.

The next bed they came to was filled with toys which could be wound up. There were trains, automobiles, dancing dolls, climbing monkeys, hopping birds, funny wobbling ducks, and every kind of toy you could think of. The children stayed at this bed for a long time.

At last Margaret said: "But where is Santa Claus? We wanted to see him."

"Oh, to be sure," said the Brownie. "Come along," and he led them down a long, winding walk to the edge of



WALK RIGHT ACROSS HERE

the garden. Then he pointed to a hill in the distance

"Do you see that large white house? There is where he lives."

The children stared at it. It was so white that it seemed to shine in the distance.

"Walk right across here," said the Brownie, "then up the hill to Santa Claus' house."

"Oh, must we walk across there?" said Margaret. She stared down at the deep dark chasm between the garden and the hill; across it was stretched a narrow plank.

"Walk carefully," said the Brownie, "and mind you don't look down; for if you do, I'm afraid you won't see Santa Claus to-night."

"We'll be very careful," said Jack. "Come along, Margaret," and he took his little sister's hand and they started across the plank.

They had almost reached the middle of it when Jack looked down.

"Oh!" he said, and gave Margaret a pull.

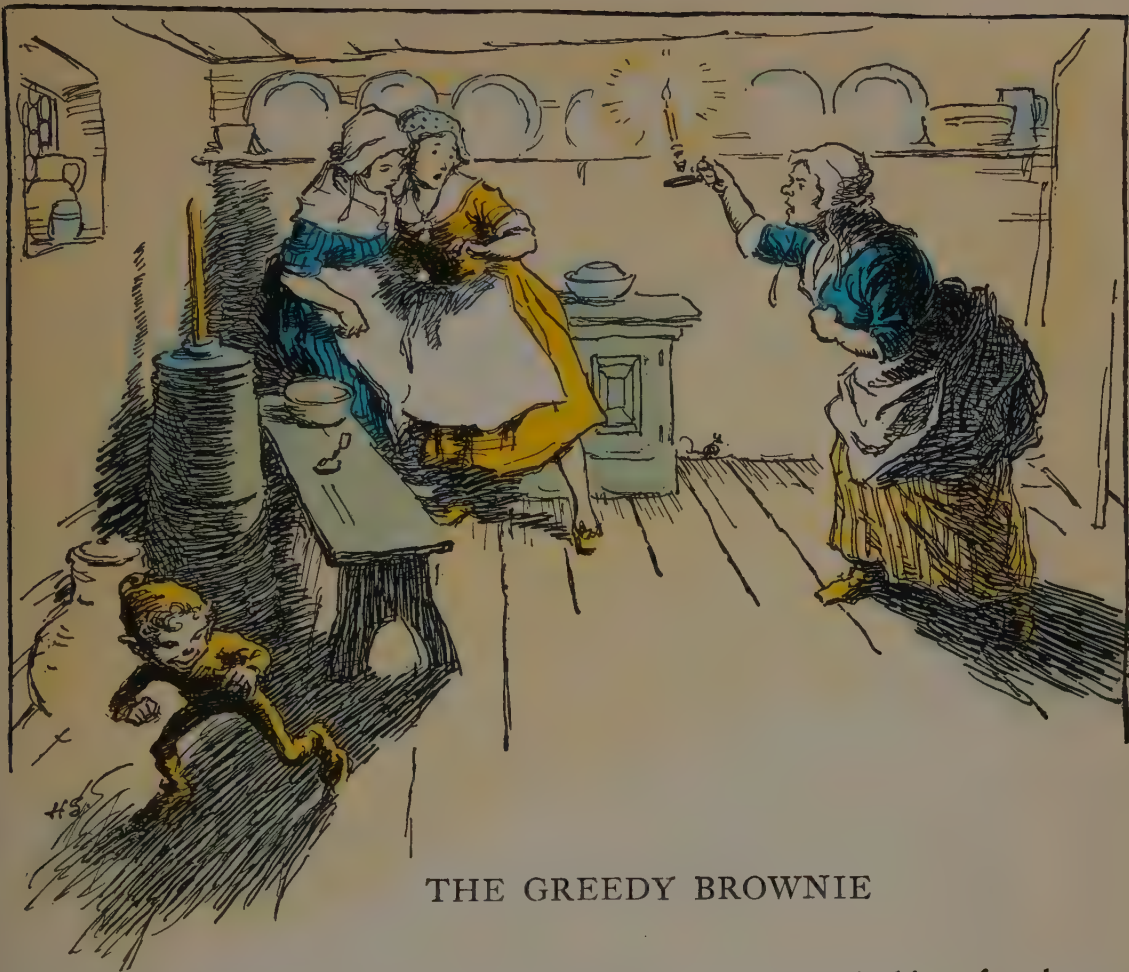
She looked down too, and cried "Oh, Oh!" and then down, down, down they went.

Suddenly they landed with a thump. They sat up and rubbed their eyes. There they were right in their own beds at home. Mother now opened the door.

"Are you awake, children?" she said.

"Oh, Mother, we haven't been asleep. We've been to Santa Claus Land, and we nearly saw Santa Claus!"

Then they told her all about it, and Mother just smiled.



THE GREEDY BROWNIE

THERE was once a little Brownie who lived in a hollow tree stump. He had been busy all the day playing pranks. His pranks had taken him far away from home to the house of a very important laird. Into the laird's cup of tea he had dropped some sour berries which he had picked on his way. He also put thistles into his boots, so that when the laird had drawn them on he had screamed out with pain.

The Brownie had been away all the day, so that when at last he turned to go back to his home he felt really very tired. On his way back to the wood he

passed by a cozy-looking farmhouse. The door of the dairy was open. The Brownie thought this would be a very nice cool place in which to rest for a few moments. So he slipped into the dairy, and curled himself up underneath the bench to have a nice little doze.

He was so weary that once he had fallen asleep he never woke up again until it was quite dark, when he was disturbed by two lassies who had come into the dairy.

One was carrying a candle in her hand, and by its light the pair espied a big bowl of cream on the shelf. The

naughty girls thought that they would drink it for supper. They could only find one spoon on the shelf, so they decided they would each have a spoonful in turn. Lassie Jean took the bowl and carried it to a bench in the corner, and Lassie Meg followed it with the candle. No sooner had the two girls settled themselves than the Brownie, who was now wide awake, and who was himself feeling that some supper might not be out of place, crept up behind them and blew out the candle.

The lassies at first were very much concerned at being in the dark; nevertheless, they determined they would drink the cream, all the same.

Lassie Jean filled the spoon with the rich delicacy. She was about to raise it to her lips when the naughty Brownie poked his head over her shoulder, and lapped it out of the spoon before it had reached her mouth. Lassie Meg, believing that Lassie Jean had already swallowed some cream while she had had none, stretched out her hand to take away the spoon from her friend. Lassie Jean was not willing to give it up, since she said she had not yet tasted any cream. Lassie Meg was unwilling to believe her, for she declared she had heard her lapping the cream.

Without waiting for Lassie Jean to explain, she snatched the spoon out of her friend's hand. She filled it with cream from the bowl, and was about to raise it to her lips when the Brownie jumped from behind Lassie Jean, and settling himself behind Lassie Meg's shoulders, poked forward his head, and

again lapped up the cream from out of the spoon.

Lassie Jean in her turn snatched back the spoon from Lassie Meg. Thus they went on, for every time one or the other raised the spoonful of cream to her lips it was lapped up by the Brownie. This continued until the bowl was emptied. The Brownie was full of cream, but the poor lassies had not so much as tasted one drop, although each believed the other had drunk it all.

The lassies were still quarreling when the door of the dairy was opened, and the farmer's wife entered, carrying a lighted candle in her hand. The moment that she did so the Brownie hopped under the bench and the lassies started up guiltily.

The farmer's wife caught sight of the empty basin. She was very angry with them indeed. When they tried hastily to explain, each blaming the other, the farmer's wife would not listen, but only grew the more angry. She told them that, since they had supped so well, they should have none of the scones and eggs which she had prepared for the evening meal in the kitchen.

When the farmer's wife had entered she had left the door open, so while she was busily scolding the lassies the Brownie slipped out from under the bench and made his escape. As he ran chuckling down the road, he could still hear her angry voice drowning the attempted explanations of the bewildered lassies. When the little fellow curled himself up some time later in the tree trunk he was still laughing.



THE GRAVEL PATH

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

BABY mustn't frown,
When she tumbles down;
If the wind should change—Ah me,
What a face her face would be!



Rub away the dirt,
Say she wasn't hurt;
What a world 'twould be—O my,
If all who fell began to cry!



WHERE do all the daisies go?
I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep:
That is where they go!



Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the fair, warm South they go,
There they stay till daisies blow:
That is where they go!



Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know!
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on Mother's arm:
That is where they go!

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

BY EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are,
You are,
You are—
What a beautiful pussy you are!"



Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose—
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon—
They danced by the light of the moon.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

LITTLE children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live.
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home;
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song.
Never hurt the timid hare,
Peeping from her green grass lair;
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing.
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG

BY SYDNEY DOBELL

I HAD a little bird,
I took it from the nest;
I prest it and blest it,
And nurst it in my breast.

I set it on the ground,
Danced round and round,
And sang about it so cheerly,
With "Hey, my little bird,
And ho! my little bird,
And oh! but I love thee dearly!"

I make a little feast
Of food soft and sweet;
I hold it in my breast,
And coax it to eat.

I pit, and I pat,
I call this and that,
And I sing about so cheerly,
With "Hey, my little bird,
And ho! my little bird,
And oh! but I love thee dearly!"

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

BY ISAAC WATTS

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.



In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.



PRETTY COW

BY JANE TAYLOR

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow; go there and dine.

SUPPOSE!

BY PHOEBE CARY

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be nicer
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not *your* head that broke?



Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?



Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?



FOREIGN CHILDREN

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were mē?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:

You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?



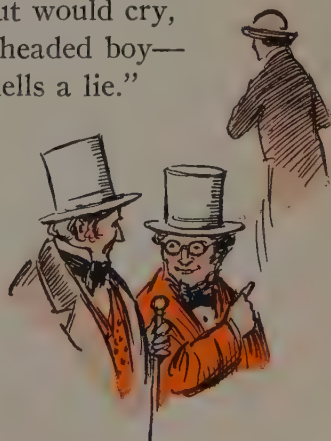
THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy that never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"Because he never tells a lie."





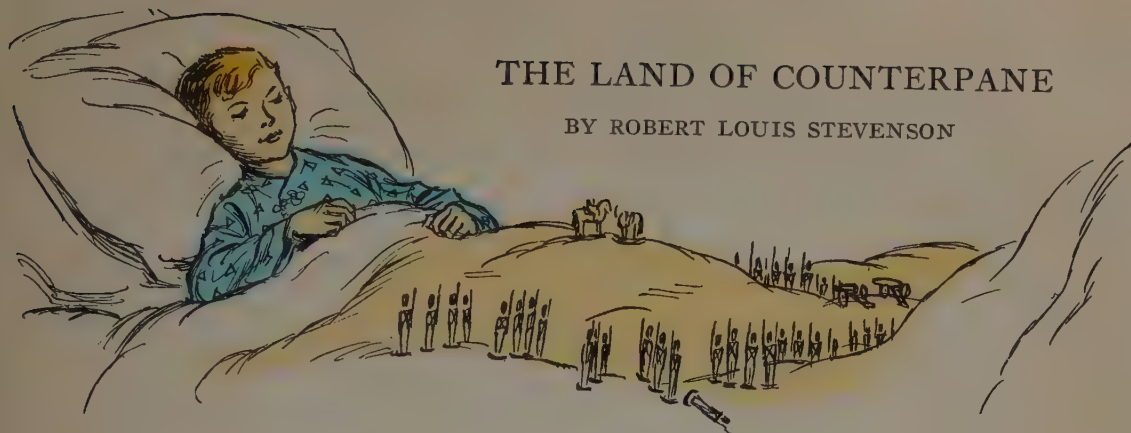
A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

BY CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL)

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
 "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
 See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
 They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
 When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
 But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
 Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance,
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
 "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
 The further off from England the nearer is to France—
 Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.



THE GOLDEN RULE

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN

If I was a cobbler it should be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I was a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.



I SAW THREE SHIPS

I SAW three ships come sailing in,
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 I saw three ships come sailing in,
 On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
 Pray, whither sailed those ships all three
 On Christmas day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
 On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.

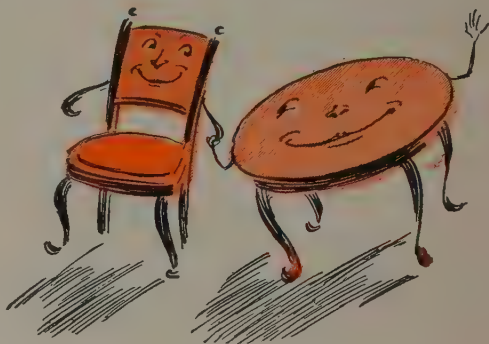
And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.



THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

BY EDWARD LEAR

SAID the Table to the Chair,
 "You can hardly be aware
 How I suffer from the heat
 And from chilblains on my feet.
 If we took a little walk,
 We might have a little talk.
 Pray, let us take the air,"
 Said the Table to the Chair.

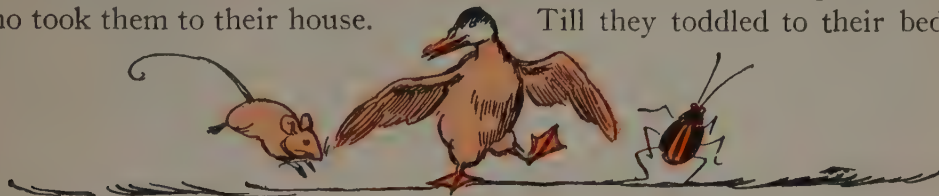


Said the Chair unto the Table,
 "Now, you *know* we are not able:
 How foolishly you talk,
 When you know we *cannot* walk!"
 Said the Table with a sigh,
 "It can do no harm to try.
 I've as many legs as you:
 Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
 And walked about the town
 With a cheerful bumpy sound
 As they toddled round and round;
 And everybody cried,
 As they hastened to their side,
 "See! the Table and the Chair
 Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Brown-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.



THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

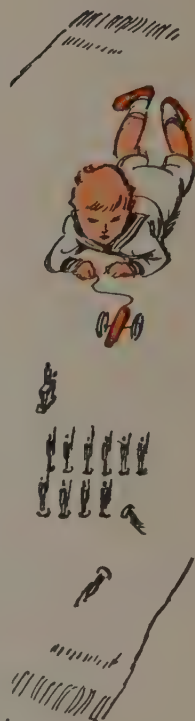
WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
He is a picture you never could draw;
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy, and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'Tis he when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!





BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

BY MARY HOWITT

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers;
Coming ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.



Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on the sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is winter!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardships
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.



THE VIOLET

BY JANE TAYLOR

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there..

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.



IF I EVER SEE

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD



IF EVER I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.



My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.



And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

A BOY'S SONG

BY JAMES HOGG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.





WHEN at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
 Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble-bee
 Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by,
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
 And on high
See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such thing as I.
Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,

Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green—
 (These have sure to battle been!)
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain;
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
 O dear me,
 That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover-tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

FOREIGN LANDS

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

UP INTO the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant faces more
That I had never seen before.



I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

BED IN SUMMER

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN WINTER I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.



I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street,

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



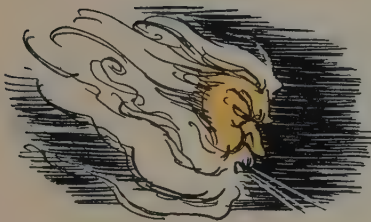


THE WIND AND THE MOON

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

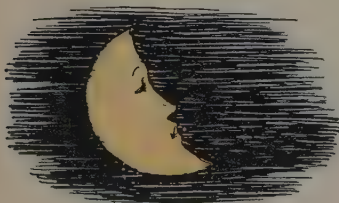


SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."



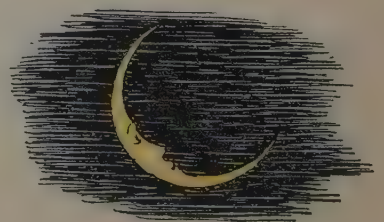
The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain,
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."



The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."



He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

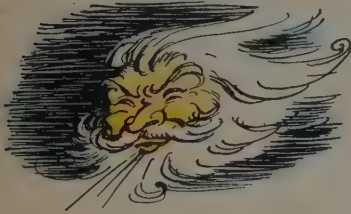
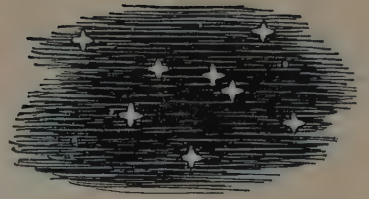
In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!



The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar—

“What’s that?” The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;

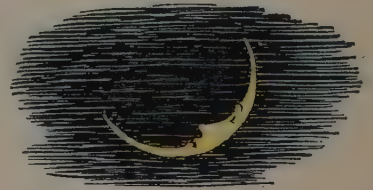
But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.



Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I!

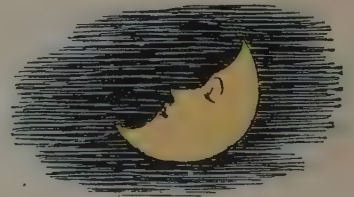
With my breath,

Good faith!

I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky—

Then blew her in; what strength have I!”



But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;

For high

In the sky,

With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,

She had never heard the great Wind blare.

THE WIND

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try again.

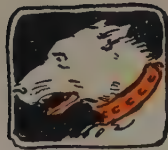
If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.
All that other folks can do,
With your patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try again.





LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

BY ISAAC WATTS



LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to;

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessèd Virgin's Son,—
That sweet and lovely child.

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise:
'Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his father, too.



Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

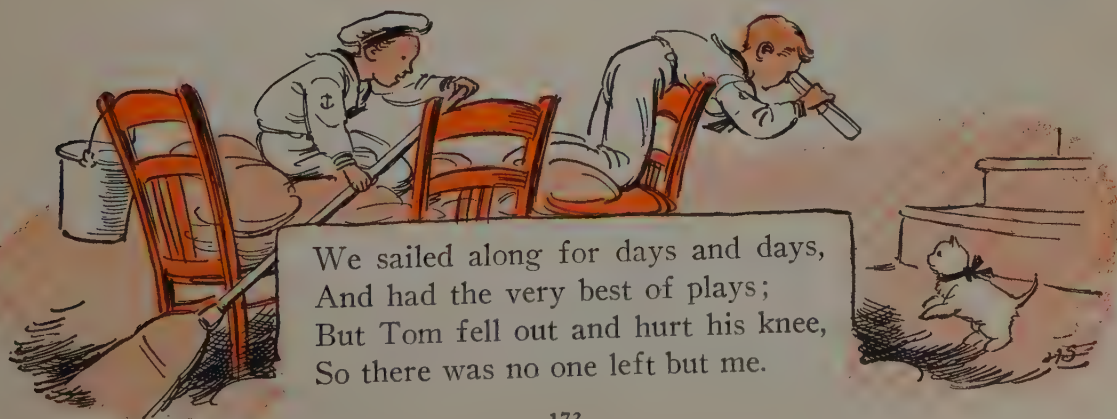


A GOOD PLAY

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WE BUILT a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake";—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.



THE MAN IN THE MOON*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SAID the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon,

"My!

Sakes!

What a lot o' mistakes

Some little folks makes on the Man in the Moon!

But people that's been up to see him like Me,

And calls on him frequent and intimutly,

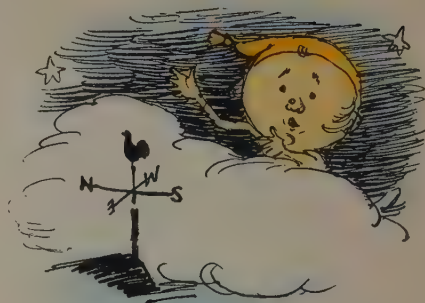
Might drop a few hints that would interest you

Clean!

Through!

If you wanted 'em to—

Some actual facts that might interest you!



"O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;

And his eyes are so weak that they water and run

If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—

So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

"And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—

There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin,—

He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in—

Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang!

Ho!

Why certainly so!—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!



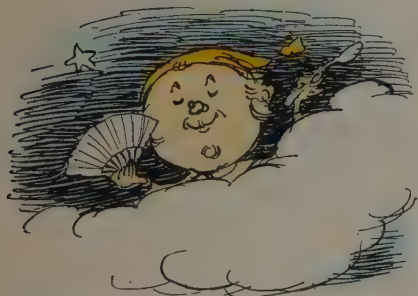
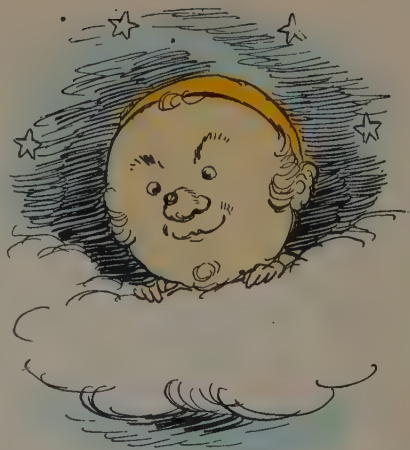
*From "The Raggedy Man," copyright 1907 Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee,
Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels
ought to be.

So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all
round his mouth,



And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!

Whann!

What a marvelous man!
What a very remarkably marvelous man!

"And the Man in the Moon," sighed the Raggedy
Man,
"Gits!
So!

Sullensome, you know!
Up there by himself since creation began!—
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—
Till—well, if it wasn't for *Jimmy-cum-Jim*,
Dadd!

Limb!

I'd go pardners with him!
Jes' jump my bob here and be pardners with him!"



LIMERICKS

BY EDWARD LEAR

THERE was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee."

THERE was an old man on some rocks,
Who shut his wife up in a box;
When she said, "Let me out,"
He exclaimed, "Without doubt
You will pass all your life in that box."

THERE was an old man who said "How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile,
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow." That ungracious young lady in blue.

THERE was an old man who said, "Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"
When they said, "Is it small?"
He replied, "Not at all;
It is four times as big as the bush!"

LIMERICKS

BY GELETT BURGESS

I'd rather have fingers than toes;
I'd rather have ears than a nose;
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there;
I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

THERE's nothing in afternoon tea
To appeal to a person like me;
There is little to eat;
What there is is too sweet!
And I feel like a cow in a tree!

THERE was once an old man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard."

THERE was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they asked, "Does it trot?"
He said, "Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear."

THERE was a young lady in blue,
Who said, "Is it you? Is it you?"
When they said, "Yes, it is,"
She replied only, "Whizz!"

That ungracious young lady in blue.

A LIMERICK

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THERE was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When they said, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

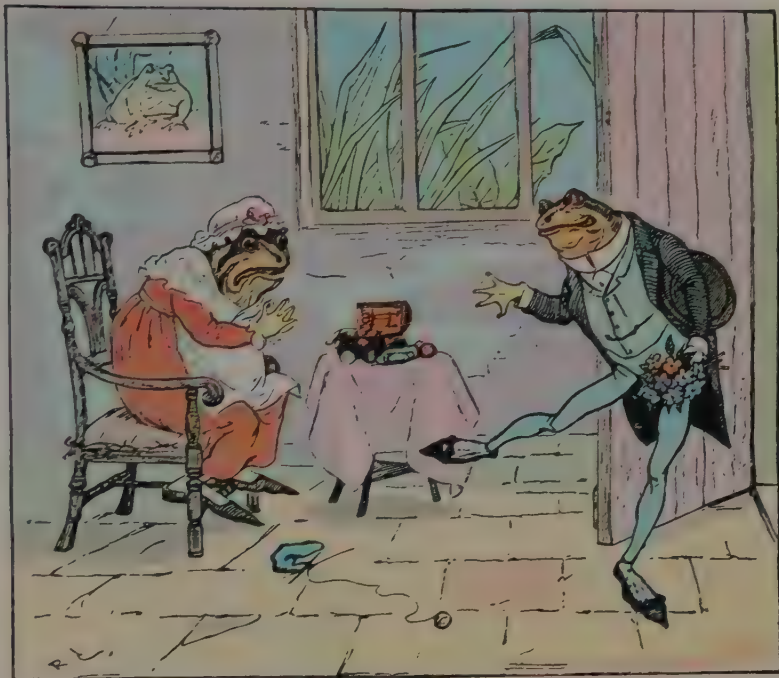
MORE LIMERICKS

THERE was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger

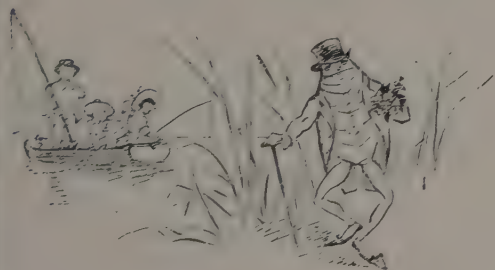
THERE was a young maid who said,
"Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it—
You never can tell till you try."

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

with drawings
by RANDOLPH
CALDECOTT



A FROG he would a-woosing go,
Heigho, says Rowley!
Whether his Mother would let him or no.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



So off he set with his opera-hat,
Heigho, says Rowley!
And on his way he met with a Rat.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

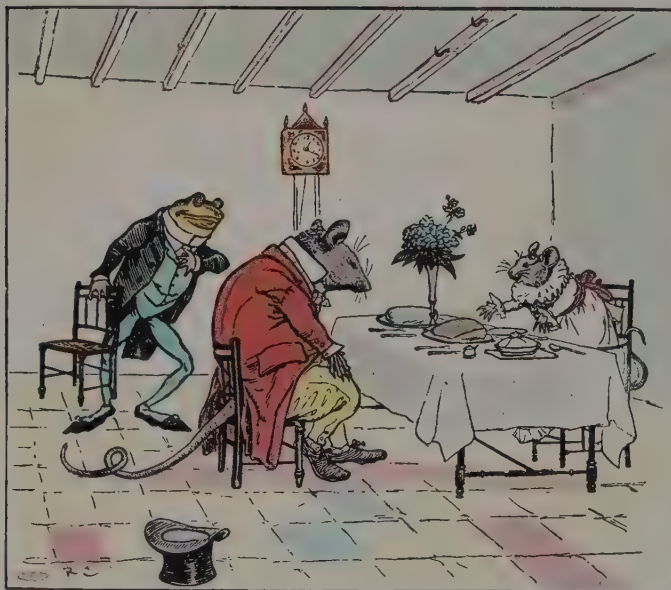
"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"Pretty Miss Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



Now they soon arrived at Mousey's Hall,
Heigho, says Rowley!
 And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Pray, Miss Mousey, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
 "Oh, yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
 "For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
 "But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley!

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a Hog."

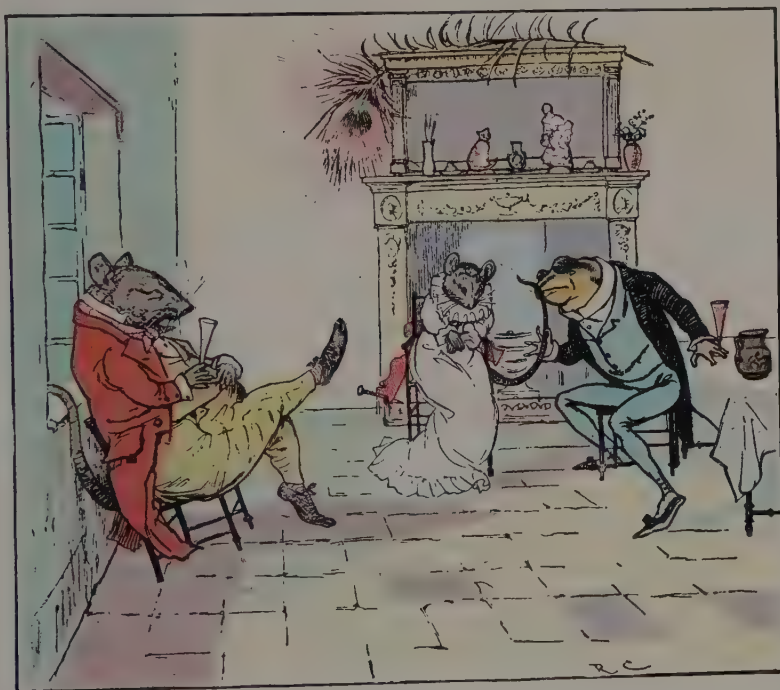
*With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!*



"Since you have caught cold," Miss Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley!

"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."

*With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!*



But while they were all thus a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley!

A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in.

*With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!*



The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown;
Heigho, says Rowley!
The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says Rowley!
He took up his hat, and he wished them good night.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,
Heigho, says Rowley!
A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley!
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-geel
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

THE VOICE OF SPRING



I AM coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over!
And on the banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets grow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.



THE DEAD DOLL

BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFT



You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth pulled
out that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word
to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it
with glue:

As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys and the backs of books!



My dolly, my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went
whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the
yard—

She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"



But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course:
 We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
 And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in this, you see—
 This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out under the maple tree

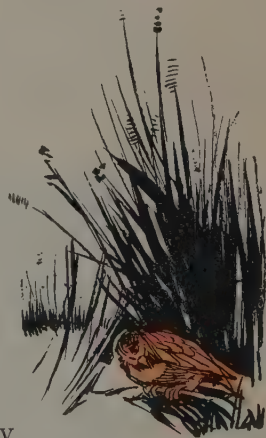
And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
 And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
 I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
 She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."



THE LARK AND THE ROOK

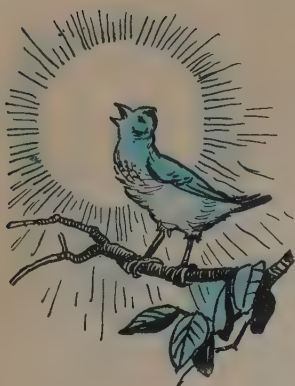
"GOOD NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little lark;
 "The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;
 I've sung my hymn to the parting day;
 So now I haste to my quiet nook
 In yon dewy meadow—good night, Sir Rook!"

"Good night, poor Lark," said his titled friend
 With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
 "I also go to my rest profound,
 But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.
 The fittest place for a bird like me
 Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.



"I opened my eyes at peep of day
 And saw you taking your upward way,
 Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
 An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
 Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
 And I said to myself: 'What a foolish bird!'"

"I trod the park with a princely air,
 I filled my crop with the richest fare;
 I cawed all day mid a lordly crew,



And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered—good night, poor thing!”

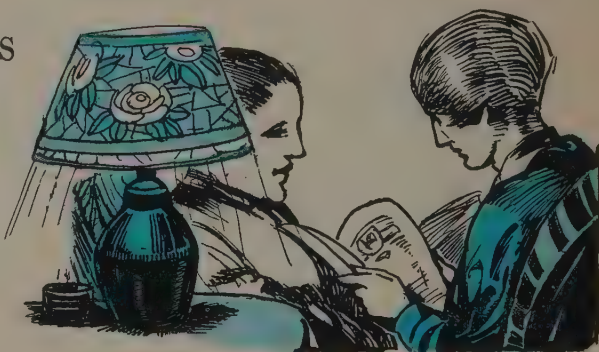
“Good night, once more,” said the lark’s sweet voice.
“I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?”

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AT EVENING when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.



There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter’s camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books.





LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

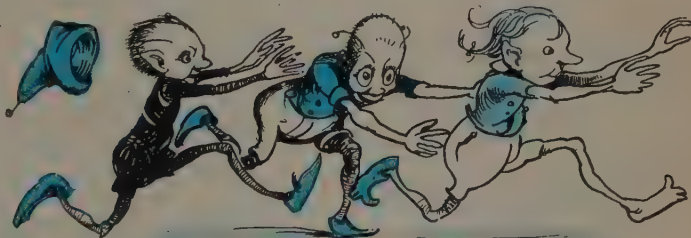
LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



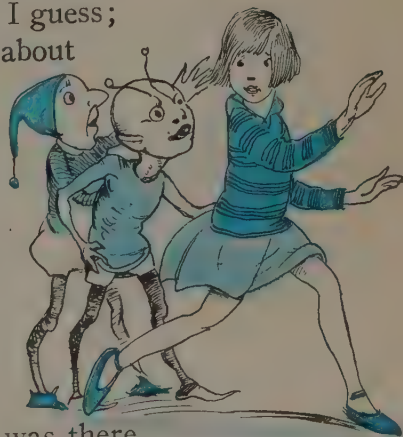
Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
 So when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivers down, he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout
 An' the Gobble-uns git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin;
 An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!

**From "Riley Child Rhymes," copyright 1899. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great big black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's
 about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
 You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



THE VOICE OF SPRING

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS



I COME, I come! ye have called me long;
 I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
 And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
 Are veiled with wreathes on Italian plains;
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!



I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with joy of waves.



THE WORLD

"THE world is wet," said the little frog;
"What isn't water is mostly bog."
"Oh, not at all!" said the little fly;
"It's full of spiders, and very dry!"
"The world is dark," said the moth polite,
"With ruddy windows and bows of light."
"My poor young friends, you have much to learn:
The world is green," said the swaying fern.
"O listen to me," sang the little lark:
"It's wet and dry, and it's green and dark.
To think that's all would be very wrong;
It's arched with blue, and it's filled with song."

THE CHATTERBOX

BY ANN TAYLOR



FROM morning to night 'twas Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a-dropping!

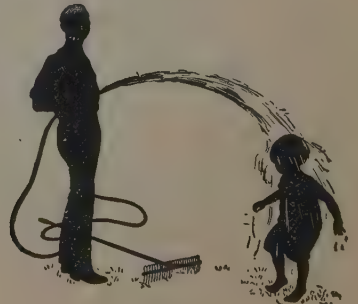
As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps,
If she hadn't been wonderful clever;
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate
That it would be forthcoming forever.

But that's quite absurd; for have you not heard,
Much tongue and few brains are connected;
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected.



While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?



TELL US A TALE

BY EDWARD SHIRLEY

"TELL us a tale, dear Mother—
A fairy tale, do please,
Take baby brother on your lap,
We'll sit beside your knees,
We will not speak, we will not stir,
Until the tale is told;
And we'll be, oh! so comfy,
And just as good as gold."

"What shall it be, my children?
Aladdin and his lamp?
Or shall I tell the story
Of Puss in Boots—the scamp?
Or would you like to hear the tale
Of Blue Beard, fierce and grim?
Or Jack who climbed the great
beanstalk?
I think you're fond of him.

"Or shall I tell you, children,
About Red Riding Hood?
Or what befell those little Babes

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

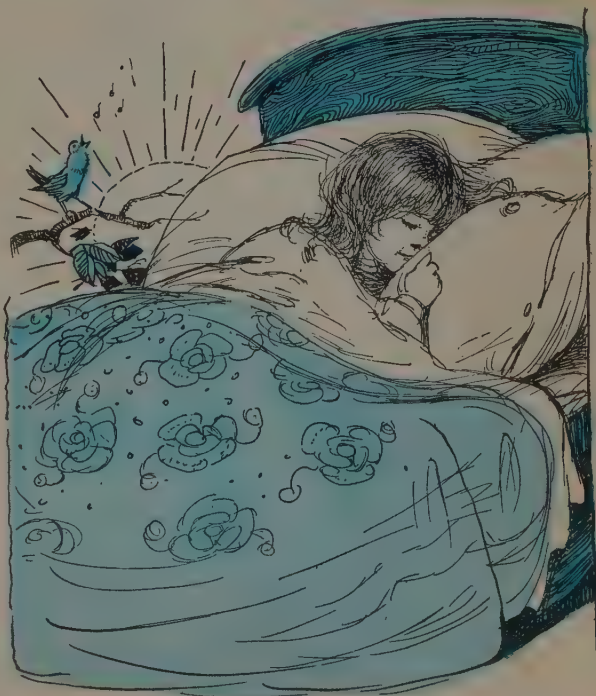
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's
gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.



Who wandered in the Wood?
Or how sweet Cinderella went
So gayly to the ball?"
"Yes, yes!" we cried, and clapped
our hands;
"We want to hear them all!"



SONG OF LIFE

BY CHARLES MACKAY

A TRAVELER on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up.
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.



A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

MY SHADOW

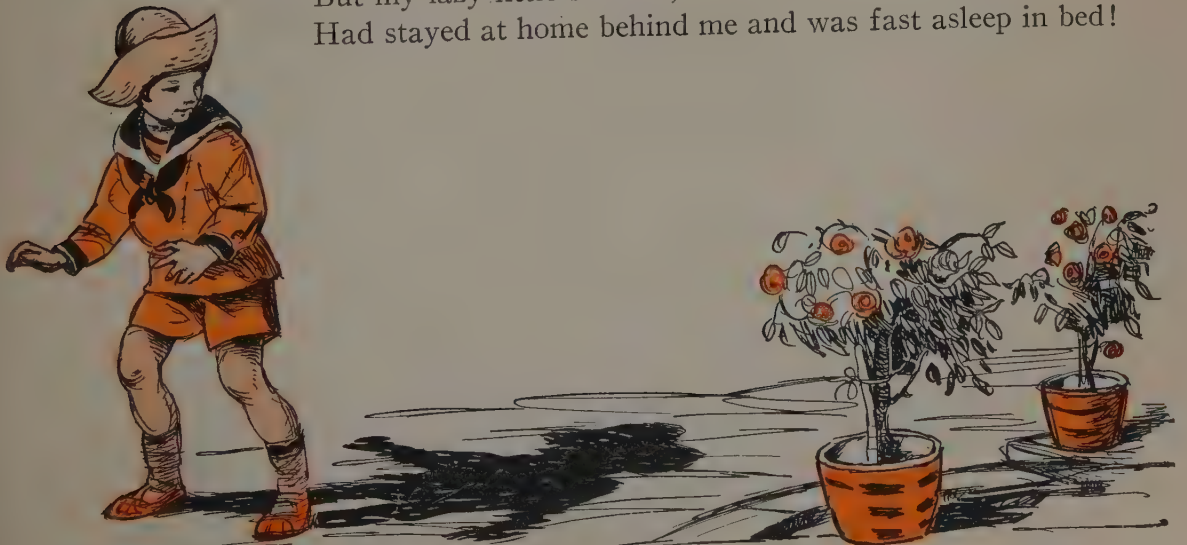
BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed!



CONTENTED JOHN

BY JANE TAYLOR



ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the
food,

John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully
bear.

“For why should I grumble and murmur?” he said;
“If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And, though fretting may make my calamities
deeper,
It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.”

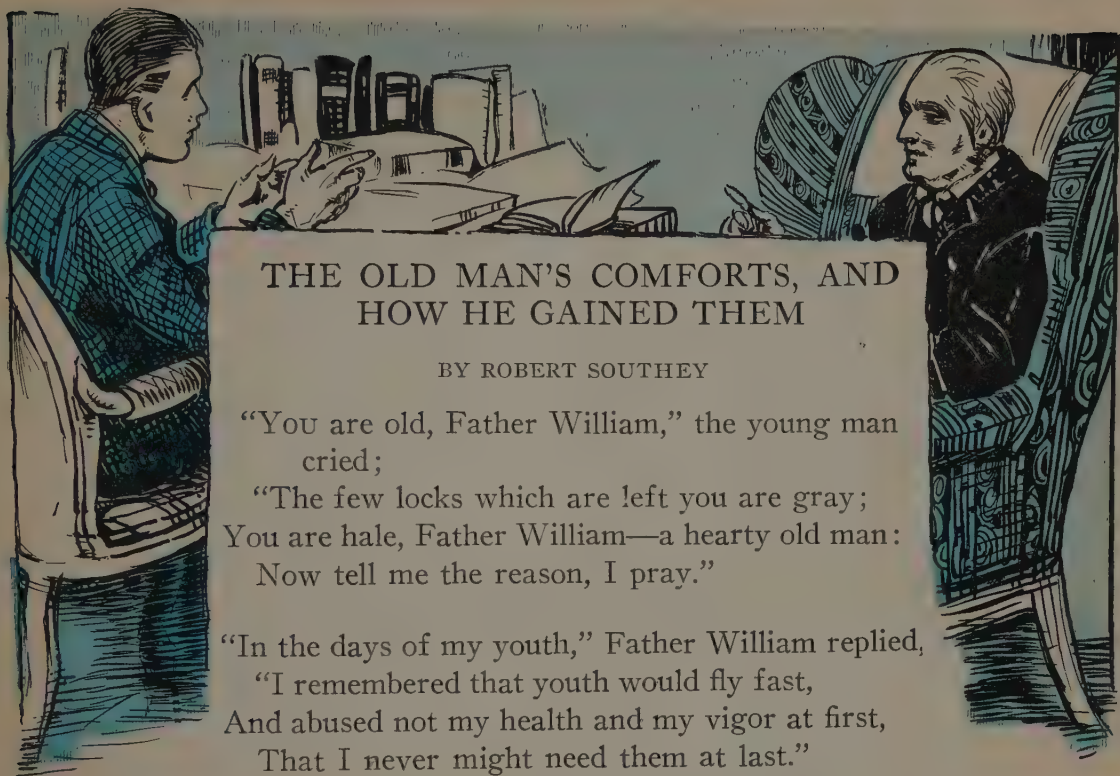


If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.





THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried;

"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William—a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

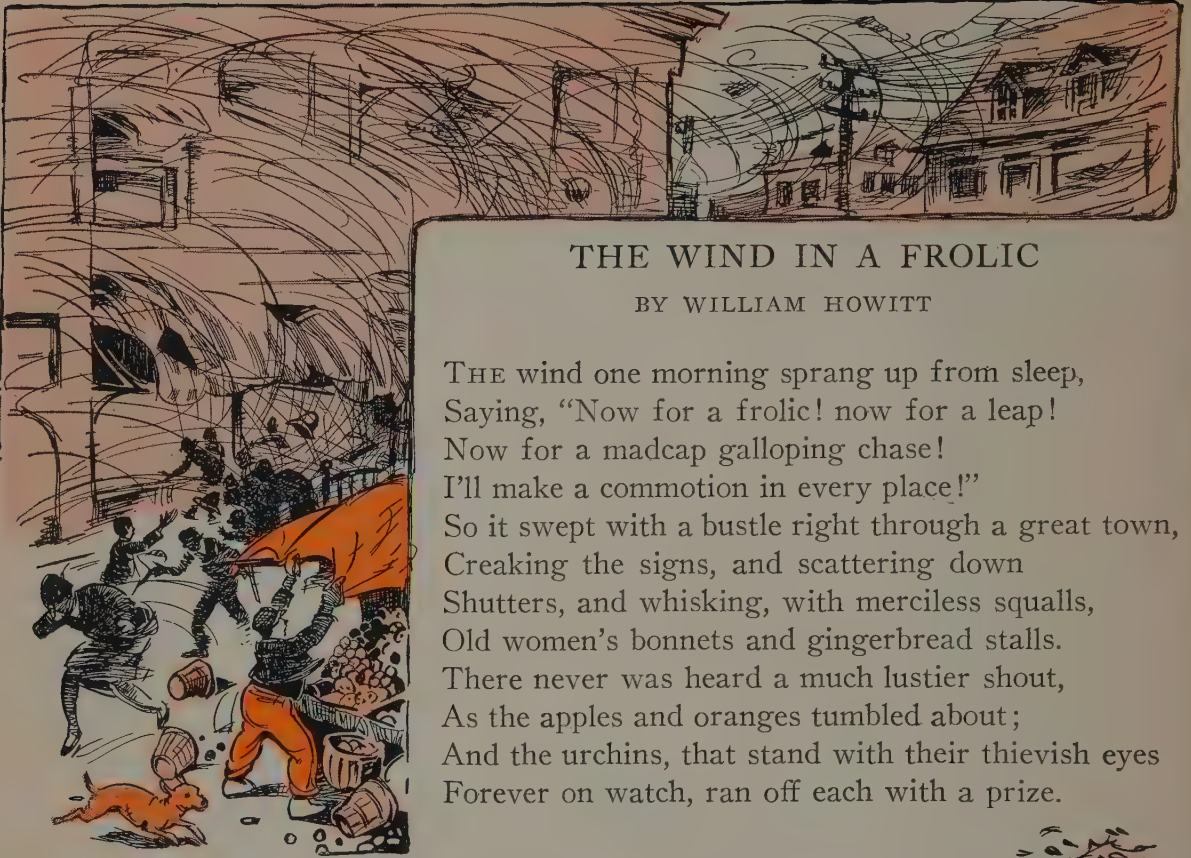
"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God;
And he hath not forgotten my age."

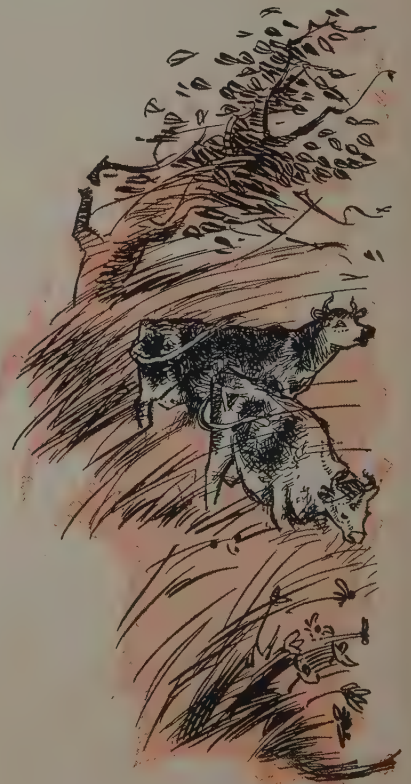


THE WIND IN A FROLIC

BY WILLIAM HOWITT

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

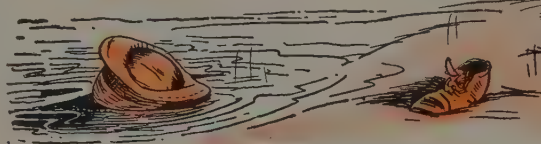
Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the King's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags,
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.



Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
 Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
 And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
 There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
 To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
 The turkeys, they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
 And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
 There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
 Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be
 gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
 With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
 For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he
 stood

With his hat in a pool,
 and his shoe
 in the mud.



THE USE OF FLOWERS

BY MARY HOWITT

God might have bade the earth bring
 forth

Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow;
 Nor doth it need the lotus flower
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they
 made,

All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountain high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore had they birth?—
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope
 Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For Whoso careth for the flowers
 Will much more care for him.



THE NEW BOAT



A PAIR OF GLOVES

BY H. G. DURYÉE

THE little girls who lived on Amity Street all wore mittens when they went to school in winter. Nobody's mother ever thought of anything else to keep small hands warm. Some mothers or grandmothers crocheted them, and some knit them with fancy stitches down the back, or put other mark of distinction upon them; but they were always mittens, and were always fastened to a long ribbon or piece of braid or knitted rein, so that they might not get lost, one from the other.

This connecting-link frequently gave rise to confusion, for when two little girls put their arms around each other's necks as they walked to school, they sometimes got tangled up in the mitten string and had to duck and turn and bump heads before the right string was again resting on the right shoulder. But as it was possible to laugh a great deal and lose one's breath while this was going on, it was rather an advantage than otherwise, and little girls who were special chums were pretty sure to manage a tangle every other day at least.

Clarabel Bradley did her tangling and untangling with Josephine Brown, who lived at the end of Amity Street. They both went to the same school and wore in the same class. They waited for each other in the morning, and came home together, and shared each other's candy and ginger cookies whenever there were any, and took firm sides together whenever the school-yard was the scene of dispute.

But into this intimacy came a pair of gloves, almost wrecking it.

The gloves were sent by Clarabel's aunt, who was young and pretty and taught school in a large city; and they came done up in white tissue-paper inside a box with gilt trimming around the edges and a picture on the center of the cover. Taken out of the paper, they revealed all their

alluring qualities. They were of a beautiful glossy brown kid with soft woolly linings and real fur around the wrists, and they fastened with bright gilded clasps.

With them was a note which said:

For Clarabel, with love from her Aunt Bessie. Not to be kept for Sundays, but worn every day.

And the last sentence was underscored.

Clarabel's mother looked doubtful as she read the message. Such gloves were an extravagance even for best—and mittens were warmer. But when she encountered Clarabel's shining eyes she smiled and gave in.

So Clarabel took the gloves to her room that night, and slept with them on the foot-board of her bed, where she could see them the first thing when she waked; and in the morning she put them on and started for school.

One hand was held rigidly by her side, but the other was permitted to spread its fingers widely over the book she carried. Both were well in view if she looked down just a little. Passers-by might see; all Amity Street might see; best of all, Josephine might see!

But Josephine, waiting at the corner, beheld and was impressed to the point of speechlessness. Whereupon Clarabel dropped her book, and had to pick it up with both hands. The furry wrists revealed themselves fully.

Josephine found her voice.

"You've got some new gloves," she said.

"Yes; my Aunt Bessie sent them."

"Are n't they pretty!"

"I think so, and they're lots nicer than mittens. I'm not going to wear my mittens again."

Josephine looked down at her own chubby hands. Her mittens were red this winter, with a red-and-green fringe around the wrists. Only

that morning she had admired them. Now they looked fat and clumsy and altogether unattractive; but she was n't going to admit that to any one else.

"I like mittens best," she said stoutly,—“for



"CLARABEL DROPPED HER BOOK,"

school, anyway," she added, and gave Clarabel more of the sidewalk.

"My Aunt Bessie said specially that these were to wear to school." And Clarabel walked nearer the fence.

Josephine was hard put to it—Clarabel's manner had become so superior.

"I don't think your Aunt Bessie knows everything, even if she does teach school in a big city. My mother says she's too young to—"

What she was too young to do was not allowed to be explained; for Clarabel, with a color in her face that rivaled Josephine's mittens, had faced her.

"My Aunt Bessie's lovely, and I won't listen to another word against her, not another one—so there!"

Then she turned, with a queer feeling in her throat, and ran down the street to catch up with another little girl who was on ahead.

Josephine swung her books and walked as if she did n't care.

Clarabel overtook the little girl, who was all smiling appreciation of the new gloves, and was overtaken by other little girls who added them-

selves to the admiring group. But somehow her triumphal progress was strangely unsatisfactory; the glory was dimmed.

At recess, Josephine paired off with Milly Smith, who stood first in geography and wore two curly feathers in her hat. Clarabel shared her cookies with Minnie Cater, because it did n't matter who helped eat them if it was n't Josephine. Neither spoke to the other, and at noontime they walked home on different sides of the street.

Perhaps that was why in the afternoon Clarabel lost her place in the reader and failed on so many examples in arithmetic that she was told she must stay after school.

Usually there would have been several to keep her company, but on this day there was no one else,—even Angelina Maybelle Remington had got through without disaster,—and Clarabel, wistful-eyed, saw the other girls file out.

At another time Josephine would have stayed; she always did when Clarabel had to, as Clarabel did when she was in like need. But to-night she filed out with the rest, and Clarabel, with a sense of desertion, bent over her problems of men and hay to mow, men and potatoes to dig, men and miles of railroad to build.

The noise of scurrying feet grew fainter, the sound of children's voices died away. The room settled into stillness, except for the solemn tick of the clock and the scratching of Clarabel's pencil on the slate. There were fractions in the problems, and fractions were always hard for Clarabel. Her pencil stopped often while she frowned at the curly-tailed figures. In one of these pauses the door squeaked open a little way. It squeaked again, and some one sidled into the room; it was Josephine.

"Please may I go to my seat?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the teacher, and watched her curiously.

She tiptoed to the back seat, fumbled for a few minutes in her desk, then slipped to a seat a few rows farther in front; then to another and another, till she had reached the row in which Clarabel sat.

Clarabel, though she was bending over her slate, had heard every hesitating move, and when the last halt was made she shook her curls back from her eyes, looked around, and dimpled into smiles.

The teacher, watching, waited to see what

would happen next. Nothing did, except that the two little girls sat and smiled and smiled and smiled as if they never would stop.

Presently the teacher herself smiled and spoke. She had a very sweet voice sometimes—one that seemed to hint at happy secrets. That was the way it sounded now.

"Would you like to help Clarabel, Josephine?" she asked. "You may if you wish to."

"If she 'll let me," answered Josephine, her eyes fixed on Clarabel's face.

"I would love to have her," said Clarabel, *her* eyes on Josephine. And instantly the one narrow seat became large enough for two.

For ten minutes more there was great scratching of slate-pencils and much whispering and some giggling. Then with cheerful clatter the slate was borne to the platform. The teacher looked at the little girls more than at the examples. "I 'm sure they 're right," she said. "Now, off to your homes—both of you!"

"Good night," said Clarabel.

"Good night," said Josephine.

"Good night, dear little girls," said the teacher. There was a soft swish of dresses and the chil-

dren had reached the dressing-room. Within its familiar narrowness, Josephine hesitated and fingered her cloak-buttons.

"I think your Aunt Bessie"—it was very slow speech for Josephine—"is ever so nice and knows a lot."

"Oh!" bubbled Clarabel, joyously, "I do love the color of your mittens! Don't you—don't you"—she finished with a rush—"want to let me wear them home and you wear my gloves?"

Josephine put aside the dazzling offer.

"Your gloves are prettier and you ought to wear them."

Clarabel thought a minute, a shadow in her eyes.

"I know what," she declared, the shadow vanishing. "You wear one glove and mitten and I 'll wear the other glove and mitten!"

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a rapturous hug, "that will be splendid!"

And thus they scampered home, the two mittened hands holding each other tight, while the two gloved hands were gaily waved high in the air with each fresh outburst of laughter from the little schoolmates.



A VERY LITTLE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE GIRL

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

MOLLY was such a little girl that she did n't seem big enough to have a party all her own with truly ice-cream in it. But she had asked for one so many times that at last Mother decided to give her one. And the party was to be a surprise to Molly herself.

Early that afternoon Molly wanted to go for a little visit to Miss Eleanor. Miss Eleanor lived up Molly's street, in a white house with apple-green blinds. Molly often went all alone.

Miss Eleanor was always so sunny and full of songs and stories and games that Molly loved her next best to Father and Mother and Baby.

"You may go, dear," said Mother, "if you will come home exactly at three o'clock."

"You always say exactly three o'clock, Mother," said Molly.

"Well, five minutes after three, then," laughed Mother. "And, Molly, so that you won't forget this time, all the way to Miss Eleanor's, say over and over, 'Five minutes after three.' Then, just as soon as you get there, say the words quickly to Miss Eleanor, 'Five minutes after three.'"

"Five minutes after three," said Molly; "I can remember that."

"That will give me plenty of time to get ready for the party," thought Mother.

Up the street with her white parasol flew Molly. "Five minutes after three," she said over and over in a whisper until she began to sing it. "Five minutes after three," she sang until she stopped a moment on the bridge to see some boys fishing. Just about there, a big dog who was a friend of Molly's ran out to say, "Good afternoon."

"Oh, Fritzie," cried Molly, "I'm going to Miss Eleanor's to make her a visit. Want to come?"

But Fritze had the house to look after. So Molly gave him a hug and ran along.

"Three minutes after five," sang Molly; "three minutes after five," over and over until she ran into Miss Eleanor's sunny little sitting-room.

"Three minutes after five," cried Molly; "that's how long I can stay. Won't that be nice?"

"Why, it's little Molly!" cried Miss Eleanor. "I'm all alone and so glad to have company! We'll hear the clock strike five. Then, if you put on your wraps, you'll be all ready to start home at three minutes past."

It seemed a very very short time to Molly before the little clock struck five.

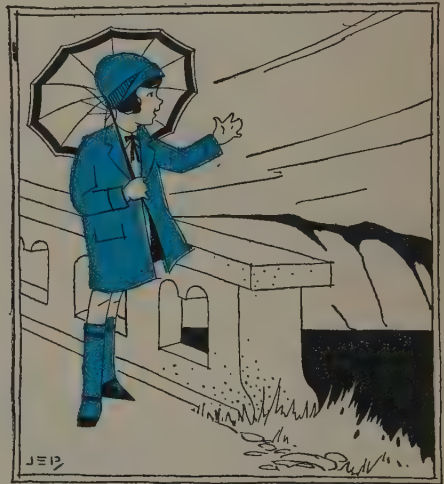
"There, deary," said Miss Eleanor. "Put on your things and hurry right along!"

Molly put on her hat and coat. Then she kissed Miss Eleanor and hurried down the street.

When she reached the corner, she saw that the parlor at home was all lighted. And out of it came such a hubbub of little voices all laughing and talking that Molly ran faster than ever.

At the door she met Mother.

"Oh, Molly, *where* have you been?" cried



"SHE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT ON THE BRIDGE."

Mother. "I could n't go after you because I could n't leave Baby. And I could n't take him."

Molly scarcely heard. "Oh, Mother, Mother," she cried, "it looks like a party. And it sounds like one. Is it a party, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mother, "your own little party, Molly. And you're the only one who is late. How could you forget?"

"But I did n't forget, Mother," cried Molly, hurrying out of her coat. "truly I did n't. Every step of the way I said it, and I said it to Miss Eleanor the very first thing."

"What did you say?" asked Mother.

"Three minutes after five," said Molly.

Mother laughed. "Why, Molly dear, you got the hour and minutes turned around. I said *five* minutes after *three*. Well, never mind. Run along just as you are. It's a lovely party, dear, with truly ice-cream in it."

EDITH'S TEA-PARTY

BY LOIS WALTERS

EDITH was a little girl who was just learning to write. Her mother told her one day that she could have a tea-party on the next Tuesday, if the weather was fine, and that she could invite her little friend Helen, who lived on the same street, though not very far away; but she must write the letter to ask Helen to come. So, Edith got up at her mother's writing-desk and took some of her own writing paper, and began to write. She could make the letters but she could not spell very well. She asked her mother how to spell the words and then she wrote them down. And this is the letter she wrote:

Dear Helen.

Mamma says I May ask you to come
to my tea party next Tuesday at four oclock
Bring your dolly.

your loving friend
Edith

Then she sealed the letter in the envelop, and put a stamp on it, and stood on the front piazza so as to give it to the postman herself.

When Tuesday came, Edith's nurse dressed her in a fresh, white frock, and Edith dressed her dolly in her best dress, and went out under the trees where her nurse had set the table for two. And then she sat in a chair at the table and waited. But the big town clock struck four and no Helen came; and then she waited for half an hour longer. Then Edith put her dolly down on the chair and went in the house to find her mother.

"Mama," she said, "I think Helen is very rude; she does n't come to my party and I invited her!"

"Just wait a little longer, dear,"



EDITH WAITING FOR HELEN.

said her mother, "and she will come. Maybe her nurse was busy dressing Helen's little sister and brother and could n't get her ready in time."

"But I invited her," was all Edith could say; "but I invited her, and she does n't come."

Then her mother went to the telephone and called up Helen's mother. In a moment she came back.

"Edith, dear," she said, "what day did you write Helen to come? Her mother says she thought it was to be Thursday, and so did Helen, and this is only Tuesday."

"But I *did* say Tuesday, mama," said Edith, who was almost ready to cry. "I remember because that was the hardest word to spell, and I think I made a blot when I wrote it."

"Well, never mind, dear; Helen is getting ready now and will be over in a few minutes," said her mama.

And Edith was very happy, and ran out to the tea-table under the trees with her doll to wait.

But she did not have to wait very long this time, for in a little while Helen came running across the lawn carrying her doll; and so happy were both little girls that Edith forgot all about the long time she had been waiting for Helen to come.

Helen wanted Edith to know that she had not been rude in staying away, so she brought with her the letter Edith had sent to her, so she could show

it to Edith. And there, sure enough, the word "Tuesday" was written so badly that it looked more like "Thursday," and that was why Helen did not think she was expected on this day.

Well, the very first thing they did was to undress their dolls and put them to sleep under one of the bushes on the lawn—in the shade, so that the sun would not hurt their eyes. Edith put her napkin over both dolls for a comforter, for you never know when it will blow up cold, and little girls have to be as careful of their dolls as their own mothers are of their children.

Very soon the maid came out with cookies and lady-fingers and make-believe tea, and another napkin to take the place of the one Edith had put over the dolls, and they had tea. Then the two little girls and Edith's nurse had a nice game of croquet, and they had a lovely tea-party after all, and Edith forgot all about waiting so long for Helen to come.

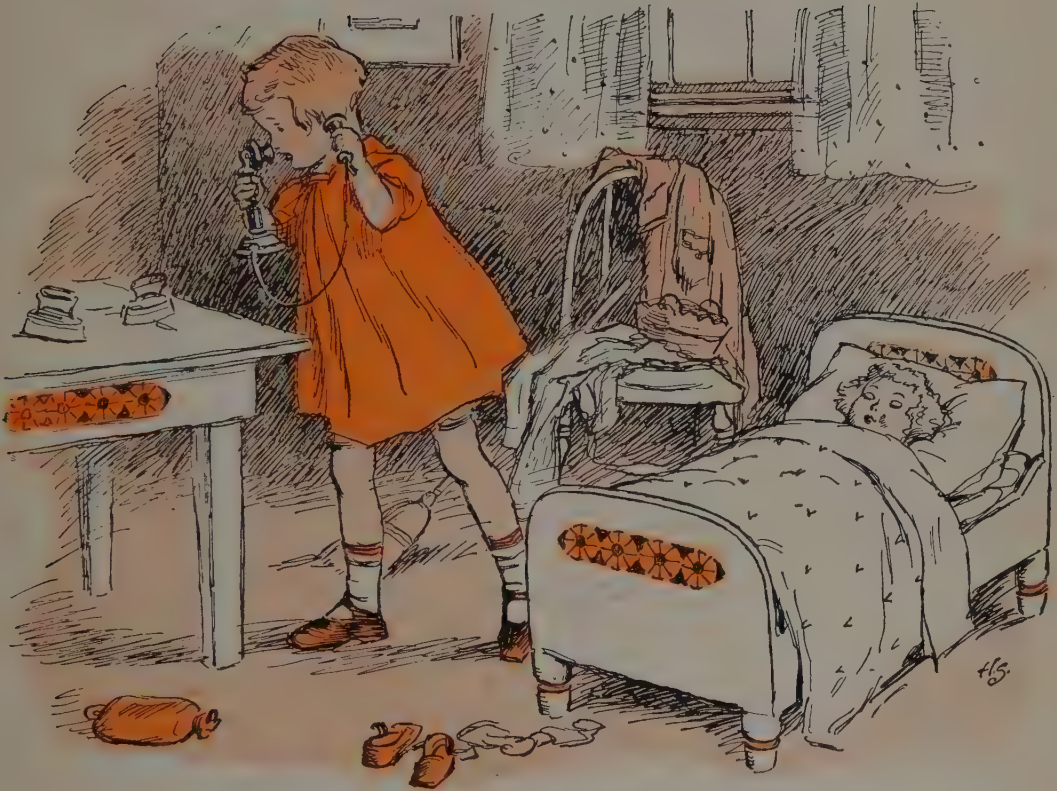
But Edith never again made a mistake when she spelled "Tuesday."



HELEN AND HER DOLLY.

REBECCA

BY ELEANOR PIATT



"OH, DOCTOR! COME QUICK! REBECCA HAS A CHILL!"

I HAVE a doll, Rebecca,
She's quite a little care,
I have to press her ribbons
And comb her fluffy hair.
I keep her clothes all mended,
And wash her hands and face,
And make her frocks and aprons,
All trimmed in frills and lace.
I have to cook her breakfast,
And pet her when she's ill;
And telephone the doctor
When Rebecca has a chill.

Rebecca does n't like that,
And says she's well and strong;
And says she'll try—oh! very hard,
To be good all day long.

But when night comes, she's nodding;
So into bed we creep
And snuggle up together,
And soon are fast asleep.

I have no other dolly,
For you can plainly see,
In caring for Rebecca,
I'm busy as can be!

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

RETOLD FROM GRIMM

THERE was once a sweet little girl, who had gained the love of every one, even those who had only seen her once. She had an old grandmother, who knew not how to do enough for her, she loved her so much. Once she sent her a little cloak with a red velvet hood, which became her so well that she obtained the name of Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Red Riding-Hood, I want you to go and see your grandmother, and take her a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; for she is ill and weak, and this will do her good. Make haste and get ready before the weather gets too hot, and go straight on your road while you are out, and behave prettily and modestly; and do not run, for fear you should fall and break the bottle, and then grandmother would have no wine. And when you pass through the village, do not forget to courtesy and say 'Good-morning' to every one who knows you."

"I will do everything you tell me, mother," said the child as she wished her good-by and started for her long walk.

It was quite half an hour's walk through the wood from the village to the grandmother's house, and no sooner had Red Riding-Hood entered the wood than she met a wolf.

Red Riding-Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, and felt not the least afraid of him.

"Good-day, Red Riding-Hood," he said.

"Good-morning, sir," replied the little girl, with a courtesy.

"Where are you going so early, Red Riding-Hood?" he asked.

"To my grandmother, sir," she replied. "Mother baked yesterday, and she has sent me with a piece of cake and a bottle of wine to her because she is sick, and it will make her stronger and do her good."

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding-Hood?"

"About half a mile from here through the wood; her house stands under three large oak trees, near to the nut hedges; you would easily know it," said Red Riding-Hood.

The wolf, when he heard this, thought to himself, "This little, delicate thing would be a sweet morsel for me at last, and taste nicer than her old grandmother, but she would not satisfy my hunger; I must make a meal of them both."

Then he walked quietly on by the side of Red Riding-Hood till they came to a part of the wood where a number of flowers grew.

"See, Red Riding-Hood," he said, "what pretty flowers are growing here; would you not like to rest and gather some? And don't you hear how sweetly the birds are singing? You are walking on as steadily as if you were going to school, and it is much more pleasant here in the wood."

Then Red Riding-Hood looked up and saw the dancing sunbeams shining between the trees and lighting up the beautiful flowers that grew all around her, and she thought, "If I were to take my grandmother a fresh nosegay, it would make her so pleased; it is early yet, and I have plenty of time."

So she went out of her way into the wood to gather flowers. And when she had picked a few, she saw some more beautiful still at a little distance; so she walked on further and further, till she was quite deep in the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf went straight on to the grandmother's house, and knocked at the door. There was no answer.

So the wolf lifted the latch and the door flew open; then he rushed in, hoping to seize upon the poor old grandmother, and eat her up. But she had gone out for a little walk, so he shut the door, dressed himself in the old woman's nightgown and nightcap, and lay down in the bed to wait for Red Riding-Hood.

After Red Riding-Hood had gathered as many flowers as she could carry, she found her way back quickly to the right path, and walked on very fast till she came to her grandmother's house, and knocked at the door.

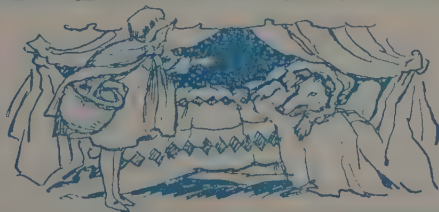
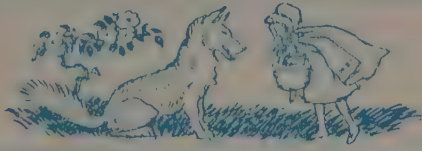
"Who is there?" said the wolf, trying to imitate the grandmother. His voice was so gruff, however, that Little Red Riding-Hood would have been frightened, only she thought her grandmother had a cold.

So she replied: "It's Little Red Riding-Hood. Mother sent you a piece of cake and a bottle of wine."

"Lift up the latch and come in," said the wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood lifted the latch and went in.

When she saw her grandmother, as she thought, lying in bed, she went up to her and drew back the curtains; but she could only see the head, for the wolf had pulled the nightcap as far over his face as he could.



"Good-morning," she said; but there was no answer. Then she got on the bed, and cried out: "Grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear with, my dear," he said.

"Grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear, the better to see you."

"Grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up!"

The old wolf jumped out of bed, and Little Red Riding Hood, in the greatest terror, screamed as loud as she could.

Just then the door opened, and in came the grandmother and some woodmen who were passing. They were just in time to save Little Red-Riding-Hood from the old wolf

DOLLY'S DOCTOR

MARY

COME and see my baby dear;
Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food;
And she tosses, moans, and cries.
Doctor, what do you advise?

DOCTOR JOHN

Hum! ha! good madam, tell me, pray,
What have you offered her to-day?
Ah, yes! I see! a piece of cake—
The worst thing you could make her take.
Just let me taste. Yes, yes; I fear
Too many plums and currants here.
But, stop; I must just taste again,
For that will make the matter plain.

MARY

But, Doctor, pray excuse me, now—
You've eaten all the cake, I vow!
I thank you kindly for your care;
But surely that was hardly fair.

DOCTOR JOHN

Ah, dear me! did I eat the cake?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep him in his bed, well warm,
And, you will see, he'll take no harm.
At night and morning use once more
His draught and powder, as before;
And he must not be over-fed,
But he may have a piece of bread.
To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
He'll be quite right. Good day! good day!

THUMBELINA

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

SHE had a little house of her own, a little garden, too, this woman of whom I am going to tell you, but for all that she was not quite happy.

"If only I had a little child of my own," she said, "how the walls would ring with her laughter, and how the flowers would brighten at her coming. Then, indeed, I should be quite happy."

And an old witch heard what the woman wished, and said, "Oh, but that is easily managed. Here is a barley-corn. Plant it in a flower-pot and tend it carefully, and then you will see what will happen."

The woman was in a great hurry to go home and plant the barley-corn, but she did not forget to say "Thank you" to the old witch. She not only thanked her, she even stayed to give her six silver pennies.

Then she hurried away to her home, took a flower-pot and planted her precious barley-corn.

And what do you think happened? Almost

before the corn was planted, up shot a large and beautiful flower. It was still unopened. The petals were folded closely together, but it looked like a tulip. It really was a tulip, a red and yellow one, too.

The woman loved flowers. She stooped and kissed the beautiful bud. As her lips touched the petals, they burst open, and oh! wonder of wonders; there, in the very middle of the flower, sat a little child. Such a tiny, pretty little maiden she was.

They called her Thumbelina. That was because she was no bigger than the woman's thumb.

And where do you think she slept? A little walnut shell, lined with blue, that was her cradle.

When she slept little Thumbelina lay in her cradle on a tiny heap of violets, with the petal of a pale pink rose to cover her.

And where do you think she played? A table was her playground. On the table the woman

placed a plate of water. Little Thumbelina called that her lake.

Round the plate were scented flowers, the blossoms lying on the edge, while the pale green stalks reached thirstily down to the water.

In the lake floated a large tulip leaf. This was Thumbelina's little boat. Seated there she sailed from side to side of her little lake, rowing cleverly with two white horse hairs. As she rowed backward and forward she sang softly to herself. The woman listening heard, and thought she had never known so sweet a song.

And now such a sad thing happened.

In through a broken window-pane hopped a big toad—oh, such an ugly big toad! She hopped right on to the table, where Thumbelina lay dreaming in her tiny cradle, under the pale pink rose leaf.

"How beautiful the little maiden is," she croaked. "She will make a lovely bride for my handsome son." And she lifted the little cradle, with Thumbelina in it, and hopped out through the broken window-pane, and down into the little garden.

At the foot of the garden was a broad stream. Here, under the muddy banks, lived the old toad with her son.

How handsome she thought him! But he was really very ugly. Indeed, he was exactly like his mother.

When he saw little Thumbelina in her tiny cradle, he croaked with delight.

"Do not make so much noise," said his mother, "or you will wake the tiny creature. We may lose her if we are not careful. The slightest breeze would waft her away. She is as light as gossamer."

Then the old toad carried Thumbelina out into the middle of the stream. "She will be safe here," she said, as she laid her gently on one of the leaves of a large water lily, and paddled back to her son.

"We will make ready the best rooms under the mud," she told him, "and then you and the little maiden will be married."

Poor little Thumbelina! She had not seen the ugly big toad yet, nor her ugly son.

When she woke up early in the morning, how she wept! Water all around her! How could she reach the shore? Poor little Thumbelina!

Down under the mud the old toad was very busy, decking the best room with buttercups and buds of water-lilies to make it gay for her little daughter-in-law, Thumbelina.

"Now we will go to bring her little bed and place it ready," said the old toad, and together

she and her son swam out to the leaf where little Thumbelina sat.

"Here is my handsome son," she said, "he is to be your husband," and she bowed low in the water, for she wished to be very polite to the little maiden.

"Croak, croak," was all the young toad could say, as he looked at his pretty little bride.

Then they took away the tiny little bed, and Thumbelina was left all alone.

How the tears stained her pretty little face! How fast they fell into the stream! Even the fish as they swam hither and thither thought, "How it rains today," as the tiny drops fell thick and fast.

They popped up their heads and saw the forlorn little maiden.

"She shall not marry the ugly toad," they said, as they looked with eager eyes at the pretty child. "No, she shall not marry the ugly toad."

But what could the little fish do to help Thumbelina?

They found the green stem which held the leaf on which Thumbelina sat. They bit it with their little sharp teeth, and they never stopped biting, till at last they bit the green stem through; and away, down the stream, floated the leaf, carrying with it little Thumbelina.

"Free, free!" she sang, and her voice tinkled as a chime of fairy bells. "Free, free!" she sang merrily as she floated down the stream, away, far away out of reach of the ugly old toad and her ugly son.

And as she floated on, the little wild birds sang round her, and on the banks the little wild harebells bowed to her.

Butterflies were flitting here and there in the sunshine. A pretty little white one fluttered onto the leaf on which sat Thumbelina. He loved the tiny maiden so well that he settled down beside her.

Now she was quite happy! Birds around her, flowers near her, and the water gleaming like gold in the summer sunshine. What besides could little Thumbelina wish?

She took off her sash and threw one end of it round the butterfly. The other end she fastened firmly to the leaf. On and on floated the leaf, the little maiden and the butterfly.

Suddenly a great cockchafer buzzed along. Alas! he caught sight of little Thumbelina. He flew to her, put his claw round her tiny little waist and carried her off, up onto a tree.

Poor little Thumbelina! How frightened she was! How grieved she was, too, for had she not lost her little friend the butterfly?



"IN THE VERY HEART OF THE FLOWER STOOD A LITTLE PRINCE"

Would he fly away, she wondered, or would her sash hold him fast?

The cockchafer was charmed with the little maiden. He placed her tenderly on the largest leaf he could find. He gathered honey for her from the flowers, and as she sipped it, he sat near and told her how beautiful she looked.

But there were other chafers living in the tree, and when they came to see little Thumbelina, they said, "She is not pretty at all."

"She has only two legs," said one.

"She has no feelers," said another.

Some said she was too thin, others that she was too fat, and then they all buzzed and hummed together, "How ugly she is, how ugly she is!" But all the time little Thumbelina was the prettiest little maiden that ever lived.

And now the cockchafer who had flown off with little Thumbelina thought he had been rather foolish to admire her.

He looked at her again. "Pretty? No, after all she was not very pretty." He would have nothing to do with her, and away he and all the other chafers flew. Only first they carried little Thumbelina down from the tree and placed her on a daisy. She wept because she was so ugly—so ugly that the chafers could not live with her. But all the time, you know, she was the prettiest little maiden in the world.

She was living all alone in the wood now, but it was summer and she could not feel sad or lonely while the warm golden sunshine touched her so gently, while the birds sang to her, and the flowers bowed to her.

Yes, little Thumbelina was happy. She ate honey from the flowers, and drank dew out of the golden buttercups and danced and sang the livelong day.

But summer passed away and autumn came. The birds began to whisper of flying to warmer countries, and the flowers began to fade and hang their heads, and as autumn passed away, winter came, cold, dreary winter.

Thumbelina shivered with cold. Her little frock was thin and old. She would certainly be frozen to death, she thought, as she wrapped herself up in a withered leaf.

Then the snow began to fall, and each snowflake seemed to smother her. She was so very tiny.

Close to the wood lay a corn-field. The beautiful golden grain had been carried away long ago, now there was only dry short stubble. But to little Thumbelina the stubble was like a great forest.

She walked through the hard field. She was shaking with cold. All at once she saw a little door just before her.

The field-mouse had made a little house under the stubble, and lived so cozily there. She had a big room full of corn, and she had a kitchen and pantry as well.

"Perhaps I shall get some food here," thought the cold and hungry little maiden, as she stood knocking at the door, just like a tiny beggar child. She had had nothing to eat for two long days. Oh, she was very hungry!

"What a tiny thing you are!" said the field-mouse, as she opened the door and saw Thumbelina. "Come in and dine with me."

How glad Thumbelina was, and how she enjoyed dining with the field-mouse.

She behaved so prettily that the old field-mouse told her she might live with her while the cold weather lasted. "And you shall keep my room clean and neat, and you shall tell me stories," she added.

That is how Thumbelina came to live with the field-mouse and to meet Mr. Mole.

"We shall have a visitor soon," said the field-mouse. "My neighbor, Mr. Mole, comes to see me every week-day. His house is very large, and he wears a beautiful coat of black velvet. Unfortunately, he is blind. If you tell him your prettiest stories he may marry you."

Now the mole was very wise and very clever, but how could little Thumbelina ever care for him. Why, he did not love the sun, nor the flowers, and he lived in a house underground. No, Thumbelina did not wish to marry the mole.

However she must sing to him when he came to visit his neighbor, the field-mouse. When she had sung, "Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away home," and "Boys and girls, come out to play," the mole was charmed, and thought he would like to marry the little maiden with the beautiful voice.

Then he tried to be very agreeable. He invited the field-mouse and Thumbelina to walk along the underground passage he had dug between their houses. Mr. Mole was very fond of digging underground.

As it was dark the mole took a piece of tinder-wood in his mouth and led the way. The tinder-wood shone like a torch in the dark passage.

A little bird lay in the passage, a little bird who had not flown away when the flowers faded and the cold winds blew.

It was dead, the mole said.

When he reached the bird, the mole stopped

and pushed his nose right up through the ceiling to make a hole, through which the daylight might shine.

There lay a swallow, his wings pressed close to his side, his little head and legs drawn in under his feathers. He had died of cold.

"Poor little swallow!" thought Thumbelina. All wild birds were her friends. Had they not sung to her and fluttered round her all the long glad summer days?

But the mole kicked the swallow with his short legs. "That one will sing no more," he said roughly. "It must be sad to be born a bird and to be able only to sing and fly. I am thankful none of my children will be birds," and he proudly smoothed down his velvet coat.

"Yes," said the field-mouse; "what can a bird do but sing? When the cold weather comes it is useless."

Thumbelina said nothing. Only when the others moved on, she stooped down and stroked the bird gently with her tiny hand, and kissed its closed eyes.

That night the little maiden could not sleep. "I will go to see the poor swallow again," she thought.

She got up out of her tiny bed. She wove a little carpet out of hay. Down the long underground passage little Thumbelina walked, carrying the carpet. She reached the bird at last, and spread the carpet gently round him. She fetched warm cotton and laid it over the bird.

"Even down on the cold earth he will be warm now," thought the gentle little maiden.

"Farewell," she said sadly, "farewell, little bird! Did you sing to me through the long summer days, when the leaves were green and the sky was blue? Farewell, little swallow!" and she stooped to press her tiny cheeks against the soft feathers.

As she did so, she heard—what could it be? pit, pat, pit, pat! Could the bird be alive? Little Thumbelina listened still. Yes, it was the beating of the little bird's heart that she heard. He had not been dead after all, only frozen with cold. The little carpet and the covering the little maid had brought warmed the bird. He would get well now.

What a big bird he seemed to Thumbelina! She was almost afraid now, for she was so tiny. She was tiny, but she was brave. Drawing the covering more closely round the poor swallow, she brought her own little pillow, that the bird's head might rest softly.

Thumbelina stole out again the next night. "Would the swallow look at her," she wondered.

Yes, he opened his eyes and looked at little Thumbelina, who stood there with a tiny torch of tinder-wood.

"Thanks, thanks, little Thumbelina," he twittered feebly. "Soon I shall grow strong and fly out in the bright sunshine once more; thanks, thanks, little maiden."

"Oh! but it is too cold, it snows and freezes, for now it is winter," said Thumbelina. "Stay here and be warm, and I will take care of you," and she brought the swallow water in a leaf.

And the little bird told her all his story—how he had tried to fly to the warm countries, and how he had torn his wing on a blackthorn bush and fallen to the ground. But he could not tell her how he had come to the underground passage.

All winter the swallow stayed there, and Thumbelina was often in the long passage, with her little torch of tinder-wood. But the mole and the field-mouse did not know how Thumbelina tended and cared for the swallow.

At last spring came, and the sun sent its warmth down where the swallow lay in the underground passage.

Little Thumbelina opened the hole which the mole had made in the ceiling, and the sunshine streamed down on the swallow and the little girl.

How the swallow longed to soar away, up and up, to be lost to sight in the blue, blue sky!

"Come with me, little Thumbelina," said the swallow, "come with me to the blue skies and the green woods."

But Thumbelina remembered how kind the field-mouse had been to her when she was cold and hungry, and she would not leave her.

"Farewell! farewell! then, little maiden," twittered the swallow as he flew out and up, up into the sunshine.

Thumbelina loved the swallow dearly. Her eyes were full of tears as she watched the bird disappearing till he was only a tiny speck of black.

And now sad days came to little Thumbelina.

The golden corn was once more waving in the sunshine above the house of the field-mouse, but Thumbelina must not go out lest she lose herself among the corn.

Not go out in the bright sunshine! Oh, poor little Thumbelina!

"You must get your wedding clothes ready this summer," said the field-mouse. "You must be well provided with linen and worsted. My neighbor the mole will wish a well-dressed bride."

The mole had said he wished to marry little Thumbelina before the cold winter came again.

So Thumbelina sat at the spinning-wheel through the long summer days, spinning and weaving with four little spiders to help her.

In the evening the mole came to visit her. "Summer will soon be over," he said, "and we shall be married."

But oh! little Thumbelina did not wish the summer to end.

Live with the dull old mole, who hated the sunshine, who would not listen to the song of the birds—live underground with him! Little Thumbelina wished the summer would never end.

The spinning and weaving were over now. All the wedding clothes were ready. Autumn was come.

"Only four weeks and the wedding-day will have come," said the field-mouse.

And little Thumbelina wept.

"I will not marry the tiresome old mole," she said.

"I shall bite you with my white tooth if you talk such nonsense," said the field-mouse. "Among all my friends not one of them has such a fine velvet coat as the mole. His cellars are full and his rooms are large. You ought to be glad to marry so well," she ended.

"Was there no escape from the underground home?" little Thumbelina wondered.

The wedding-day came. The mole arrived to fetch his little bride.

How could she say good-by forever to the beautiful sunshine?

"Farewell, farewell!" she cried, and waved her little hands toward the glorious sun.

"Farewell, farewell!" she cried, and threw her tiny arms round a little red flower growing at her feet.

"Tell the dear swallow, when he comes again," she whispered to the flower, "tell him I will never forget him."

"Tweet, tweet!" What was that Thumbelina heard? "Tweet, tweet!" Could it be the swallow?

The flutter of wings was round her. Little Thumbelina looked. How glad she was, for there, indeed, was the little bird she had tended and cared for so long. She told him, weeping, she must not stay. She must marry the mole and live underground, and never see the sun, the glorious sun.

"Come with me, come with me, little Thumbelina," twittered the swallow. "You can sit on my back, and I will fly with you to warmer countries, far from the tiresome old mole. Over

mountains and seas we will fly to the country where the summer never ends, and the sunlight always shines."

Then little Thumbelina seated herself on her dear swallow's back, and put her tiny feet on his outstretched wing. She tied herself firmly with her little sash to the strongest feather of the bird.

And the swallow soared high into the air. High above forests and lakes, high above the big mountains that were crested with snow, he soared.

They had reached the warm countries now.

On and on flew the swallow, till he came to a white marble palace. Half-ruined it was, and vine leaves trailed up the long slender pillars. And among the broad, green leaves many a swallow had built his nest, and one of these nests belonged to Thumbelina's little swallow.

"This is my home," said the bird, "but you shall live in one of these brilliant flowers, in the loveliest of them all."

And little Thumbelina clapped her hands with joy.

The swallow flew with her to a stately sunflower, and set her carefully on one of the broad yellow petals.

But think, what was her surprise! In the very heart of the flower stood a little Prince, fair and transparent as crystal. On his shoulders were a pair of delicate wings, and he was small, every bit as small as Thumbelina. He was the spirit of the flower.

For you know in each flower there is a spirit—a tiny little boy or girl, but this little Prince was King of all the flower spirits.

The little King thought Thumbelina the loveliest maiden he had ever seen. He took off his golden crown and placed it on the tiny head of the little maid, and in a silvery voice he asked, "Will you be my bride, little Thumbelina, and reign with me over the flower spirits?"

How glad Thumbelina was!

The little King wished to marry her. Yes, she would be his little Queen.

Then out of each blossom stepped tiny little children. They came to pay their homage to little Thumbelina.

Each one brought her a present, and the most beautiful of all the presents was a pair of wings, delicate as gossamer. And when they were fastened on the shoulders of the little Queen, she could fly from flower to flower.

And the swallow sat on his nest above, and sang his sweetest bridal song for the wedding of little Thumbelina.

THE FOX AND THE LITTLE RED HEN

ONCE upon a time there was a little red hen. She lived in a little white house and she had a little green garden. Every day she worked in the house and garden.

Near her home lived a family of foxes. One day Mamma Fox said to Papa Fox, "I want a fat hen to eat." There was nothing in the pantry for the baby foxes, so Papa Fox started out to find something for them all.

He ran down the road until he came to the woods. "Surely I will find something here," he said, but he found nothing to eat in the woods. As he came near the little green garden he said, "Oh, I smell fresh cake! Oh, I smell a little red hen!"

Sure enough, there was the Little Red Hen eating her cake.

Papa Fox stole up softly behind her and grabbed her and put her into the bag on his back; then he ran quickly off down the hill toward his home.

The Little Red Hen was so frightened that she could only whisper, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Just then she had to sneeze, and when she put her claw into her pocket for her handkerchief, she felt her little scissors. Quick as a flash she took them out and cut a little hole in the bag. Peeping out she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones. As Papa Fox stopped to rest on his way up the hill, with his back turned toward her, she cut a big hole in the bag, jumped out and quickly put a big stone in the bag in her place.

As Papa Fox kept on up the hill, he thought the bag was pretty heavy, but he said, "Never mind, she is a fat little red hen."

Mamma Fox met him at the front door with all the baby foxes.

"The water is boiling," said she. "What have you in your bag?" asked the Baby Foxes.

"A fat little red hen," said Papa Fox.

As he held the bag over the pot, he said to Mamma Fox, "When I drop her in, you clap on the lid." So he opened the bag. Splash! went the boiling water. It spilled all over Papa Fox and Mamma Fox and the Baby Foxes. Never again did they try to catch the Little Red Hen.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE LITTLE ELVES

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

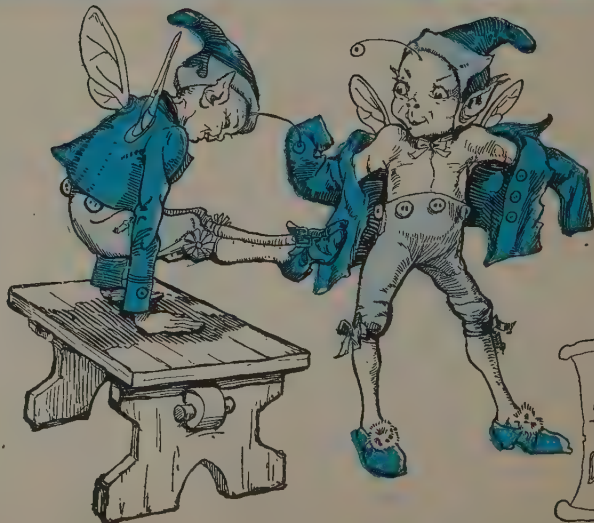
THERE was once a shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left, but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked, that not a stitch was wrong: just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual; and so much that the shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning, he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need—for the shoes stood all perfect on his

board. He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also—when he awoke—he found all ready-made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was becoming prosperous.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife before going to bed, "What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?" His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did



The Shoe- Maker or the Little Elves



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each."

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang—

"Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we'll no longer be."

And so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY *

Now you shall hear a story that somebody's great, great-grandmother told a little girl ever so many years ago:

There was once a little old man and a little old woman, who lived in a little old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a very happy old couple but for one thing—they had no little child, and they wished for one very much. One day, when the little old woman was baking gingerbread, she cut a cake in the shape of a little boy, and put it into the oven.

Presently, she went to the oven to see if it was baked. As soon as the oven door was opened, the little gingerbread boy jumped out, and began to run away as fast as he could go.

The little old woman called her husband, and they both ran after him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gingerbread boy came to a barn full of threshers. He called out to them as he went by, saying:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Then the barn full of threshers set out to run after him. But though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mowers. He called out to them:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Then the mowers began to run after him, but they couldn't catch him. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

But though the cow started at once, she couldn't catch him. And soon he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

But the pig ran, and couldn't catch him. And he ran till he came across a fox, and to him he called out:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Then the fox set out to run. Now, foxes can run very fast, and so the fox soon caught the gingerbread boy and began to eat him up.

Presently the gingerbread boy said: "O dear! I'm quarter gone!" And then: "Oh, I'm half gone!" And soon: "I'm three-quarters gone!" And at last: "I'm all gone!" and never spoke again.

* First published in *St. Nicholas*. Used by permission of the publishers, The Century Company.

GORDON'S TOY CASTLE ON THE HILL

BY EVERETT WILSON

LAST Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as a great many other nice boys and girls had. The tree was up in his playroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be called the "nursery" when he was a baby.

A few days after Christmas, Gordon's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up, and the little pine needles are dropping all over the floor, and the maid has to sweep them up every day."

Gordon was sorry to have the tree taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she would n't wait just one day more. I think that is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until to-morrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him, he began to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland, and he had read to Gordon many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the noble lords lived in strong castles set high up on the mountains, so that the soldiers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle just like the ones he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers.

So this day Gordon got out his castle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a steep hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bottom of the hill—all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle. Then he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles, that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they could n't get up by themselves. Then Gordon would stand them all up in a row again and roll the marbles down the hill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gordon, for you know it really did n't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint.

The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next Christmas.



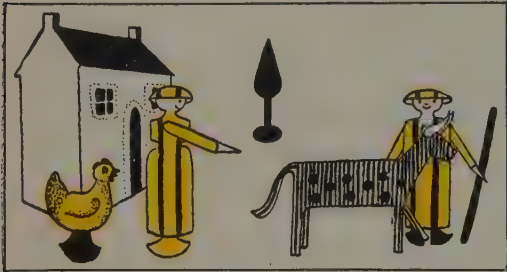
GORDON'S MAKE-BELIEVE CASTLE ON THE HILL

HANS THE INNOCENT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY M. I. WOOD

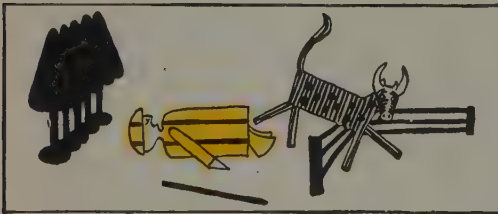
ONCE upon a time there was a woman called Mrs. Stockchen and she had a son named Hans. They lived together in a little cottage and they had a hen and a cow.

One morning Mrs. Stockchen said to her son: "Hans, my dear, will you take Cowslip, the cow,



to pasture, and remember not to be late for supper." "Very well," said Hans, and he took up his stick and started for the field.

The sun was very hot when he got there, and seeing a row of five shady trees, he lay down underneath them and fell asleep in two seconds. He snored with his mouth open. Cowslip had been watching him and when she saw his eyes close, she said, "Now! here's my chance!" and, jumping over the fence, she ran away.



Hans stopped snoring and awoke at supper-time. He looked for Cowslip, but she had disappeared; he ran about calling for her, but she did not come; and at last he went home to his mother with a very sad face and said: "Oh, mother, Cowslip ran away while I was asleep. I have looked for her and cannot find her anywhere."

"You lazy, careless, naughty, careless, naughty, lazy Boy!" cried Mrs. Stockchen. "You have left my poor cow wandering all alone. She will lose her way in the dark. Just

you go and find her this instant. You will get no supper till you bring her back, or my name is not Matilda Maria!"



Mrs. Stockchen had grown quite scarlet with rage and she shook the soup-ladle at her son to make him go faster. It was getting quite dark by the time Hans reached the field again and nowhere did he see any trace of the cow. He did not know in what direction she had gone,



so he walked round and round the field, feeling very miserable.

Just as 10 o'clock was striking, Cowslip stepped out from behind a tree, and kneeling at Hans's feet, said in a choking voice, "I am really very sorry, Hans." "Well," said Hans, "I am sorry too, but let us get home now." So they set out, tired and rather cross.



But when they came within sight of the light in their own cottage window, they met two soldiers who stopped them, and asked what they were doing out so late. "We're just going home," said Hans. "Why," said the soldiers "you ought to have been there two hours ago."

"Well, I couldn't help it," said Hans, "this cow ran away and I had to fetch her before going home to supper."

"Boy!" said the soldiers, "you are not



speaking the truth, you have stolen the cow, and you are very impertinent as well. We will take you to prison."

They tied a rope round Hans's neck and



another round the cow's, and took them to prison. They put Hans into a dungeon full of horrid creatures, but they let poor Cowslip wander about in the fields outside.



One morning when Hans was crying because the door was locked and because the window bars looked so strong, Cowslip heard him. She came up beside the window, and standing on her hind-legs she peeped in and said, "Hans, my dear master, do you think that if I tried to knock down the wall with my horns, you could get out?" "I will try," said Hans. It was rather hard work for Cowslip, but at last she made a big enough hole and Hans leaped out.

He knocked off his hat in doing so, but then Hans did n't care about a little thing like that.



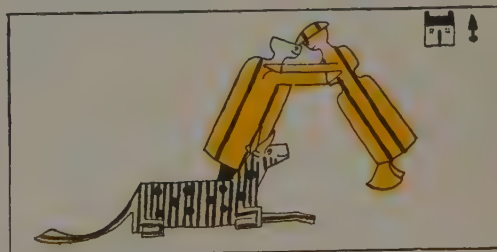
He jumped on her back, and away they went, over fallen trees, stones, ditches, hedges,



everything. They came in sight of the cottage at last, and the sound of their approach caused



Mrs. Stockchen to look out of the window. When she saw who it was she fairly jumped for joy and she rushed out at once to meet them.



Hans fell into his mother's arms. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

A REAL LITTLE BOY BLUE

BY CAROLINE S. ALLEN

ONCE there were four little brothers. The oldest had black eyes. He was called Little Boy Black. But I have n't time to tell about him just now.



"'YES, PLEASE,' SAID LITTLE BOY BLUE."

The second little brother had brown eyes. He was called Little Boy Brown. But I cannot tell you about him either. The third little brother had gray eyes, and was called Little Boy Gray. There is a very nice story I could tell you about him, but I am sure you would rather hear about the fourth little brother.

For the youngest little brother had blue eyes; and his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and every one else, called him Little Boy Blue. His eyes were very blue—as blue as the flowers you find down by the brook. You love the blue flowers, I know. And so I will tell you about Little Boy Blue.

His jacket was blue, his trousers were blue, his stockings were blue, and even his little shoes were blue.

One day Little Boy Blue's mother said to him: "Do you want to go and visit Aunt Polly?" "Who is Aunt Polly?" asked Little Boy Blue. "Aunt Polly lives on a farm, on a high hill. She has horses, and cows, and pigs, and hens, and ducks, and geese—" "And elephants?" asked Little Boy Blue. "No, not any elephants. But she has a woolly white lamb." "Oh, then I will go," cried Little Boy Blue. So his mother went up-stairs and found a little blue traveling-bag. And in the little blue bag she packed some of Little Boy Blue's clothes. Then Little Boy Blue and his mother went to visit Aunt Polly, who lived on a farm on a high hill.

Little Boy Blue's mother stayed two days, and Little Boy Blue stayed ten days. When his mother was going home, she said to Aunt Polly: "Little Boy Blue likes to play, but he likes to work, too. So be sure to give him some work to do every day."

"Very well," said Aunt Polly. And so by-and-by Aunt Polly went to find Little Boy Blue. And she said to him: "Dear Little Boy Blue, what can you do to help?" He thought a minute, and then he said: "I can eat apples to see if they are ripe. And I can pull the roses in the garden, if you have too many."

"The apples are not ripe, and I have just enough roses in the garden," said Aunt Polly. "Can you drive the cows out of the corn?"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Little Boy Blue, "if Towzer can come too." Towzer was the dog.

"And perhaps you can look after the sheep?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly, I can do that," said Little Boy Blue.

On the shelf in Little Boy Blue's room stood a little blue clock. And every morning at five o'clock the door of the clock flew open, and a cuckoo came out. The cuckoo said, "Cuck-oo," five times, and then went into the little blue clock again, and the little door closed after him. Then Little Boy Blue knew it was time to get up.

When he was dressed, he came down-stairs, and Aunt Polly gave him his breakfast. He had new milk in a blue bowl, and johnny-cake on a little blue plate. These he always carried out onto the door-step because he liked, while he was

pened. Little Boy Blue had gone out that morning, just as he always did, to look after them; and no one had heard any horn. At last Towzer ran up to the barn, barking loudly. That was to give the alarm—about the sheep and the cows.



"'HE'S UNDER THE HAYCOCK, FAST ASLEEP!'"

eating and drinking, to see the green grass bending in the breeze, and the yellow butterflies dancing here and there in the sunshine.

"This is the creamiest milk I ever saw," said Little Boy Blue.

"That 's nice," said Aunt Polly. "Do you want some more?"

"Yes, please," said Little Boy Blue. So Aunt Polly brought the blue pitcher, and poured more creamy milk into his little blue bowl, and Little Boy Blue said: "Thank you, Aunt Polly."

When Little Boy Blue could eat no more golden johnny-cake, and drink no more creamy milk, he jumped up from the door-step.

First he put his arms around Aunt Polly's neck, and gave her a hug and a kiss. Then he went into the house to get his horn. The horn was a little blue one, and it hung on a peg near the kitchen door.

What do you suppose the horn was for? Why, Little Boy Blue watched the cows and the sheep. Then if they got into the wrong places, and trampled on the crops, Little Boy Blue blew the horn. One of the men always heard the horn, and came to help drive the cows or the sheep back where they belonged.

All this was very pleasant. But one day—what do you think? The sheep ran away, and jumped over a stone wall into the meadow, and the cows got into the corn. Nobody knew how it hap-

"How queer!" said Aunt Polly, who was in the barn-yard feeding the chickens.

"How strange!" said Uncle Ben.

"Where 's Little Boy Blue?" asked the men.

"I 'll call him," said Aunt Polly. So she walked, and she walked, all around the farm. As Aunt Polly walked she looked here, and she looked there. And she called:

"Little Boy Blue! Come blow your horn.

The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn."

Where do you think Aunt Polly found him? When the head-farmer asked her, "Where 's the little boy that looks after the sheep?" Aunt Polly said: "He 's under the haycock, fast asleep."

"Shall we go wake him?" said the head-farmer.

"No, no; let him lie," said Aunt Polly. "For if we should wake him, 'he 'd cry, cry, cry."

You see Little Boy Blue got up so early, he grew sleepy. And the sun was hot. And the haymow made a soft pillow. So he fell sound asleep, and dreamed about the woolly white lamb.

But on the day after that, Little Boy Blue took a nap, first, so that when he looked after the cows and the sheep he could keep awake. He never again had to be told to blow his horn.

When Little Boy Blue's visit was over, Aunt Polly said: "You 've been a dear little helper. I 'm going to give you something to take home." And, oh, joy! it was the woolly white lamb!

TRAVELS OF A FOX

ADAPTED BY CECILIA FARWELL

THE FOX was digging under an old tree and found a bumblebee. He gathered it up and put it into his bag and tied the string. Then he went to the first cottage at the end of the village street and said:

"Good morning, Good Mother. The way is long, and I am weary. May I leave my bag here while I go to the grocery store?"

"That will be all right," said the old woman, "put it behind the door."

So the Fox put the bag behind the door, saying, as he did so: "Be sure that you do not untie the string, Good Mother." Then he went out of the cottage and on up the road.

The old woman looked at the bag and said to herself: "Now, I wonder what that sly fellow carries so carefully? It will do no harm to see."

So she untied the string and started to look into the bag, and when the bag was opened the bumblebee flew out, and the rooster which was stalking about in the kitchen promptly ate him up.

When the Fox came back he saw that his bag had been opened and he said to the old woman: "Where is my bumblebee?"

"I opened the bag for but an instant," said the old woman, "and the bumblebee flew out and the rooster ate him up."

"Then I must take the rooster," said the Fox. So he gathered up the rooster, put him into the bag and tied the string, and threw the bag over his shoulder and went on down the road.

When he came to the next cottage he knocked at the door and said: "Good morning, Good Mother. The way is long and I am weary. May I leave my bag here while I go on to the grocery store?"

"That will be all right," said the old woman, "put it behind the door."

So the Fox put the bag behind the door, saying as he did so: "Be sure that you do not untie the string, Good Mother," and he went on down the road.

The old woman looked at the bag and said to herself, "Now I wonder what it is that that sly old fellow carries so carefully. It will do no harm to see."

So she untied the string and started to look into the bag, and when the bag was opened the rooster flew out, and the pig which was in the kitchen promptly ate him up.

When the Fox came back he saw that the bag had been opened, and he said: "Where is my rooster, Good Mother?"

"I opened the bag for but an instant, and the rooster flew out and the pig ate him up," said the woman.

"Then I must have the pig," said the Fox. So he gathered up the pig and put him into the bag and tied the string and threw the bag over his shoulder and went on down the road.

When he came to the next cottage he knocked at the door and said: "Good morning, Good Mother. The way is long and I am weary. May I leave my bag here while I go to the grocery store?"

"That will be all right," said the old woman, "put it behind the door."

So the Fox put the bag behind the door, saying as he did so, "Be sure that you do not untie the string, Good Mother," and went on down the road.

The old woman looked at the bag and said to herself: "Now I wonder what it is that that sly old fellow carries so carefully. It will do no harm to see."

So she untied the string and opened the bag the least little bit, and the pig jumped out of the bag and ran into the house where the ox stood and the ox promptly gored him to death.

When the Fox came back and saw that the bag had been opened he said: "Where is my pig, Good Mother?"

"I opened the bag the least little bit, and the pig jumped out and the ox gored him to death," said the woman.

"Then I must have the ox," said the Fox. So he went out into the yard and gathered up the ox and put him into the bag and tied the string and threw the bag on his back and went on down the road.

When he came to the next cottage he knocked at the door and said: "Good morning, Good Mother. The way is long and I am weary. May I leave my bag here while I go to the grocery store?"

"That will be all right," said the old woman, "put it behind the door."

So the Fox put the bag behind the door, saying as he did so: "Be sure that you do not untie the string, Good Mother," and went on down the road.



"MAY I LEAVE MY BAG HERE?" SAID THE FOX

The woman looked at the bag and said to herself: "Now I wonder what it is that that sly old fellow carries so carefully? It will do no harm to see."

So she untied the string and opened the bag and the ox jumped out and ran out into the yard, and the little boy who was playing there chased him off over the hill and into the wood.

When the Fox came back he saw that the string had been untied, and he said to the old woman: "Where is my ox?"

"I opened the bag the least little bit, and the ox jumped out and the little boy chased him over the hill and into the wood," said the old woman.

"Then I must take the little boy," said the Fox.

So he gathered up the little boy and put him into the bag and tied the string and threw the bag over his shoulder and started off down the road.

When he came to the next house he knocked at the door and said: "Good morning, Good Mother. The way is long and I am weary. May I leave my bag while I go to the store?"

"That will be all right," said the woman, "put it behind the door."

So the Fox put the bag behind the door, saying as he did so: "Be sure that you do not untie the string, Good Mother," and went off.

This woman was very busy that morning, making cake, and she had no time to think of the bag, and it lay there for a long time. By-and-by when the cake was done her little boys gathered around the table, crying: "Let me taste

the cake, Mother. Give me a piece of cake!" And she gave each one of them a piece of cake.

The cake smelled so good that the little boy in the bag cried out: "Oh, I want a piece of cake, too."

When the woman heard the little boy cry out she went to the bag, and looking down at it, she said: "Now I wonder what that sly Fox has been about?" And the little boy cried out again, and the woman untied the string and let him out, and took the house dog and put him into the bag instead, and the little boy joined the others around the table, and she gave him a piece of the cake.

When the Fox came back he saw that the bag was all tied up, and looked just as it had when he left it, so he took it from behind the door and threw it over his shoulder, saying to himself: "I have had a long journey to-day, and I am hungry. And I have not done so badly, either. I will now go into the woods and see how the little boy tastes."

So he went into the woods and untied the string to take the little boy out of the bag. But the little boy, as we know, was standing around the table with the other little boys eating cake. And no sooner was the string untied than the house dog jumped out of the bag and sprang right on the Fox, and they had a fight right then and there in the woods. Pretty soon the dog went trotting down the road. But the Fox did not go home. In fact he did not go anywhere at all.

OEYVIND AND MARIT—BY BJÖRNSTJIRNE BJÖRNSON

OEYVIND was his name. A low barren cliff overhanging the house in which he was born; fir and birch looked down on the roof, and wild-cherry strewed flowers over it. Upon this roof there walked about a little goat, which belonged to Oeyvind. He was kept there that he might not go astray; and Oeyvind carried leaves and grass up to him. One fine day the goat leaped down, and—away to the cliff; he went straight up, and came where he never had been before. Oeyvind did not see him when he came out after dinner, and thought immediately of the fox. He grew hot all over, looked around about, and called, "Killy-killy-killy-goat."

"Bay-ay-ay," said the goat, from the brow of the hill, as he cocked his head on one side and looked down.

But at the side of the goat there kneeled a little girl,

"Is it yours, this goat?" she asked.

Oeyvind stood with eyes and mouth wide open, thrust both hands into the breeches he had on, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, the elf in the house, grand-daughter of Ole Nordstuen of the Heide farms, four years old in the autumn, two days after the frost nights, I!"

"Are you really?" he said, and drew a long breath, which he had not dared to do so long as she was speaking.

"Is it yours, this goat?" asked the girl again.

"Ye-es," he said, and looked up.

"I have taken such a fancy to the goat. You will give it to me?"

"No, that I won't."

She lay kicking her legs, and looking down at him, and then she said, "But if I give you a butter-cake for the goat, can I have him then?"

Oeyvind came of poor people, and had eaten butter-cake only once in his life, that was when grandpapa came there, and anything like it he had never eaten before nor since. He looked up at the girl. "Let me see the butter-cake first," said he.

She was not long about it, took out a large cake, which she held in her hand. "Here it is," she said, and threw it down.

"Ow, it went to pieces," said the boy. He gathered up every bit with the utmost care; he could not help tasting the very smallest, and that was so good, he had to taste another, and, before he knew it himself, he had eaten up the whole cake.

"Now the goat is mine," said the girl. The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth, the girl lay and laughed, and the goat stood by her side, with white breast and dark brown hair, looking down.

"Could you not wait a little while?" begged the boy; his heart began to beat. Then the girl laughed still more, and got up quickly on her knees.

"No, the goat is mine," she said, and threw her arms around its neck, loosened one of her garters, and fastened it around. Oeyvind looked up. She got up, and began pulling at the goat; it would not follow, and twisted its neck downward to where Oeyvind stood. "Bay-ay-ay," it said. But she took hold of its hair with one hand, pulled the string with the other, and said gently, "Come, goat, and you shall go into the room and eat out of mother's dish and my apron." And then she sung,—

"Come, boy's goat,
Come, mother's calf,
Come, mewing cat
In snow-white shoes.
Come, yellow ducks,
Come out of your hiding-place;
Come, little chickens,
Who can hardly go;
Come, my doves
With soft feathers;
See, the grass is wet,
But the sun does you good;
And early, early is it in summer,
But call for the autumn, and it will come."

There stood the boy.

He had taken care of the goat since the winter before, when it was born, and he had never

imagined he could lose it; but now it was done in a moment, and he would never see it again.

His mother came up humming from the beach, with wooden pans which she had scoured: she saw the boy sitting with his legs crossed under him on the grass, crying, and she went up to him.

"What are you crying about?"

"Oh, the goat, the goat!"

"Yes; where is the goat?" asked his mother, looking up at the roof.

"It will never come back again," said the boy.

"Dear me! how could that happen?"

He would not confess immediately.

"Has the fox taken it?"

"Ah, if it only were the fox!"

"Are you crazy?" said his mother; "what has become of the goat?"

"Oh-h-h—I happened to—to—to sell it for a cake!"

As soon as he had uttered the word, he understood what it was to sell the goat for a cake; he had not thought of it before. His mother said,—

"What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you, when you could sell him for a cake?"

And the boy thought about it, and felt sure that he could never again be happy. He felt so sorry, that he promised himself never again to do anything wrong, never to cut the thread on the spinning-wheel, nor let the goats out, nor go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay, and dreamed about the goat.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear, and he started up. "Bay-ay-ay!" it said; and it was the goat, who had come back again.

"What! have you got back?" He jumped up, took it by the two fore-legs, and danced with it as if it were a brother; he pulled its beard, and he was just going in to his mother with it, when he heard some one behind him, and, looking, saw the girl sitting on the greensward by his side. Now he understood it all, and let go the goat.

"Is it you, who have come with it?"

She sat, tearing the grass up with her hands, and said,—

"They would not let me keep it; grandfather is sitting up there, waiting."

While the boy stood looking at her, he heard a sharp voice from the road above call out, "Now!"

Then she remembered what she was to do; she rose, went over to Oeyvind, put one of her muddy hands into his, and, turning her face away, said,—

"I beg your pardon!"

But then her courage was all gone; she threw herself over the goat, and wept.

"I think you had better keep the goat," said Oeyvind, looking the other way.

"Come, make haste!" said grandpapa, up on the hill; and Marit rose, and walked with reluctant feet upward.

"You are forgetting your garter," Oeyvind called after her. She turned round, and looked first at the garter and then at him. At last she came to a great resolution, and said, in a choked voice,—

"You may keep that."

He went over to her, and, taking her hand, said,—

"Thank you!"

"O, nothing to thank for!" she answered, but drew a long sigh, and walked on.

He sat down on the grass again. The goat walked about near him, but he was no longer so pleased with it as before.

The goat was fastened to the wall; but Oeyvind walked about, looking up at the cliff. His mother came out, and sat down by his side; he wanted to hear stories about what was far away, for now the goat no longer satisfied him. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky; but then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one; and the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Oeyvind looked at the mountain, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them before. The cat came out at that moment, and lay down on the stone before the door in the sunshine.

"What does the cat say?" asked Oeyvind, pointing. His mother sang,—

"At evening softly shines the sun,
The cat lies lazy on the stone.
Two small mice,
Cream thick and nice,
Four bits of fish,
I stole behind a dish,
And am so lazy and tired,
Because so well I have fared,"

says the cat.

But then came the cock, with all the hens.

"What does the cock say?" asked Oeyvind, clapping his hands together. His mother sang,—

"The mother-hen her wings doth sink,
The cock stands on one leg to think:
That gray goose
Steers high her course;
But sure am I that never she
As clever as a cock can be.
Run in, you hens, keep under the roof to-day,
For the sun has got leave to stay away,"

says the cock.

But the little birds were sitting on the ridge-pole, singing. "What do the birds say?" asked Oeyvind, laughing.

"Dear Lord, how pleasant is life,

For those who have neither toil nor strife,"

says the birds.

And she told him what they all said, down to the ant, who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

That same summer, his mother began to teach him to read. He had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk. Now the letters turned into animals, birds, and everything else; but soon they began to walk together, two and two; *a* stood and rested under a tree, which was called *b*; then came *c*, and did the same; but when three or four came together, it seemed as if they were angry with each other, for it would not go right. And the farther along he came, the more he forgot what they were: he remembered longest *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was friends with everybody; but soon he forgot *a* also: the book had no more stories, nothing but lessons.

One day his mother came in, and said to him,—

"To-morrow school begins, and then you are going up to the farm with me."

Oeyvind had heard that school was a place where many boys played together; and he had no objection. Indeed, he was much pleased. He had often been at the farm, but never when there was school there; and now he was so anxious to get there, he walked faster than his mother up over the hills. As they came up to the neighboring house, a tremendous buzzing, like that from the water-mill at home, met their ears; and he asked his mother what it was.

"That is the children reading," she answered; and he was much pleased, for that was the way he used to read, before he knew the letters. When he came in, there sat as many children



"THE GOAT IS MINE," SHE SAID, AND THREW HER ARMS AROUND ITS NECK

round a table as he had ever seen at church; others were sitting on their luncheon boxes which were ranged round the walls; some stood in small groups round a large printed card; the schoolmaster, an old gray-haired man, was sitting on a stool by the chimney-corner, filling his pipe. They all looked up as Oeyvind and his mother entered, and the mill-hum ceased as if the water had suddenly been turned off. All looked at the new-comers; the mother bowed to the schoolmaster, who returned her greeting.

"Here I bring a little boy who wants to learn to read," said his mother.

"What is the fellow's name?" said the schoolmaster, diving down into his pouch after tobacco.

"Oeyvind," said his mother; "he knows his letters, and can put them together."

"Is it possible!" said the schoolmaster; "come here, you Whitehead!"

Oeyvind went over to him: the schoolmaster took him on his lap, and raised his cap.

"What a nice little boy!" said he, and stroked his hair. Oeyvind looked up into his eyes, and laughed.

"Is it at me you are laughing?" asked he, with a frown.

"Yes, it is," answered Oeyvind, and roared with laughter. At that the schoolmaster laughed, Oeyvind's mother laughed; the children understood that they also were allowed to laugh, and so they all laughed together.

So Oeyvind became one of the scholars.

As he was going to find his seat, they all wanted to make room for him.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked the schoolmaster, who was busy with his pipe again. Just as the boy is going to turn round to the schoolmaster, he sees close beside him, sitting down by the hearthstone on a little red painted tub, Marit, of the many names; she had covered her face with both hands, and sat peeping at him through her fingers.

"I shall sit here," said Oeyvind, quickly, taking a tub and seating himself at her side. Then she raised a little the arm nearest him, and looked at him from under her elbow; immediately he also hid his face with both hands, and looked at her from under his elbow. So they sat, keeping up the sport, until she laughed, then he laughed too; the children had seen it, and laughed with them; at that, there rung out in a fearfully strong voice, which, however, grew milder at every pause,—

"Silence! you young scoundrels, you rascals,

you little good-for-nothings! Keep still, and be good to me, you sugar-pigs."

That was the schoolmaster, whose custom it was to boil up, but calm down again before he had finished. It grew quiet immediately in the school, until the water-wheels again began to go: every one read aloud from his book, the sharpest louder and louder to get the preponderance; here trebles piped up, the rougher voices drummed and there one shouted in above the others, and Oeyvind had never had such fun in all his life.

"Is it always like this here?" whispered he to Marit.

"Yes, just like this," she said.

Afterwards, they had to go up to the schoolmaster, and read; and then a little boy was called to read, so that they were allowed to go and sit down quietly again.

"I have got a goat now, too," said she.

"Have you?"

"Yes; but it is not so pretty as yours."

"Why don't you come oftener up on the cliff?"

"Grandpapa is afraid I shall fall over."

"Mother knows so many songs," said he.

"Grandpapa does, too, you can believe."

"Yes; but he does not know what mother does."

"Grandpapa knows one about a dance. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, then, you must come farther over here, so that the schoolmaster may not hear."

He changed his place, and then she recited a little piece of a song three or four times over, so that the boy learned it.

"Up with you, youngsters!" called out the schoolmaster. "This is the first day, so you shall be dismissed early; but first we must say a prayer, and sing."

Instantly, all was life in the school; they jumped down from the benches, sprung over the floor, and talked into each other's mouths.

"Silence! you young torments, you little beggars, you noisy boys! be quiet, and walk softly across the floor, little children," said the schoolmaster; and now they walked quietly, and took their places; after which the schoolmaster went in front of them, and made a short prayer. Then they sung. The schoolmaster began in a deep bass; all the children stood with folded hands, and joined in. Oeyvind stood farthest down by the door with Marit, and looked on; they also folded their hands, but they could not sing.

That was the first day at school.



THE BOATMAN'S STORY

BY E. NESBIT

THEY were tired of play—it's a curious thing, but that really does happen to little people sometimes. They had built a sand-castle, and they were anxious to defend it against the incoming tide, but the tide was on its way out, and ungenerously refused to turn before its time, even to oblige Dolly and Dick.

They had gathered together more shells and seaweed in an hour than Nurse would have allowed them to bring home in a year. They had run races on the sand, and written their names there. They had waded out to the old wreck, that showed its bones in the low water, and played at shipwrecked sailors till Dick's arms quite ached with rescuing his sister—the noble captain who refused to leave the sinking vessel—and now they looked round them for a new amusement.

"There's old Creed," said Dolly suddenly. "Let's go and make him tell us a story."

Away they ran, their bare feet dinting the grim sand with the imprint of ten little round toes.

Old Creed, the boatman, was sitting on the shingles, his legs stuck out in front of him, mending his nets.

"Well, kiddies," said he, "what do you want this morning? Tide's too low for a sail."

"We want you to tell us a story," said Dick. "Dolly says you can."

The old boatman laughed. "Stories aren't much

in my line," he said; "you must go to your pretty books for those. You know all the stories I could tell, bless you!"

"But in the books the fishermen always know heaps and heaps of stories," said Dick; "not girls' nonsense, but jolly good stories about pirates, and shipwrecks, and rafts, and desert islands, and people being brave, and all that."

"That reminds me," said old Creed thoughtfully; "I do know one story about brave people."

"Oh, *do* begin," cried Dolly, cuddling close up to him among the meshes of the net. So old Creed began.

"There was once two young ladies used to come here to stay a goodish bit. Real ladies they was—and ready always to pass the time of day with a man, and kind as you please. Always lending books and papers to the coast-guards, and many's the nice little thing they brought down in those baskets of theirs when my missus was ill abed. And they was always so kind to all the little children, and whenever they met any always had a good word for them.

"Well, by and by, all in good time, one of them got married and come to have two little 'uns of her own—like as it might be you and Master Dick here when you was tiny. And every year she and her good man and her sister and the children came down to Dymchurch in the summer.

"Miss, she looked as young as ever, but Madam had grown a bit stouter.

"Now there was a young gentleman staying at Dyncchurch one year, at Mrs. Young's, in the Terrace, which is a quiet house and lodgers well looked after. And he wanted quiet, for he was ever learning out of his books so as to take something or other—a prize, I think—at Oxford."

"I'm going there when I grow up," remarked Dick. "Go on!"

"Well, fisher-people have a good deal of time, and what with watching the sky and the wind and the tide, they get to keep their eyes open. And I couldn't help seeing that this young gentleman had no eyes for anything out of doors except for Miss. He never spoke to her like one of our lads would have done if he fancied a girl, because such is not the ways of the gentry. But he *looked*, and I understood well enough, if she didn't.

"Now, one day—it was when I was laid up along of my broken leg, but I saw it all from my window—it got very rough, and Miss and Madam came out to see the weather. Madam's husband had gone to Hythe to see a friend, so he wasn't with them, for you can't be in two places at once, unless you're a bird, as the Irishman said.

"And as they stood there, Miss cries out:

"'Look, look, in that boat out there! It's the children.'

"'No, no,' says Madam, 'see, the children are along there by the sea-wall.'

"'It's someone's children,' cries Miss, with her heart in her voice.

"'We must call someone,' says Madam.

"It was getting rougher and rougher and a great squall coming up. Then all in a minute I see them running like mad to my boat, and begin to push her off. And far away to sea was a boat and two children in it—little children—and how they got out there passes me.

"Then I see Mrs. Young's door fly open, and out comes the young gentleman from Oxford, and leaps on to the sea-wall and down again on to the beach and so to the boat.

"'They're little children,' says Miss; 'we're going out to them.'

"With that he says nothing, but lends a hand to push off the boat, and when she's afloat, he puts one foot on the gunwale and shoves off with the other, and there's the three of them putting out to sea; and the sky blackens and the wind gets louder, and the waves higher every minute. Missy and my young gentleman they pulled and Madam steered. There wasn't a soul on the sea-wall when they started, but before they reached the boat rocking and tossing with them two little 'uns in it, the sea-wall was black with folk—for all Dym-

church turned out to see them. And the mother of those poor innocents in the other boat was standing there with a face like lead.

"The coast-guards were getting the lifeboat ready, and people held their breaths—when the boat came up with the children. None of the three was much good in a boat, and never a one of them could swim, that's why it was so brave of them: and we wondered if they'd know what to do. Bless you, yes! They got her alongside, Madam and the young gentleman held her fast, and Missy leaned over and pulled the children into my boat. Then they made the other boat fast to the stern and turned to come back, but that was easier said than done. The wind had been rising, rising all this time, and now was dead against her. And folk along the sea-wall sent up a shout—'Pull off the lifeboat.' So they ran her down into the sea, and none too soon, for just as the lifeboat came up with them a great wave caught the boats, and the next thing we saw they was rocking bottom up, and every soul of them in the water.

"The coast-guards had 'em out sharp enough. Madam was safe and sound, and Miss—God bless her! though the oar had struck her as the boat heeled over—God bless her, I say! she'd never let go the little 'uns—got 'em tight, I tell you, with an arm round each of their necks. The gentleman from Oxford he got off with a broken arm.

"I never heard such a shout before or since as went up from the crowd on the sea-wall when they landed from the lifeboat, all dripping and draggled, Miss with the children clinging to her. Every one was for shaking their hands, and I see a woman a-stroking their wet clothes as they went by. As for that poor mother, she fell down at Missy's feet as if she would have liked to kiss them.

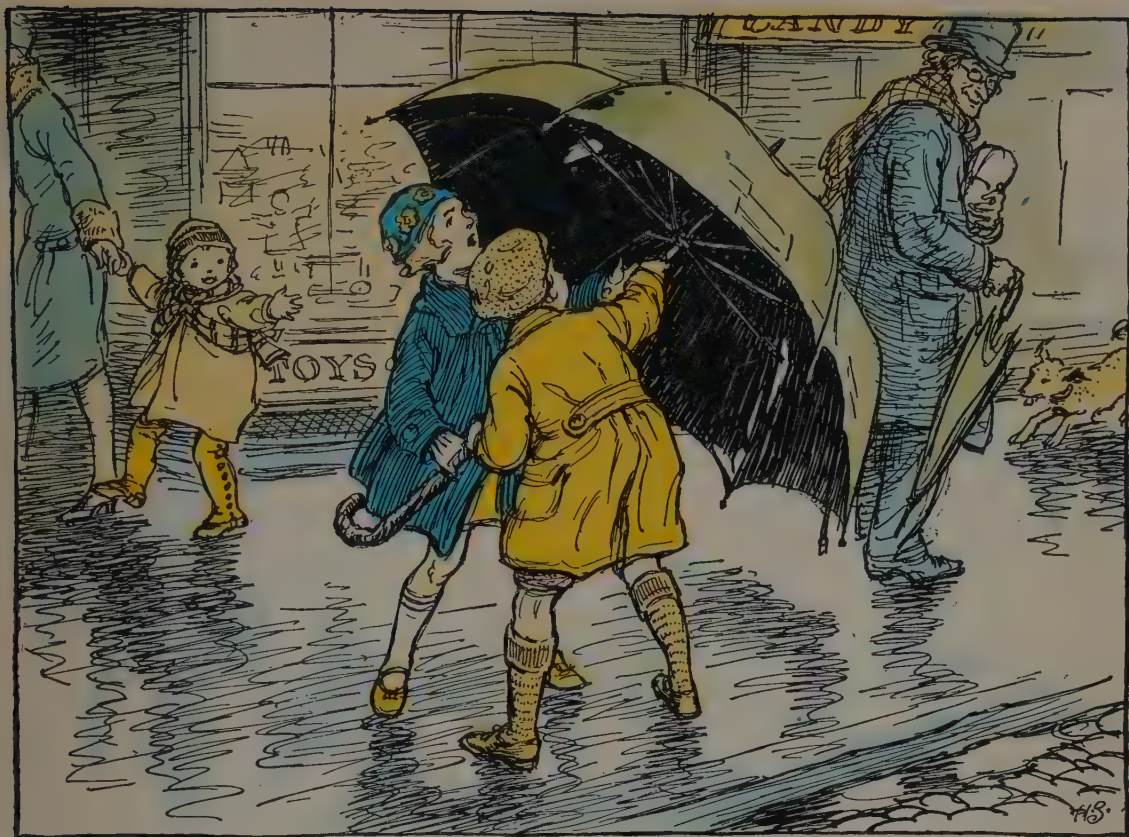
"And so it happened that when his arm got well the young gentleman from Oxford married Missy, 'the bravest woman in the world,' says he. But to my thinking Madam was braver, for she had her own little children to think of."

"I've heard that story often," said Dick, who had listened with breathless interest. "I've heard it often—Missy was Auntie Laura and Madam was our own Mammy."

"Well," said Old Creed grinning, "I told you, didn't I, as you knew more stories nor I did?"

"Never mind, Creed," said Dolly, putting her arms round his rough jersey and giving him what she called a "hard hug"; "it's a lovely story, and nobody could tell it better than you, and I'm never tired of hearing it—never. But I'm glad father taught us to swim. Of course if we ever have to rescue anybody it won't be so *brave* of us."

"But it will be much safer," said Dick, "and you know that's a great thing."



THE CHILDREN TRIED THEIR HARDEST, BUT COULD NOT CLOSE IT

GEORGIE'S PENNY

BY MAGGIE BROWN

"GOOD-BY, Dorothy!" called Mother.

"Good-by, Georgie!" called Jeanie.

Georgie ran to the nursery window, and waved his hand; but Dorothy curled herself up in the armchair, and looked just as cross as a small girl can look.

"Come and play at something, Cousin Dorothy," said Georgie.

Dorothy frowned.

"Won't you show me your new doll?" said Georgie.

Dorothy shook her head.

"Mother promised to take me with her," she said.

"Well, but you have company," said Georgie, "and you ought to be polite to your company."

"I didn't want the company to come," said Dorothy; "I wanted to go out with Mother."

"You're a cross old thing," said Georgie, "and I wish the company hadn't come," and he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared out of the window.

"It's just like a girl," he began, pulling his handkerchief out with a jerk.

Something rolled out of his pocket on to the floor.

Dorothy looked up.

"There," said Georgie, "now I've lost it. I quite forgot it was in my pocket."

"What was it?" asked Dorothy, uncurling herself from the chair.

"A penny," said Georgie.

Dorothy jumped down on to the floor.

"A penny!" she cried. "Why, Georgie, we'll go shopping."

"We will," said Georgie, clapping his hands.

"Put on your hat," said Dorothy, "and I'll get mine. I wish I could wear my best one, but I can't reach the box."

"Never mind your best hat," said Georgie; "girls always bother about their clothes. Come on."

Not until they were outside the front door did either of them remember the penny.

"I thought you had it," said Dorothy.

"Well, we can't get in again," said Georgie; "we must go without it, Dorothy. We'll just tell the store people that we left the money at home."

They trotted down the road quite happily.

Dorothy knew the way, and the stores were not very far from home.

"Shall we buy a toy or sweets?" said Dorothy.

"I think a toy," said Georgie, "I want a rocking-horse very badly; but of course we couldn't carry that."

"A rocking-horse," said Dorothy, laughing. "You can't buy a rocking-horse with a penny."

"Dorothy," said Georgie, pointing to the pavement, "look there! It is beginning to rain, and I shall get my new coat wet."

"Boys sometimes bother about their clothes," said Dorothy slyly. "We will wait under this arch until it stops."

But the shower was quite a sharp one, and the children quickly grew tired of waiting.

"I wish we had an umbrella," said Georgie.

"We'll borrow one," said Dorothy; "we'll ask the old lady at the china-shop to lend us hers."

Georgie looked at Dorothy admiringly.

They both ran quickly from the arch to the shop, and Dorothy walked boldly in.

The old lady was standing behind the counter, and she smiled at Dorothy.

"What does your mamma want, Missy?" she said.

"Nothing, thank you," said Dorothy, "but I want an umbrella."

"An umbrella!" said the good old lady. "I don't sell umbrellas."

"Of course not," said Dorothy, "I know that; but we don't want to buy one—we want you to lend us one."

The old lady looked rather astonished, but she went into the parlor behind the store, and brought out a very large, very old umbrella.

"We'll bring it back quite safely," said Dorothy; "thank you very much."

"We sha'n't be long, you know," said Georgie.

When the children got outside the store, they found that the rain had almost stopped, but Dorothy carefully put up the umbrella.

"I don't think we shall want it," said Georgie; "it's scarcely raining at all. Shall we give it back to the old lady?"

"Not until we've finished our shopping," said Dorothy.

So the children marched along under the big umbrella. Dorothy found it quite as much as she could manage.

"Oh, dear! it is so heavy," she sighed, after a few minutes.

"Well, put it down," said Georgie, "the sun is shining."

"Perhaps I had better," said Dorothy.

But it was far more easily said than done, and although both the children tried their hardest they could not move it.

"Well, we must keep it open," said Dorothy.

"We can't go into any stores, then," said Georgie. "I wish we'd never borrowed it."

"I can hold the umbrella and you can go into the stores, and then you can hold the umbrella while I go into the stores," said Dorothy. "Here is the candy store—what shall we get?"

"Chocolate," said Georgie.

"All right," said Dorothy; "take the umbrella and I'll go in and ask."

Georgie took the umbrella, and Dorothy walked into the store. There was a young woman behind the counter whom Dorothy did not know.

"Have you any chocolate?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, Miss," said the girl: "chocolate plain, chocolate drops, chocolate almonds, chocolate creams, chocolate cakes—which will you have?"

Much to the astonishment of the girl, Dorothy ran out to the street.

"Georgie, do you like chocolate creams?" she said.

"No," said Georgie; "but it's my turn now; you take the umbrella, Dorothy."

Dorothy took the umbrella, and Georgie marched into the store.

"I want some chocolate, please," said Georgie to the girl.

"So did the other one," said the girl. "How much money have you?"

"A penny," said Georgie, "only we shall have to—"

"Georgie," called Dorothy. And Georgie ran out to the street.

"Georgie," said Dorothy, "we must go home. I thought I saw Mother and Aunt Jeanie."

The girl came to the store door.

"Look here," she said, "do you want any chocolate? I can't be bothered like this. I don't believe you've got any money."

"We can't shop now—we are going home," said Dorothy.

"She is a cross girl," said Georgie, as the girl shut the store door with a bang.

"Well, never mind," said Dorothy.

Once more the two set out in the sunshine, under the umbrella that would not shut up.

They were quite pleased when they reached the china-shop, and were able to hand it back to the old lady.

"Where have you been?" said Sarah as she let the children in at the side door. "Go upstairs at once."

Dorothy looked at Georgie and nodded, and the nod meant: "They have come home—we shall get scolded."

"They must be in Mother's bedroom," said Dorothy. "We'd better go and tell them all about it."

"No, don't tell," said Georgie.

"I always tell Mother everything," said Dorothy.

She began to speak as soon as Georgie opened the bedroom door.

"Mother, we've been shopping: you don't mind my going out if I tell you, and you were out?"

Then she stopped, for Georgie was laughing.

The room was empty. Mother and Aunt Jeanie had not come home.

"But they will be back directly, and then we shall have to tell them," said Dorothy.

"Well, come and look for the penny," said Georgie.

They went back to the nursery, and they searched every nook and corner, but the penny was not to be found.

"I am sorry I've lost it," said Georgie.

"Well, never mind," said Dorothy, "we went shopping; only I do wonder what Mother will say."

HETTY'S DOLLAR

BY EMILY BENNETT

"It's dull, isn't it, Hetty?" said Willy, throwing down his book and yawning discontentedly. His sister was sitting curled up in a corner of the sofa, making little Polish boots for her doll out of an old white kid glove.

"I thought you said it was so exciting, when the hunters tracked the lion by its blood on the sand—"

"Oh! I didn't mean the story, although that's not much at the end. I meant these Easter holidays."

"But, Willy, no one could help your having a horrid sore throat to keep you indoors and away from the fun," answered Hetty affectionately, while she fitted the tiny boots onto her doll, and then showed them with great pride to Willy.

"Aren't they sweet?" said she.

"Oh, fine!" he answered, without looking; "but why are people so fussy over a stupid sore throat, I wonder? I'm sure the Jacksons might have come over, the whole crew; they're as strong as anything! Oh! look, Hetty, I do believe it's left off raining *at last*."

"So it has!" cried she, running to the window to look out.

"Hetty, I vote we go and spend your dollar this afternoon—eh?"

"Aunt Penelope's dollar?"

"Yes."

"But we can't, Willy!"

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't decided what to buy with it."

Willy cast himself into a rocking-chair, and began to sway backwards and forwards restlessly.

"I don't believe girls ever know what they *do* want!" said he irritably.

"Oh, yes, they do," answered Hetty gently.

"Well, then, say it out!"

"I want to do good with it—I promised Aunt Penelope."

"Spend it on some *poor* person, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"But what could you get for a dollar that's any real use?"

"That is what puzzles me so. Mother says I must think it out all by myself."

"Well, look here, Hetty, who is it you would most like to help? That little hunchback fellow?"

"No. It's someone I've never seen, but Nurse has told me about her. It's a Mrs. Moore, and she is very old, and she lives in a room all by herself at the very top of one of those wretched houses by the gas-works."

"I know, Hetty; she's the mother of that chap who robbed the doctor."

"Yes, and ever since he's been in prison she has been ill."

"But lots of people send her money, Hetty."

"Ah, but it's only just enough to keep her from starving. Nurse says she has only a bed and a



MRS. MOORE IN HER ARBOR

chair, and *one* blanket, and no curtains or shade to her window; and now her teapot is broken!"

"It's awful!" said Willy, "for teapots cost a lot."

"So do shades and curtains," broke in Hetty, "and lots of things poor old Mrs. Moore must want!"

Presently Willy yawned again.

"Then it's no go, I suppose, Hetty? Heigh-ho! I shouldn't feel dull if I could do some carpentering, but I finished the bird-cage yesterday."

Hetty was silent for some minutes, then she said:

"Willy, would a window-box be difficult to make?"

"Why?" returned he, opening his eyes suddenly.

"Because that would brighten up Mrs. Moore's dingy window, and make her think of the country. Wouldn't *that* be a good way to spend the dollar?"

"Wait a sec., Hetty! I must just think it out. You mustn't spend your money on the *box*, but on the flowers! I can make it out of an old case—but I must get the measurements first."

Willy leaped out of the rocking-chair; he looked quite a different boy. All his listlessness had gone. Five minutes later he was down in the tool-shed, hunting up old pieces of oilcloth, and strips of zinc, with which to line the future box. Willy was never so happy as when working with his tools.

The children told Nurse about their plan, which commended itself so much to her that she volunteered to get the measurements that same evening.

All the next day Willy worked hard at the window-box. He made it nine inches deep, and a little wider than the ledge of the window, and screwed all the parts securely together. Then he left a small partition in front of the box, leaving an air-space to keep the roots cool in summer, and lastly he covered the outside with strips of gay-colored oilcloth, and bored holes in each end. The gardener gave him a little broken charcoal for drainage, and the box was ready!

"Mother," said Hetty, flushed with excitement, "do come and see the lovely window-box Willy has made for poor Mrs. Moore! Where shall I buy the flowers to fill it? and how many could I get for my dollar?"

"Is this your own idea, entirely, Hetty?"

"Yes, Mother. Will Aunt Penelope like it, do you think?"

"It will simply delight her, as it has me. Willy has never made anything more cleverly; his father will give him the promised watch now, I am sure."

Willy's face flushed with joy—it was such a long-coveted prize.

"Mother, how soon can we take the box?" inquired Hetty.

"Why not this very afternoon? We will first go to the florist's and you shall choose your flowers, and Morris will show you how to plant them, and give you some proper soil."

This was soon accomplished, and then Hetty and Willy bore off the gay box, filled with lovely pink and white hyacinths, in triumph to the dingy street where the poverty-stricken people seemed to hide away out of the sunshine.

Poor old Mrs. Moore's joy in receiving the gift was not greater than the children's in bestowing it.

"Why!" she said, "I might be back in my old home down in the country! Oh! the scent of them! What happy thoughts it brings me!"

Willy then fixed the box in the simple brackets he had made, in the window-sill, while Nurse sat by the bedside, talking to the poor old woman in her cheerful way about people they mutually knew.

Hetty's eyes wandered from Willy's busy fingers to the bare walls of the desolate room, and she felt glad to have spent Aunt Penelope's dollar in the way that she had.

Now, it sounds like a fairy tale, but it is nevertheless true, that from this day heaven seemed to shower blessings down on the sick woman, for the gay window-box seemed to charm numberless gifts from all kinds of people.

The hearth that had so often been cold was

now never fireless; the dry crusts and weak tea changed into the most delicate food that could tempt an invalid to eat; and pictures of happy children from the Christmas papers smiled down, from the once bare walls, on the lonely woman.

"Well, if you ain't in luck's way!" exclaimed an old crony of Mrs. Moore's one day, "with your awning to shade your flowers, and your new teapot, and your warm blankets, and your smart new shawl, and goodness knows what else!"

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Moore, pointing to the window with her trembling fingers, "that I be; and those dear children are going to give me a fine *glass* winter-box for the cold weather, as they know them flowers are my pride!"

So the curtainless window was dull no more, but became the one bright spot in the dismal street.

When the summer came and the spring flowers had faded away, they were replaced by brilliant red and pink geraniums, while a pretty creeping vine clambered round the window on slender trellis-work and made it a cool and shady bower in the hottest days.

Often when Hetty passes down the street with Nurse, she sees Mrs. Moore's white head at the window, where she is tending her flowers, and Hetty longs for her Aunt Penelope to come and see how much joy her dollar has brought into a life that was once all misery.


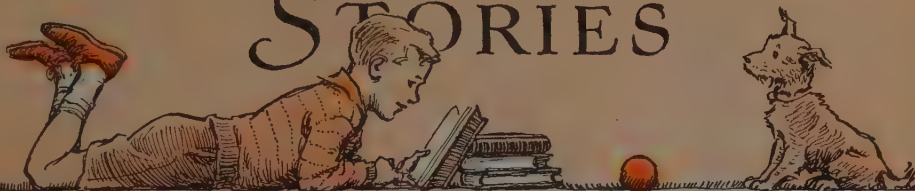




SPRING FLOWERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN T. PEELE IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

INTERESTING STORIES

A black and white illustration of two children, a boy and a girl, looking out from a circular frame. The frame is surrounded by ornate, symmetrical floral and leaf patterns. Below the frame, a banner with a scalloped edge contains the title. The entire scene is set within a larger rectangular frame with decorative corners.

The Rhyme of the Two Little Browns

A boy that was spare and a girl that was fair
Were riding from school in town;
With a pony and cart, through the heart of the
mart,
Drove Edgar and Elinor Brown.

The brow of the lad was exceedingly glad,
With never a sign of a frown;
While with grace in her place, and a smile on her
face,
Rode sweet little Elinor Brown.

But alas for the day and alas for the way
(O Edgar, O Elinor Brown!),
If a harness were sound, would it drop to the
ground
On the smooth, even streets of a town?



In a ponyless cart, in the heart of the mart,
 Sat Edgar and Elinor Brown,
 While the frolicsome bay, with a gay little
 neigh,
 Went galloping out of the town.

Then laughter broke loud from the men in the
 crowd,
 For folk love a joke in the town;
 But gayest of all in the street or the stall
 Were Edgar and Elinor Brown.



Their carriage was light, they 'd no fright of the
night,
Brave Edgar and Elinor Brown!
So they plodded the way of the frolicsome bay,
To their home in the outskirts of town.

'T was a sight for a dream, this brisk little team:
Bold Edgar swung strides through the town,
While with grace in her place, and a hot happy
face,
Ran sweet little Elinor Brown.

Mary Elizabeth Stone





BY ERIC PARKER

THE King of Unsergarten
Went forth to fight the foe;
He took with him his trumpet,
His shield and sword and bow.

Along the gravel pathway
And round the lawn he passed;
He stopped at every corner
And blew a fearful blast.

His quiver and his buckler
He brandished in the breeze;
He shot a score of arrows
Into the ambush trees.



"AND BLEW A FEARFUL BLAST."

The King of Unsergarten,
When that the war was done,
His wooden sword beside him,
Lay sleeping in the sun.



FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE

BY G. E. WALSH

FREDDY RAY was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, was n't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The Ray family—father, mother, and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the life-boat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough *now* to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event.

There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. Ray quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I *am* big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the light-keeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy Ray at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the life-boat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Was n't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. Ray pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-boat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. Ray appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I 'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I 'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail, and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I 'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea-legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. Ray threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something

moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

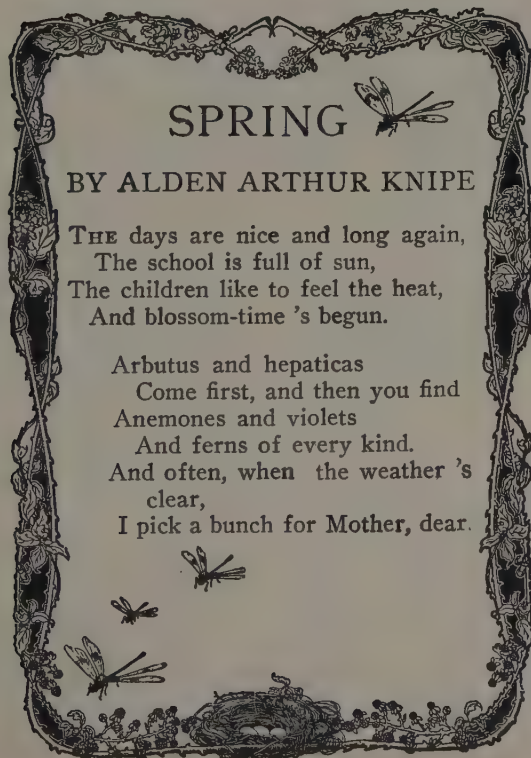
"It 's a pussy-cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home, Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.



THE SAND FAIRY

BY CARMEL HADEN GUEST

MARIE lay very still upon her bed in the hospital ward. She had never slept between sheets before, and she loved to run her fingers up and down the soft, glossy surface. In her home, a little cottage by the River Yser in Flanders, she had shared a mattress on the floor with Irma and Jean. They were both bigger than Marie, and kicked and pushed in their sleep, so that she often awoke and found herself on the floor. One night she was allowed to share her mother's bed because she was feeling so hot and queer. It was a great treat. Baby Pierre slept at the foot; he was soft and round, like a warm dumpling, and Marie could just touch him with her toes. Poor Marie was too feverish to go to sleep. The Germans were shelling the neighborhood, and she heard the bangs and crashes all night long.

"They are making windows in the houses," Marie whispered, groping for her mother's hand.

A day or two afterward Marie had found herself in a ward in the hospital; she looked about her and saw a row of beds opposite with beautiful counterpanes the color of the Canterbury bells in her garden at home.

"How did I get here?" she asked a nun.

"A motor ambulance brought you. It isn't far from your home."

"I can't remember the drive," Marie cried disappointedly. "Where is Maman?"

"In a bed the other end of the ward."

"But why have we come?"

"Because you have typhoid."

"I'm so glad I'm here. I feel much better. How is Maman?"

"She is still very ill."

Marie's face puckered. "Maman will get well?" she whispered fearfully.

"We'll pray for her," the nun answered.

Marie had never been happier than she was in the hospital. There was always something going on. The greatest fun were the cold-water packs. It was so amusing to watch the patients being rolled in cold, wet sheets; some made such queer grimaces and others struggled. Felicity, the idiot girl, fought like a tiger at first, and then roared with laughter as though she were being tickled with a feather.

Twice a week visitors came, and the convalescents had chocolate to drink. Marie watched Germaine dip her bread into the cup, and it made her feel terribly empty inside.

"Why can't I have chocolate?" she asked the nurse.

"Because you are not well enough yet."

Marie burst into tears. "I'm so hungry," she cried.

"You're lucky to have pap so soon," said the nurse. "Your poor mother can only take milk."

Marie dried her eyes and left off grumbling.

One day the English nurse entered the ward with a little pile of garments under her arm. They were for little Germaine in the bed opposite. Marie sat up and watched her being dressed. Everything was new. Marie held her breath with wonder.

A little chemise with lace round the neck, embroidered knickers and a glorious pink petticoat—so bright and gay it reminded Marie of the blotting-paper she had seen at school; and a dress, butcher-blue, with a little pocket bag attached to the belt. Marie lay back limp with admiration.

"It would be worth while being ill a hundred times to be dressed so beautifully," she told the nurse. "Who brought Germaine those beautiful things?"

The English nurse laughed. "The Sand Fairy who lives in the Sand Dunes just outside the hospital."

"Where does he get them from?"

"From England. He flies over and carries them on his back."

"Do you think the Sand Fairy will ever bring any more?" Marie asked timidly.

"If he visits you in the night you should ask him to," the nurse whispered.

Marie heard a flutter of wings and opened her eyes. All the patients were asleep in the ward and the night nurse was nodding over a book. Marie sat up in bed.

"*Le mot?*" she asked, like the sentries requiring the password on the road.

"The Sand Fairy," was the reply.



Marie trembled with excitement. "Let me see you," she pleaded.

"Wait a minute," a voice answered. "I will turn on a moonbeam." A ray of milky light shone through the window onto the Sand Fairy. He was dancing madly hither and thither, twirling and whirling, and as he moved the shining sand fell out of his hair and wings, and he was smothered in a golden dust.

Marie stretched out her arms.

"Stop, stop! Let me look at you; let me see your face," she cried.

But the Sand Fairy only danced more wildly than before, up and down the ward, turning somersaults and catherine wheels,* jumping over the beds and through the screens—tearing, tossing, tumbling, a tiny, teasing terror. And all the while he sang in a high-pitched voice:

"Nice little lady, little demoiselle,
Is there any thing that you'd love well?
A pearl or a flower, a squirrel or a cake—
I'll fly and fetch it, for your sweet eyes' sake."

Marie clapped her hands.

"Fairy, dear Sand Fairy," she prayed, "send me a pink petticoat—pink as the sunset, pink as Baby Pierre's pink cheeks."

.

Next morning Marie was awakened by the sound of moaning. She listened. Somebody was in pain—it was her mother. Marie pressed her face into her pillow.

"Maman, Maman," she sobbed, "get well, for I love you best in all the world."

Suddenly she remembered the Sand Fairy and her wish. She had wished for a pink petticoat when she might have asked the Sand Fairy to make her mother well.

"Come, Marie," said the English nurse, "look what the Sand Fairy has sent you."

*Catherine wheel—A kind of handspring; a cartwheel.

Yes, there was the pink petticoat, pink as Baby Pierre's pink cheeks.

Marie hardly glanced at it. The nurse laid it on the foot of the bed; she hoped it would cheer her. But Marie cried softly to herself. She waited impatiently, impatiently for the night. At last it came. There was a screen round her mother's bed, and the nurse was hidden behind it. Marie sat up.

"Sand Fairy, Sand Fairy," she called under her breath. But no answer came.

She slipped out of bed and picked up the pink petticoat that had fallen on the floor. Softly she tiptoed down the ward, helping herself along by the iron bedsteads. Gently, very gently, she pushed open the door. It was beautiful in the soft night air, and the moon rays shone in snowy flecks on the restless sea. There before her was the Sand Fairy hill, gleaming white and sugary. Marie ran toward it, her little feet sinking in the sand. It seemed so near; as though she could touch it with her outstretched hand; and yet she could not reach it. She flung the petticoat from her.

"Sand Fairy, Sand Fairy," she cried, "take back your gift. I have only one wish in the world—make my mother well."

Exhausted and frightened, she sank down deeper and deeper into the sand.

.

For many days Marie tossed feverishly in her bed. She was too ill to take any interest in what went on.

But the anxious time passed and Marie recovered. She overheard people telling the story of how a soldier had found her in the sand one night and carried her back to the hospital. Marie smiled to herself. She knew better. It was the Sand Fairy.

For the first person she had seen when she opened her eyes was dear Maman, smiling and well, and in her hand she held a little pink petticoat.

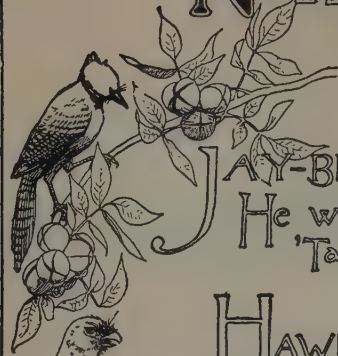


FUNNY VERSES AND PICTURES



Nonsense Rhyme.

from the Negro quarters



JAY-BIRD a-sittin' on a Hickory limb.
He winked at me, I winked at him.
'Taint gwine to rain no mo'.



HAWK and BUZZARD went to law;
Hawk fell down and broke his jaw.
'Taint gwine to rain no mo'.



Oh, de Wren an de Thrush go clackety-clack,
Dey bofe talk at once an dey bofe talk back,
Dey say: "Jim Crow, my but you is black!"
'Taint gwine to rain no mo'.



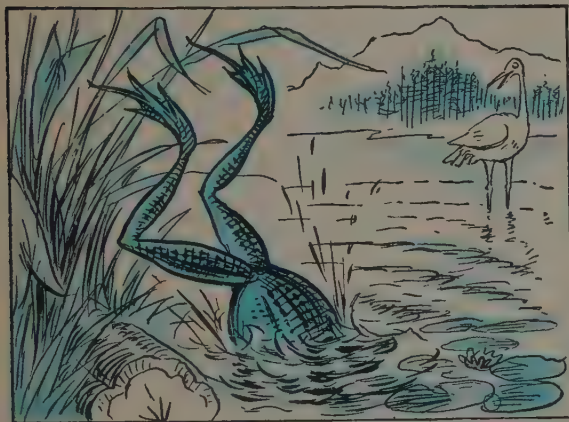
THE FROG WHO WOULD A-FLYING GO



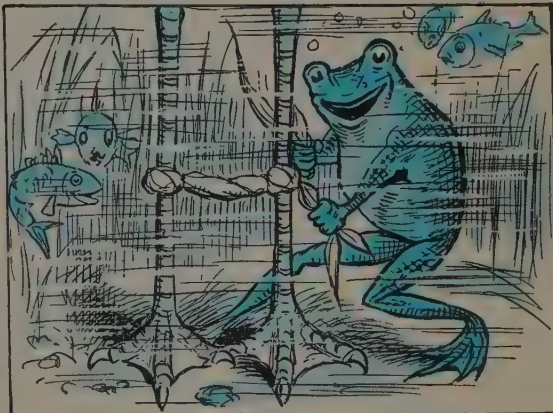
"OH, HOW DULL IT IS HERE!
I WISH I COULD FLY!"



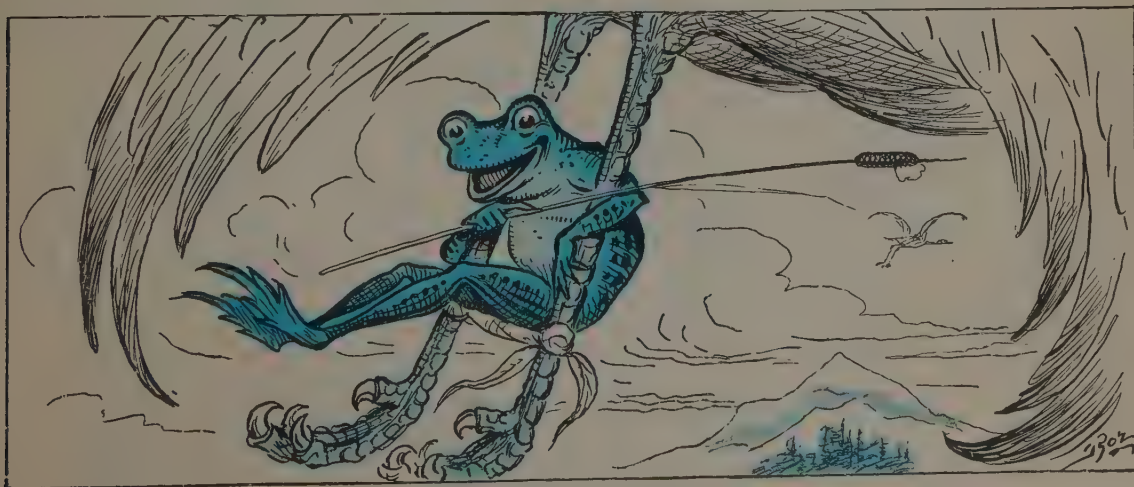
"AND WHY NOT? I WONDER IF THAT BIG BIRD OVER
THERE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY ME!"



"HERE GOES!"



"WHY DID N'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?"



"NOT SO BAD—EH?"

AFTER HIS FEAST

By C.F. LESTER



"Oho!" cried Rudolph, with a smile,
Eying his empty plate the while,
"I fear my health is not just right;
I've wholly lost my appetite!"

A LITTLE ECHISM

By Margaret Johnson

When Pussy to the Library
Anon doth gaily jog,
How does she find her little book?
"Consults her catalogue."

What does she see in foreign lands
When far and wide she roams?
"Why, caracts and apults,
And shadowy

But if a sad catastrophe
Poor Pussy should befall,
What then?

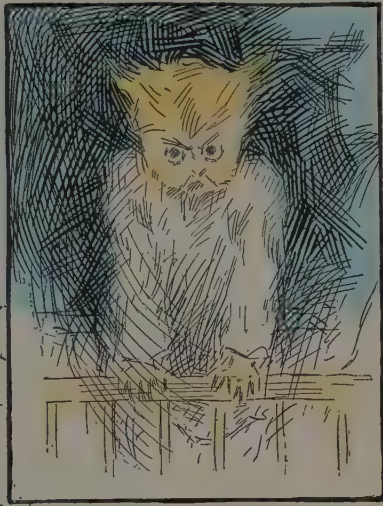
"Alas! she could but give
A little Berwaul!"

TED'S FOOLISH WISH

"I WISH I WAS AN OWL"
SAID TEDDY, WITH A SCOWL,
"CAUSE THEN I COULD SIT UP THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH."
BUT SOME FAIRIES HEARD HIM SCOLD,
AND HERE YOU MAY BEHOLD



HOW THEY



MADE THAT



AWFUL WISH



COME TRUE!

CHARLES FITCH LESTER



PLAYMATES

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY W. EFES



MORE PLAYMATES

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY W. FREES

THE CRUISE OF THE FELINE FISHERMEN

BY FRANK MUNRO

"Oh ho! let's take the Mary Ann
And fishing go," the Pussies cried:
It was in truth a startling plan—
But out they floated with the tide.
"Such yarns we'll spin when we return,
Will make the men with envy burn!"

Now, good King Bluefish had a "hunch"
That enemies were on the way,
And so resolved to fool the bunch
Who came upon his tribe to prey.
He asked old Neptune, God of Seas,
To puff his cheeks and blow a breeze.

The Cats upon a rock now spill—
Oh, me! oh, my! in fact, oh, meow!
The air was split with wailings shrill,
And there was reason, you'll allow!
The life-guards hastened to the beach,
The Pussies with their lines to reach.

In breeches-buoy ashore they spun,
Not e'en a sprat in any claw;
For all the catching that day done
Was by their poor distracted "maw"!
Now, boys and girls, learn how fool-ish
Is boasting ere you hook your fish.

THE OWL-CRITIC

BY JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in
the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all read-
ing
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt
question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a sugges-
tion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down
the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck
'tis!

I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collec-
tions,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over
town!"

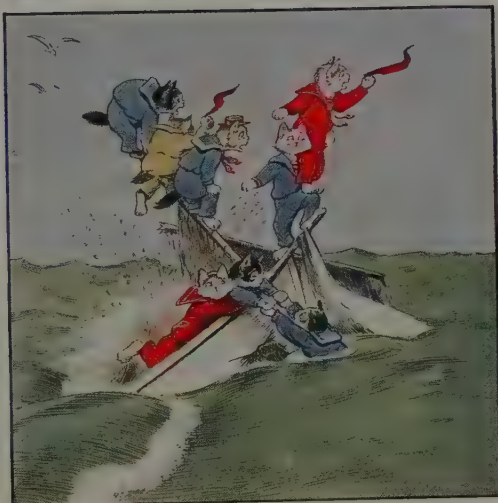
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:

An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness:
The man who stuffed him don't half know his
business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.



THE CRUISE-OF THE MARY ANN
FROM A DRAWING BY CULMER BARNES

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that. I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,

Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.





THE GRASSHOPPER BALL



THE MEADOW-GRASS AERO CLUB'S FIRST OUTING

JEMIMA

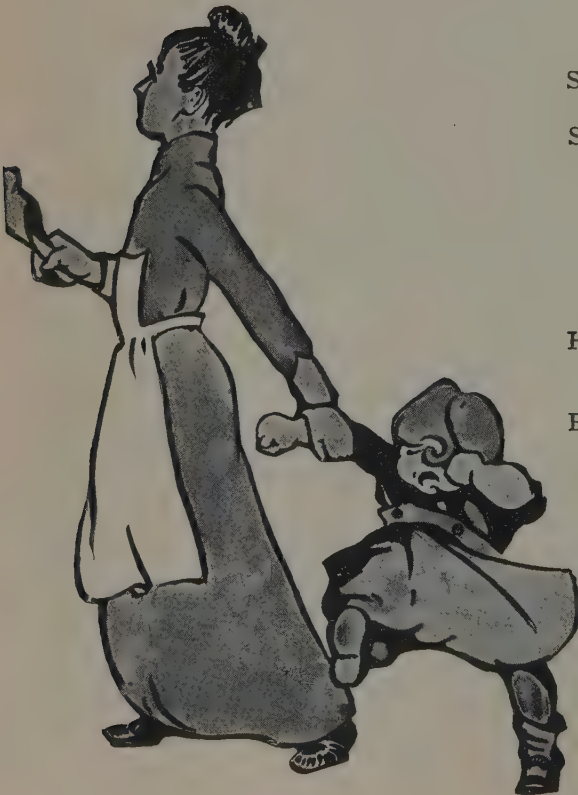
THERE was a little girl, and she wore a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went up-stairs, while her parents,
unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied with meals;
And she stood upon her head, on her little
trundle-bed,
And she then began hurrying with her heels.



She stood on her head, on her little trundle-bed,
With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and
she bawled,
And drummed her little heels against the
winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was
the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair, and saw Jemima
there,
She took her and did spank her most emphatic.



RHYMES CONCERNING "MOTHER"



A BOY'S MOTHER *

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me—
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

MOTHER

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

WHEN mother comes each morning
She wears her oldest things,
She doesn't make a rustle,
She hasn't any rings;
She says, "Good-morning, chickies,
It's such a lovely day,
Let's go into the garden
And have a game of play!"

When mother comes at tea-time
Her dress goes shoo-shoo-shoo,
She always has a little bag,
Sometimes a sunshade too;
She says, "I am so hoping
There's something left for me;

Please hurry up, dear Nanna,
I'm dying for my tea."

When mother comes at bed-time
Her evening dress she wears,
She tells us each a story
When we have said our prayers;
And if there is a party
She looks so shiny bright
It's like a lovely fairy
Dropped in to say good-night.

THE GOODEST MOTHER

EVENING was falling, cold and dark,
And people hurried along the way
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The Bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy
With rosy cheeks, and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the goodest mother that ever wás."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;
I knew, by her weary footfall's way
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort. Children dear,
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here,
The lady fair in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,—
In task or play for a moment pause,
And tell her in sweet and winning way,
"You're the GOODEST mother that ever was."

* From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MY DEAREST IS A LADY

BY MIRIAM S. CLARK

My dearest is a lady, she wears a gown of blue,
She sits beside the window where the yellow sun comes through;
The light is shining on her hair, and all the time she sews,
She sings a song about a knight, a dear, brave knight she knows.

My dearest is a lady—and oh, I love her well!
Full five and twenty times a day this very tale I tell;
For I 'm the knight in armor, a shield and sword I wear,
And Mother is my lady, with the light upon her hair.



HOW MANY LUMPS!

How many lumps of sugar
Ought a little girl to use
To sweeten a cup of chocolate?
I can take just what I choose.

Five make it just like candy,
And four are most as good—
There 's no one to say I must n't,
Now I wonder if I should.

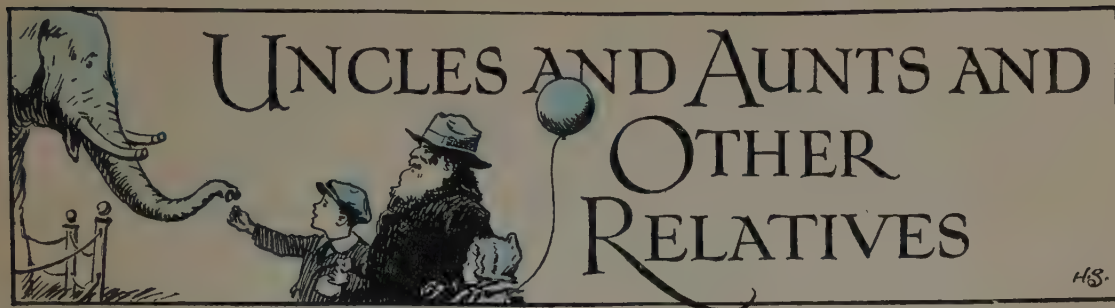


From the painting by H. Morisset.

By permission of the artist.

Three is what Nurse allows me,
So that would be surely right.
Uncle Jack takes two lumps always
And says it is "out of sight."

Five, four, three, two—I wonder—
Or none, just like Papa?
Well, after all, I 'll take but one
And copy my dear Mama.



GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES

BY HELEN A. BYROM

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy-chair,
 In the ruddy sunlight's glow;
 Her thoughts are wandering far away
 In the land of Long Ago.
 Again she dwells in her father's home
 And before her loving eyes
 In the light of a glorious summer day
 The gray old farm-house lies.

She hears the hum of the spinning-wheel
 And the spinner's happy song;
 She sees the bundles of flax that hang
 From the rafters, dark and long;
 She sees the sunbeams glide and dance
 Across the sanded floor;
 And feels on her cheek the wandering breeze
 That steals through the open door.

Beyond, the flowers nod sleepily
 At the well-sweep, gaunt and tall;
 And up from the glen comes the musical roar
 Of the distant waterfall.
 The cows roam lazily to and fro
 Along the shady lane;
 The shouts of the reapers sound faint and far
 From the fields of golden grain.

And grandma herself, a happy girl,
 Stands watching the setting sun,
 While the spinner rests, and the reapers cease,
 And the long day's work is done;
 Then something wakes her—the room is dark,
 And vanished the sunset glow;
 And grandmother wakes, with a sad surprise,
 From the dreams of long ago.



"STANDS WATCHING THE SETTING SUN."

Our Visitors

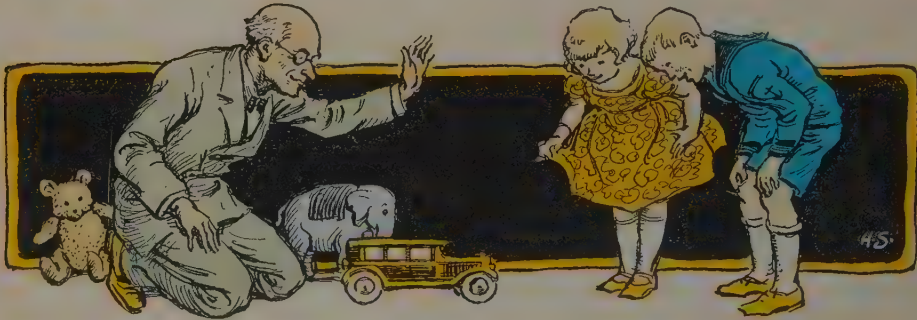
By Isabel Lyndall

W

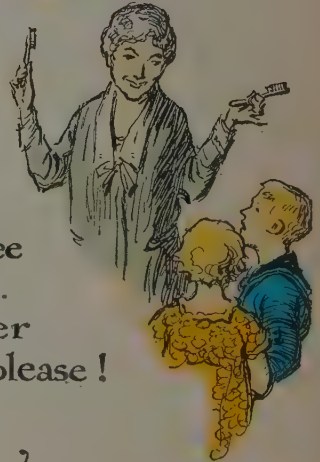
HEN Grandma comes to visit,
She very often brings
Her satchel full of cookies
And ginger cakes and things.



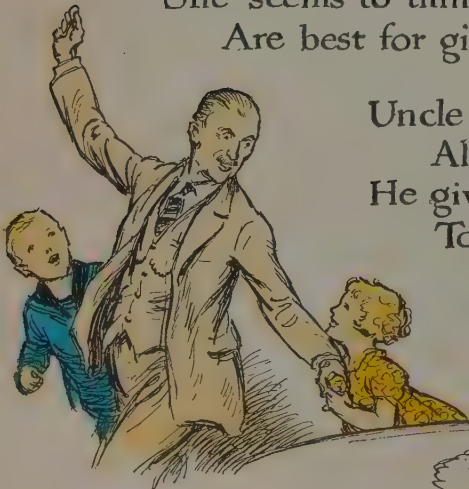
Grandpa carries in his grip
For Dorothy and me
One of the newest toys that moves
When wound up with a key.



Aunt Sarah says there is no need
To have so many toys !
She seems to think that useful things
Are best for girls and boys.



Uncle Jack we're glad to see
Although he is a tease.
He gives us each a quarter
To spend just as we please !





AN AFTERNOON CALL ON GRANDMOTHER

BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA

GRANDMAMMA sits in her quaint arm-chair—
Never was lady more sweet and fair!
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow its own calm story tells
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in heaven!

Little girl Mary sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two dolly babies her kisses share,
And another lies by the side of her chair.
Mary is fair as the morning dew—
Cheeks of roses and ribbons of blue!

“Say, Grandmamma,” says the pretty elf,
“Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?”

“Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls and beads like mine?
And a new silk apron, with ribbons fine?”

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting, she said:
“Go to my desk and a red box you’ll see;
Carefully lift it and bring it to me.”
So Mary put her dollies away and ran,
Saying, “I’ll be as careful as ever I can.”





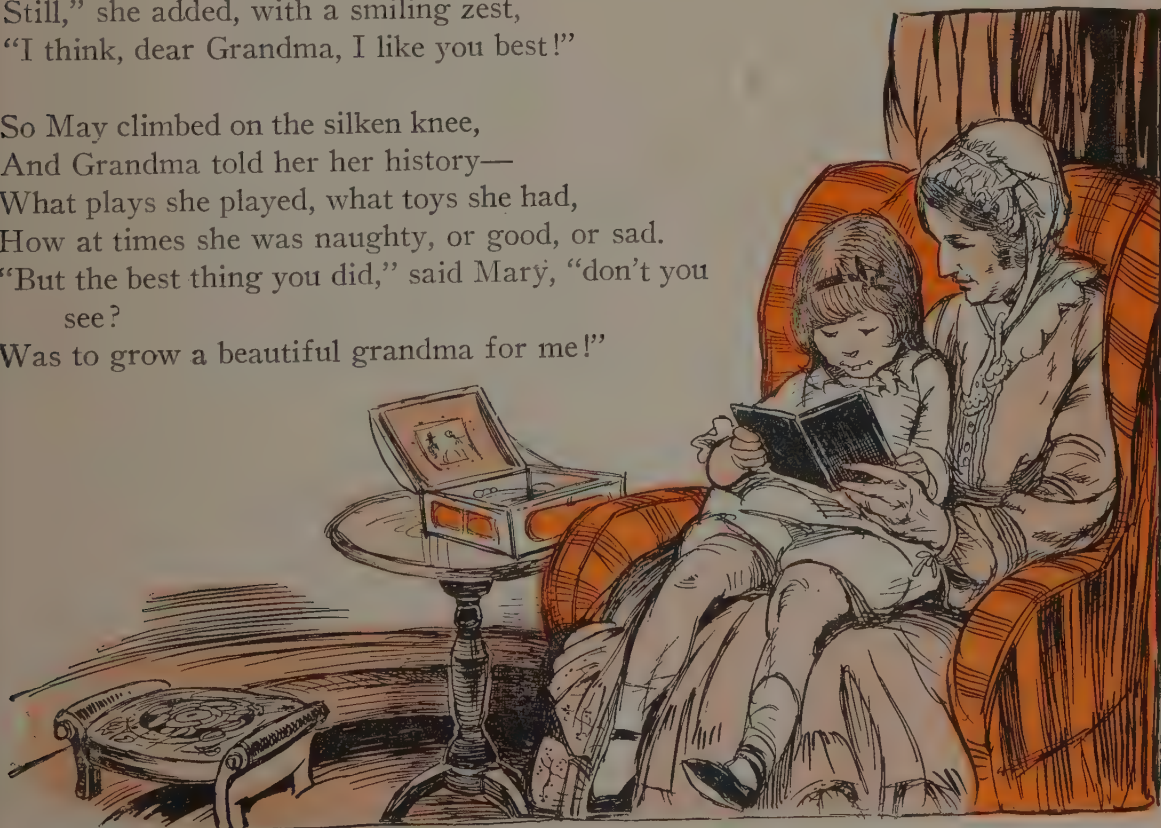
Then Grandmamma opened the box; and lo!
A beautiful child with a throat like snow,
Lips just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls!

“Oh, who is it?” cried winsome May;
“How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn’t I love her like everything,
And give her my new carnelian ring!
Say, dear Grandmamma, who can she be?”
“Darling,” said Grandmamma, “that child was me!”

May looked along at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face.
“How funny!” she cried, with a smile and a kiss,
“To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still,” she added, with a smiling zest,
“I think, dear Grandma, I like you best!”

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And Grandma told her her history—
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.
“But the best thing you did,” said Mary, “don’t you
see?

Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me!”





THANKSGIVING DAY

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

OVER the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

OVER the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

OVER the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

OVER the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!

OVER the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

GRANDMA'S MINUET

GRANDMA told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it;
How she danced—my grandma danced,
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling little human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!

Really, quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma, does, and takes a nap,
Every single day, and yet,
Grandma danced a minuet,
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtseying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago.

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her smile so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,

Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping
Would have shocked the gentlefolk,
Long ago.

What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet,
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore,
Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance
I should really like to say:
"We did, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

AUNT JAN

BY NORMAN GALE

WHEN Aunt Jan's coming there's such romping in the house,
She's sweeter than a daffodil and softer than a mouse!
She sings about the passages, and never wants to rest,
And father says it's all because a bird is in her breast.

When Aunt Jan's kissing there's such a crowding round her knees,
Such clammers to her bosom, and such battles for a squeeze!
We dirty both her snowy cuffs, we trample on her gown,
And sometimes all her yellow hair comes tumbling, tumbling down

When Aunt Jan's dancing we all watch her as she goes,
With in-and-out and round-about upon her shiny toes;
And when her merry breath is tired she stops the fun and stands
To curtsy saucily to us, or kiss her pretty hands.

When Aunt Jan's playing, the piano seems alive,
With all the notes as busy as the bees are in a hive;
And when it's time for Bedfordshire, as sweetly as a lark
She sings that God is waiting to protect us in the dark.

When Aunt Jan's leaving we are not ashamed to cry,
A-kissing at the station and a-waving her good-by;
But springtime brings the crocus after winter, rain and frost
So dear Aunt Jan will come again. She isn't really lost.




Waiting for Santa Claus

From a drawing by Emilie Benson Knipe.

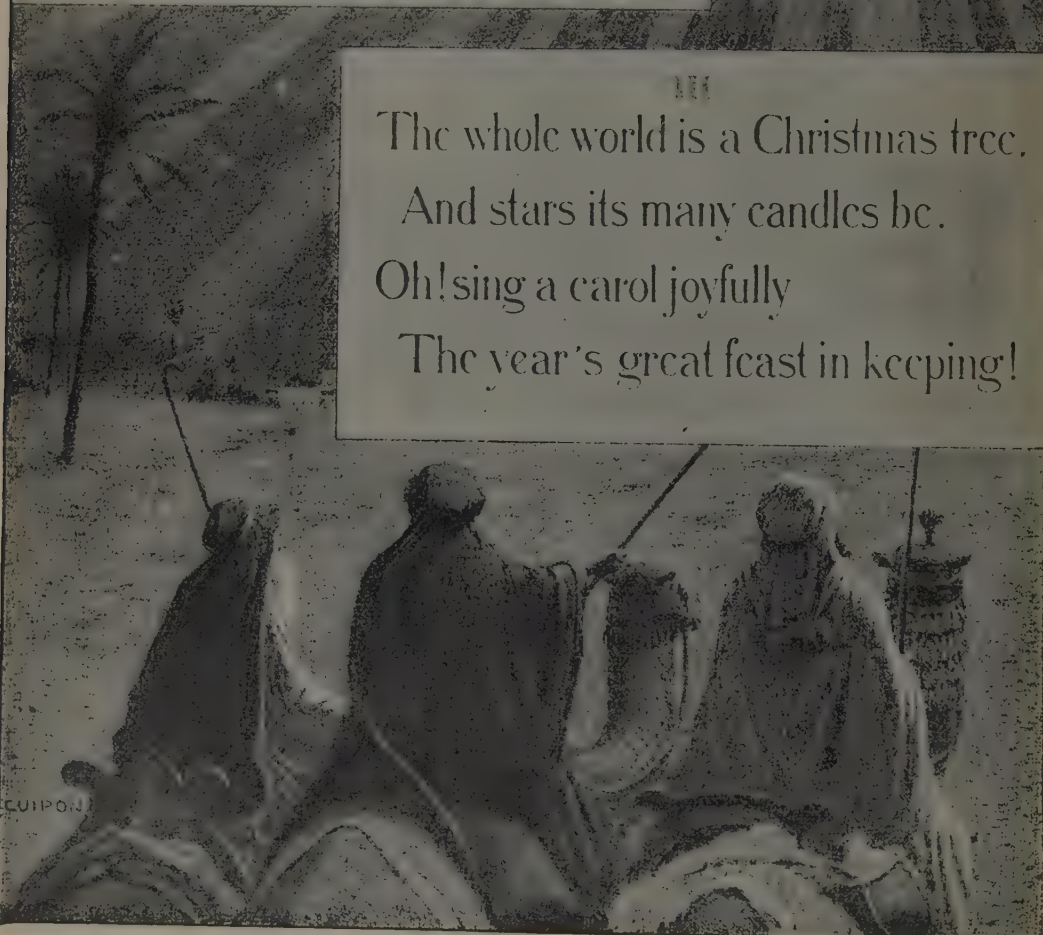
**Yule-Tide
Tales**
FOR
LITTLE FOLKS

DECEMBER

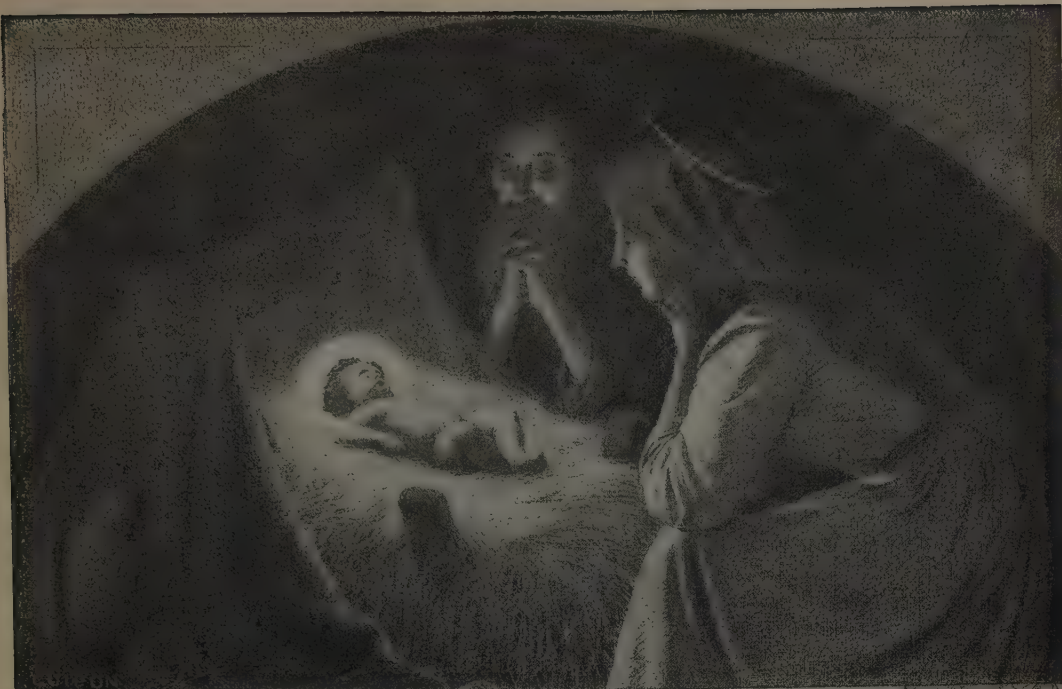
I
Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!



And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.



III
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping!



IV

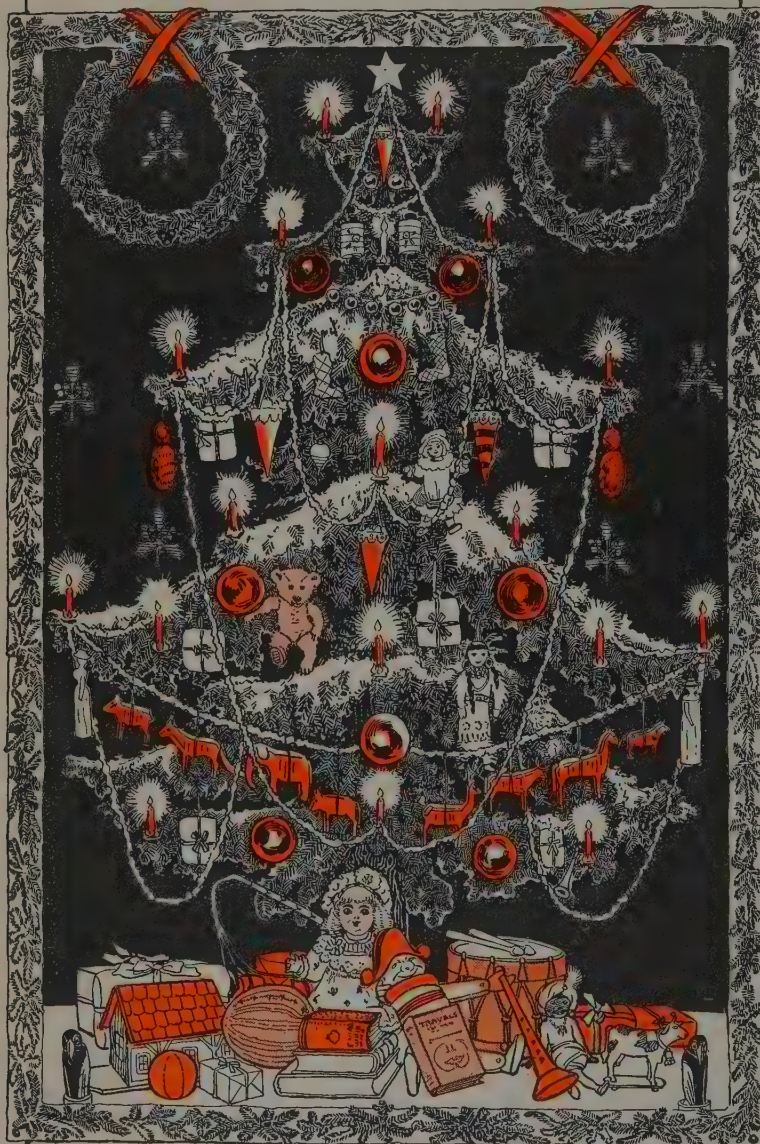
For, once, on a December night
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.

Harriet F. Blodgett.



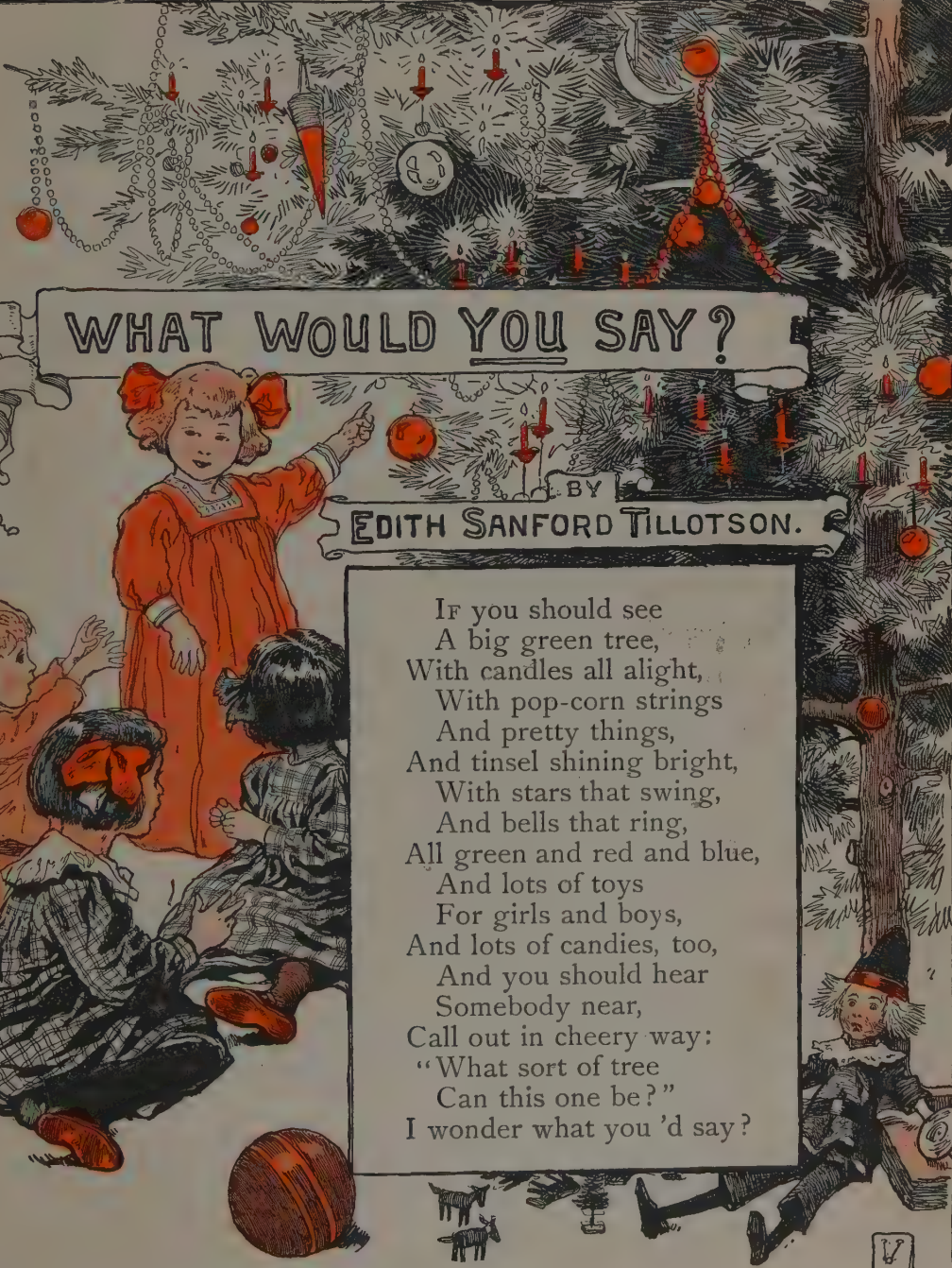
The Dear Old Tree

BY LUELLA WILSON SMITH




There's a
dear old tree,
an evergreen
tree,
And it blossoms
once a year.
'Tis loaded
with fruit from
top to root,
And it brings to
all good cheer.

For its blossoms
bright are small
candles white
And its fruit is
dolls and toys
And they all are
free for both
you and me
If we're good little
girls & boys.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

BY
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.



If you should see
A big green tree,
With candles all alight,
With pop-corn strings
And pretty things,
And tinsel shining bright,
With stars that swing,
And bells that ring,
All green and red and blue,
And lots of toys
For girls and boys,
And lots of candies, too,
And you should hear
Somebody near,
Call out in cheery way:
"What sort of tree
Can this one be?"
I wonder what you 'd say?

SANTA'S SURPRISE PARTY.

BY

GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR.

T WAS a glad Christmas eve, and all over the world,
With reindeer and sleigh dear old Santa had whirled.

No one was forgotten or slighted by him;
Each stocking was bulging and crammed to the brim.

"There!" cried the old saint as he stopped at his door,

"I've made all the little ones happy once more!
But the rest of the night will be lonely, I fear;
Why—what is this wonderful racket I hear?"
He bounded down nimbly, so great his surprise,
But stopped just inside, scarce believing his eyes;



For here were the children that he had supposed
Were sleeping down yonder with eyes tightly closed;

Here, singing and dancing and frisking in glee
Around a most dazzling and beautiful tree!
"Oh, Santa," they cried, "we have found you at last!

How tired you must be! You have journeyed
so fast

To take us good gifts; but now, Santa Claus, see!
We have brought *you* some gifts, and this splendid, big tree!

We want you to know, just for once in a way,
How happy you make us, each new Christmas day.

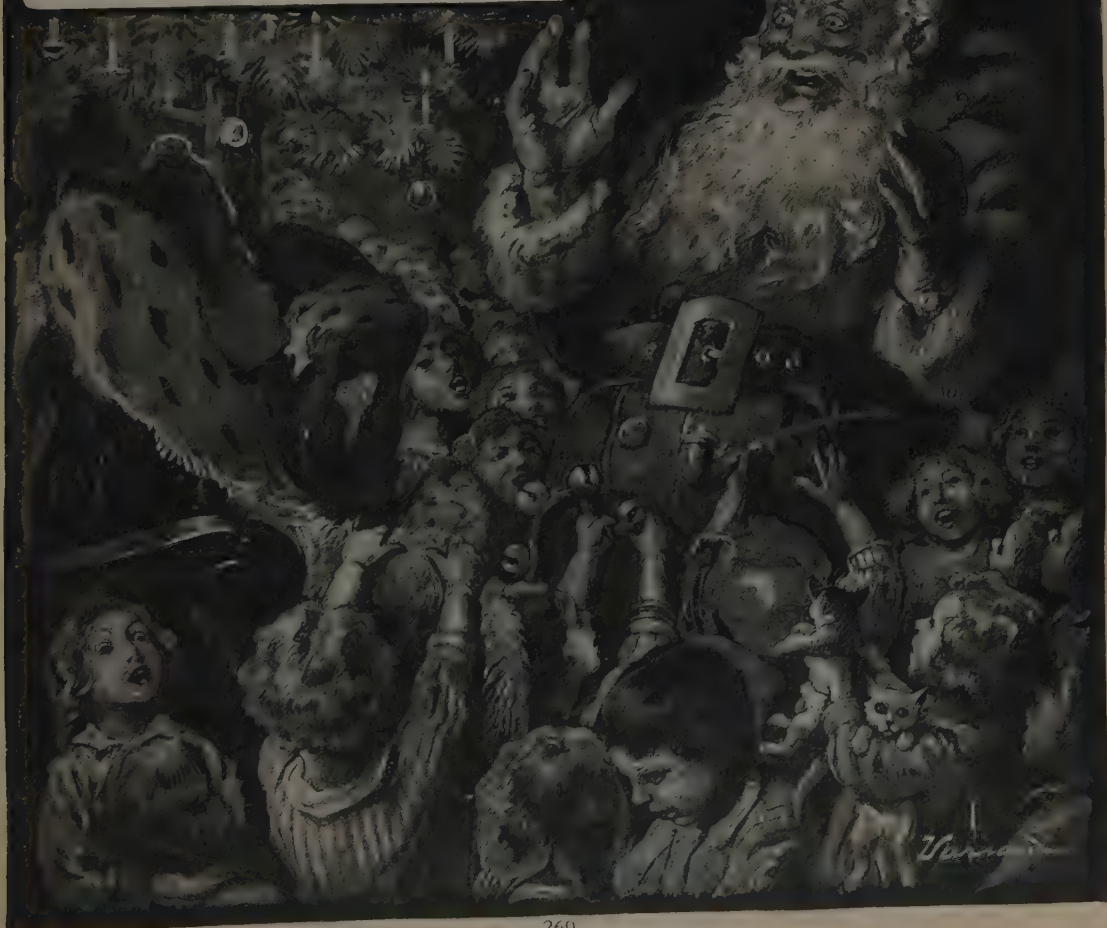
These gifts did not grow in your Christmas tree grove;

We brought them for you, with our very best love!"



SANTA CLAUS PREPARING FOR HIS ANNUAL VISIT
From the painting by Norman Price

Then I wish you had seen them lead Santa
about
To examine his gifts—heard his laugh and his
shout
When he found a fur coat with a collar so wide,
When he read the gay note that was fastened
inside!
There were bells for the reindeer, a pipe and
red mittens,
And one little girl had brought Santa her kit-
tens.
He 'd a brush for his clothes and a brush for
his hair,
He had pictures and books and a great easy
chair
Where a good saint might nap it and sit at his
case
While presents grew ripe on his evergreen
trees.
He'd a pair of new spectacles, shining and bright,



To help him to fill little stockings aright.
 There were cushions so soft for the magical
 sleigh,
 A cap trimmed with fur and a dressing-gown
 gay,
 And stockings so long and so warm and so
 thick,
 Jack Frost can no more play his favorite trick
 Of blowing a blast upon Santa Claus' toes
 As over the steeples, at Christmas, he goes.
 "Please wear this red scarf!" whispered one lit-
 tle elf;
 "I made it, dear Santa; I worked it myself!"
 He caught up the girlie and gave her a kiss.
 He hugged them and thanked them—not one
 did he miss;
 Then, "laying his finger aside of his nose,"
 He twinkled his eyes—and what do you sup-
 pose?
 Such visions of stockings, filled up to the top,
 Bedazzled those children, they scarcely could
 stop
 To cry "Merry Christmas! Good night, Santa
 dear!"
 And to wish him a glorious "Happy New Year!"

Then home o'er the cloud hills they scampered
 and ran;
 Now guess all the gifts that they found—if you
 can!



A CHRISTMAS CURE

BY EMILIE POULSSON

SANTA CLAUS sat by the fire in his own home, looking anxious and troubled. His droll little mouth was not drawn up like a bow; his eyes had not twinkled for ten minutes; and his dimples, even, would n't have looked merry if they could have helped it.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer run away? Had he lost his own, particular, pet, private map?—for a body must have a wonderful map to guide him all about among the chimneys of the whole world.

But no,—it was none of these things. Could n't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! He had thousands of bushels of toys left after planning all the stockings of the children whose names were down in his books! Oh! no. Santa Claus had toys enough. That was n't the trouble!

I should n't have said, "after planning *all* the stockings." One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon even *ONE* thing for that little boy's stocking. So there he sat by the fire, thinking and thinking and thinking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, —(a highly honorable one, too, and long may



"SANTA CLAUS SAT THERE THINKING—THINKING."

Santa live to grace it!),—but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. If anything was given to him he would either break it to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with it. Worst of all, he would even hurt his nurse or his little brothers and sisters with his beautiful toys, if he happened to feel like doing so.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet!

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "Chirp! chirp! You may as well give it up. He does n't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a

tiny and very black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket in a shrill tone. "You can't think of anything I know."

"It begins to seem as if I could n't," said Santa Claus dolefully. "But I am so sorry for the boy! I can't bear to think of that stocking, and of the poor little rascal's disappointment on Christmas morning. What do you think of those nice little donkeys, saddled and bridled, and with cunning little baskets slung at each side? Little—(ahem! you know who I mean, and it is best not to mention names)—he would be delighted with one of them, and they are really quite strong."

"Chirp!" snapped out the cricket, scarcely waiting for Santa to finish; "quite strong, indeed! But you know perfectly well that it does n't matter much how strong a thing is, any more than how nice it is. That boy breaks everything! You know yourself he had ten presents on his birthday, about a month ago, and where are they now? All broken but the umbrella his mamma gave him, and that has been put away."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I can't give him the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. Nor a drum; nor a cart; nor a wheelbarrow; nor a ship; nor a fire-engine; nor a top; nor a music-box; nor a clock! Oh! *how* I *did* want to give him one of those fascinating clocks!" and Santa Claus looked very wistfully at the cricket, and then sighed heavily. "But I know I could n't. I can't bear to see the nice presents and interesting toys broken to pieces. But I've thought of *one* thing, Cricket; and I don't believe he *could* break it. And yet he would like it, I am sure." Santa looked a little more cheerfully at the cricket, and continued: "I thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! That's the present for him. Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Santa Claus, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonica at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did; so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket,

"how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You're a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

CHRISTMAS morning came. The little boy, whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I never could tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before, and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—"

THIS is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking—and that would never do in the world!





TINY HARE AND THE WIND BALL

A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK TO READ. NO WORD IN IT HAS
MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS

BY A. L. SYKES

"I WANT to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare to his Mama one day, as he ran to the door of his home.

"What do you want to do, my dear?" she said.

"I do not know, but I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may run out a wee bit of a way, and run and jump and play in the sun," said his Mama.

"I do not want to run and jump and play. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," said his Mama, "but if you go far MAN may get you, or DOG may eat you, or HAWK may fly away with you."

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like."

Papa Hare then said very low and deep, "*What* do you want to do, my son?"

"I do not know," said Tiny Hare, "but I want to do just as I like."

Then said Papa Hare, "Do not wake me from my nap any more now, and when the big moon is high in



' SOON MAN CAME BY "

the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat, and be very safe, for MAN will be in his home, and DOG in his, and HAWK in hers."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me," said Papa Hare, and he shut his eyes and put his ears down.

"Come here," said Mama Hare, "and I will tell you a tale of the cold time of the year when snow is over bush and tree and our good food, and what came to the hare who did just as his Mama told him not to. Step, step, step in the snow he went till he came to the Red Fire, and—"

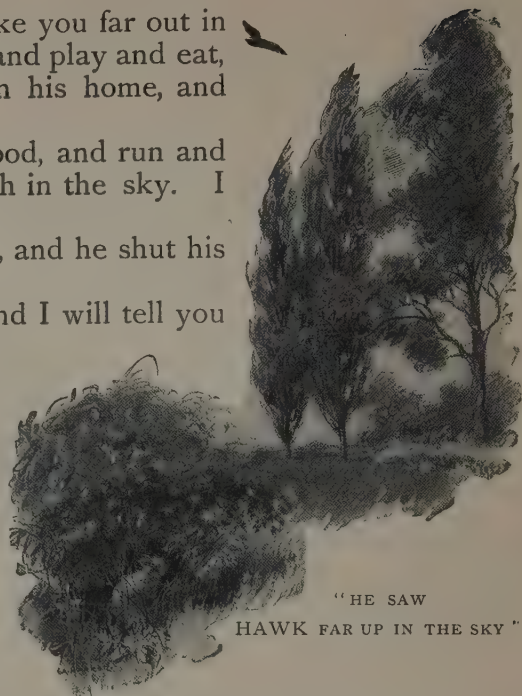
"I do not want to hear the tale," said Tiny Hare. "I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me from my nap, then," said his Mama, and she shut her eyes and put her ears down.

Just then Tiny Hare saw a Wind Ball roll by. A Wind Ball is the part of one kind of a weed that is left when the weed does not grow any more, and it is dry and like wool, and it can roll like a ball, and fly as fast as a bird.

"I can run as fast as you," said Tiny Hare. "I can do just as I like, and I want to get you."

On went the Wind Ball, roll, roll, roll, and on went Tiny Hare, leap, leap, leap. Just as he was near it, the Wind Ball rose into the air, and flew like a bird, and on went Tiny Hare, jump, jump, jump. Roll and fly, roll and fly went the Wind Ball, and leap and jump, leap and jump went Tiny Hare till he was not able to run any more, and his feet were sore. He lay down to rest, but soon MAN came by, and Tiny Hare ran into a hole in a tree, and now how he *did* wish that he was at home!



home! By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran! And, by and by, he saw HAWK far up in the sky, and Tiny Hare ran into a bush, and how he *did* wish he was at home.

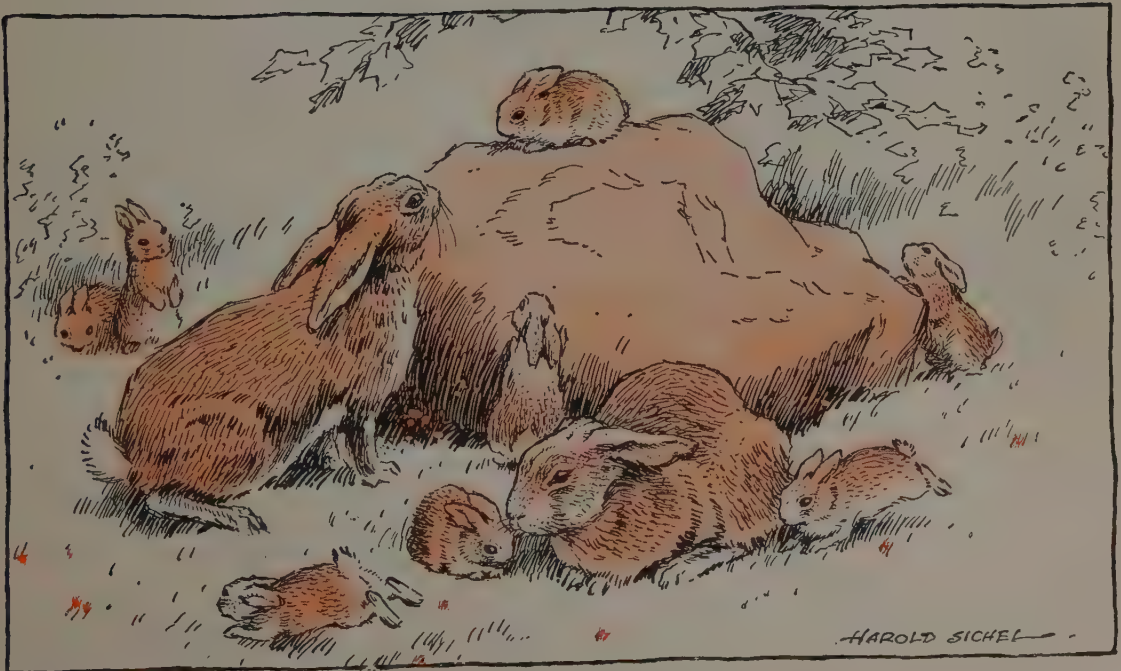
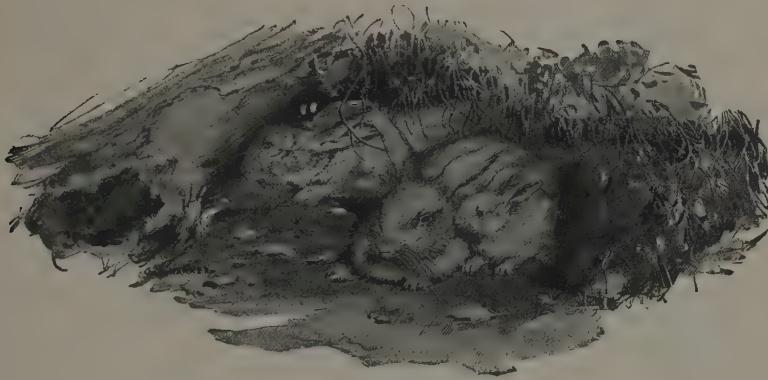
By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and Wind Ball went by once more.

"I can't get you, and I don't want to," said Tiny Hare, but the wind was low, and Wind Ball went roll, roll, roll, slow, slow, slow, and Tiny Hare went with it, limp, limp, limp, and by and by he saw his home. Tiny Hare ran as fast as a hare with lame feet can run, and soon he went in and lay down in the home by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said very low in her ear in a way that a tiny hare has.

"Be good now, then," she said.

"I want to," said Tiny Hare, and then he said, "Do not wake me," and he shut *his* eyes, and put *his* ears down, and they *all* took a nap.



HOW TINY HARE MET CAT

[IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS]

BY A. L. SYKES

ONCE, just as the long, dark time that is at the end of each day came, Mama Hare said to Tiny Hare, who was at play:

"Come in, now, it is time for bed. You know you must hide from Man, and Dog, and Hawk; but I must tell you that you are to hide from Cat, also."

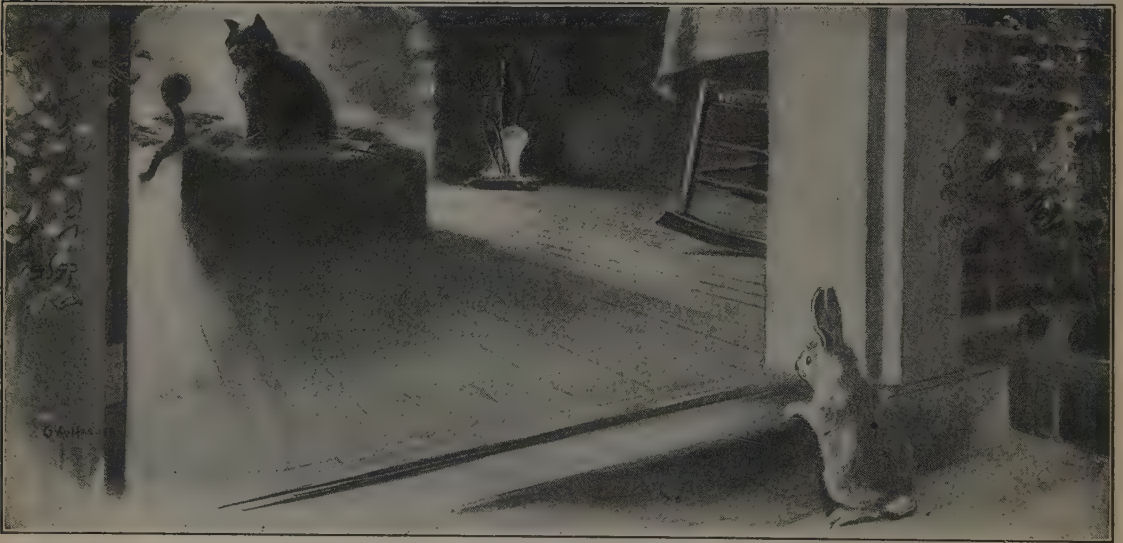
"Who is CAT?" said Tiny Hare.

"CAT is not so big as DOG. She has soft fur and two big wild eyes."

"She is just like me," said Tiny Hare. "I have soft fur and big eyes; then CAT is just a Hare."

"The very idea!" said Mama Hare. "You have not big *wild* eyes, and your tail is not long like CAT'S. CAT is not good for a Hare to meet. She can run very fast, and she has a claw for each toe," and she gave Tiny Hare a wee bite.

"Does CAT live in our wood?" said Tiny Hare.



TINY HARE SEES CAT BY THE FIRE.

"No, she is with MAN and DOG, but she goes out in the day time or at dark, and she can get a Tiny Hare who runs away from home when he is *too* tiny."

"Am I too tiny?" said Tiny Hare. "Yes, yes, yes; far too tiny," said his Mama; and *how* she did wash him from his head to his feet!

"I wish to see CAT," said Tiny Hare.

"No, no, no," said his Mama; and *how* she did wash his soft fur!

He did not wish to see CAT for many, many days, but one day the rain came, and it was cold, and his Mama told him to stay at home in the dry hay.

"I want to go with you," said Tiny Hare to his Mama and Papa when they were to go out for food.

"It is too wet," said his Mama. "If your fur gets too wet you can't run far and fast, and it is not safe for you to go."

"I like rain. I like the wet. I want to go out. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare, and he laid his ears back, and half shut his eyes, and put his pink lip out, and did not look kind.

"Hush!" said Papa Hare, in a low, deep tone. And Mama Hare and Papa Hare went away, and left Tiny Hare at home.

Do you know what Tiny Hare did then? Oh, it was not good!

"I will go to see CAT," he said, very loud. He ran out, over the damp moss in the wet, wet wood, and, oh, dear me! up the path to the door of MAN and



"WHEN HE SAW TINY HARE HE GAVE A LOUD BARK, 'BOW-WOW-WOW-WOW!'"

CAT. The door was open. CAT sat by the fire in a box. She was most sad, for once she had two baby cats in that box, and now they were gone. She did not purr. She did not eat. She did not wash her soft fur. She just sat by the fire and was sad. By and by she was *so* sad with no baby cat to love that she said very low and deep: "Mew! Mew!" Tiny Hare was so wet and so weak he just *had* to lie down on the step. Then CAT saw him.

How fast she did jump out of the box, and run to the door! Tiny Hare saw her long tail, and her big wild eyes. He shut his eyes; and how he *did* wish he was at home! But CAT did not eat him. She took him in her soft lips, and laid him in the box by the fire.

"*Now* she will eat me," said Tiny Hare; and how he *did* wish he was at home!

Then MAN and DOG came in. MAN was wet, and had much mud on him. He took the box away from the fire to put fresh hay in it, and then he saw Tiny Hare. Then MAN went near the fire to get warm and dry, and DOG ran to CAT to look at her baby cat. When he saw Tiny Hare he gave a loud bark, "Bow-wow-wow-wow!" and his tail did not wag any more. But just as he was to JUMP on Tiny Hare, CAT put a claw on his nose.

"Wow!" said DOG, and MAN made DOG lie down, and he came once more to look at CAT in her box. "Well, well," said he, "a hare for a baby cat! Do you mean to eat it, Puss?"

"Purr, purr, purr," said CAT, and Tiny Hare did not like to hear her purr, and he said: "She *will* eat me now"; and how he *did* wish he was at home!

CAT did not want to eat Tiny Hare, but she did want to wash him, and play that he was her own baby cat. And she did wash him, oh, *so* hard, and *so* much, from head to feet, and from feet to head, over and over and over. She gave him a wee bite now and then when she felt a knot in his wet fur.

"Wee! Wee! Wee!" said Tiny Hare, very loud and high, when she hurt him too much, but CAT did not care, and did not stop.

By and by when Tiny Hare was warm and dry, and his fur was like silk, MAN and DOG went out to tea; and CAT saw that the eyes of Tiny Hare were shut, so *she* went out to tea. When CAT was gone, oh, how fast did Tiny Hare *jump* out of the box, and *run* out of the door, and *skip* up the long road, and *leap* past the wet wood, home to his Mama. The rain was over, and the sun was warm, so he was now dry, and his fur was like silk.

"I *will* be good now, Mama." "Oh, dear," said his Mama. "This is a CAT."

"Oh, no, no, no, NO!" said Tiny Hare. "I *am* your Tiny Hare."

"Is it our Tiny Hare?" said Mama Hare to wise Papa Hare.

"Yes," said Papa Hare, "it is, but he is too much like CAT."

Tiny Hare was not glad, and he did not want to play, so he sat near his home till the dark came. Then his Mama grew too sad for his sake, and she came out to him. How she *did* rub him with moss and hay, and how she *did* wash him, from his head to his feet. Tiny Hare did not like it, but he did not say one word.

"*Now*, you *are* like my dear Tiny Hare," she said at last, and she took him home. When it grew dark, Tiny Hare said: "I am your Tiny Hare, and I *will* be good now," and Papa Hare said: "Yes, I am *sure* you will," and gave the ear of Tiny Hare a wee bite for love.

Then Mama Hare put *her* ears down, and Papa Hare put *his* ears down, and Tiny Hare put *his* ears down, and they all took a long, long nap till the dawn.



TINY HARE AT HOME.

THE WEE HARE AND THE RED FIRE

[IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS]

BY A. L. SYKES



ONE day in the cold time when he lay snug and warm by his Mama, Tiny Hare said: "Tell me of the hare who went step, step, step in the snow till he came to the RED FIRE."

So his Mama gave him a hug and said:

ONCE upon a time was a wise Wee Hare who knew how to run fast when MAN came by. He knew how to hide when DOG was near, and when he saw the dark spot in the sky that HAWK made, how fast he did jump to his Mama! But Wee Hare did not like to go out and run and jump and play in the sun.

"I do not want to run and jump and play in the sun. I want to run far, far in the wood, and find the red bush. I have seen it away off in the dark. It is good for me to eat, I know."

"It is FIRE," said his Mama. "Only MAN can make it, and it is not good for you. It can burn and hurt. You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," and she bit his ear for a kiss.

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like. I want to pick the red food from the red bush. I know it is like buds in the warm time."

"Hush," said Papa Hare, very low and deep. "You are not good. When you are good, and the moon is high in the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat the food that is best for you."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like. I want to eat the red buds from the red bush," said the Wee Hare.

"Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap," said his Mama. "You are too tiny to go away from me. Now, hush, do not say one more word. The red bush is the RED FIRE. It can hurt and burn. MAN has it, and DOG is with man. They can hurt you, and if you run too far in the wood, WIND may blow too hard for a wee hare, and SNOW may come and bury you. Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap."

It was noon; the sun was high in the sky.

Good Papa Hare took *his* nap, and Mama Hare took *her* nap. The Wee Hare shut his eyes, and put his ears down, but he took no nap. By and by he

went out of the door, and ran and ran till he came to the wood. Then he ran and ran in the wood, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran and ran till his feet were sore, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran and ran and ran till he was not able to run any more, and no RED FIRE did he see. He lay down to rest in a bush, and very soon his eyes were



"THEN DOG SAID: 'WOW!' AND PUT HIS EARS UP."

shut, and he did not see or hear, for it was long past the hour for his nap. When he woke SNOW lay on all the open ways of the wood. The Wee Hare gave a leap from his bush, for he knew that SNOW can grow deep and deep, and a wee hare cannot walk in it. How he *did* wish he was at home!

The sun was far down in the west, and its last rays lay red on the SNOW. Step, step, step went the lame Wee Hare in the cold SNOW. He went back into the wood to try to find his way home. It grew gray, and it grew dark, and SNOW grew so deep that the Wee Hare had hard work to walk. Then WIND came. It was *so* cold, and blew him out of the path, and how he *did* wish he was at home! Step, step, step in the SNOW he went. The WIND blew more and more.

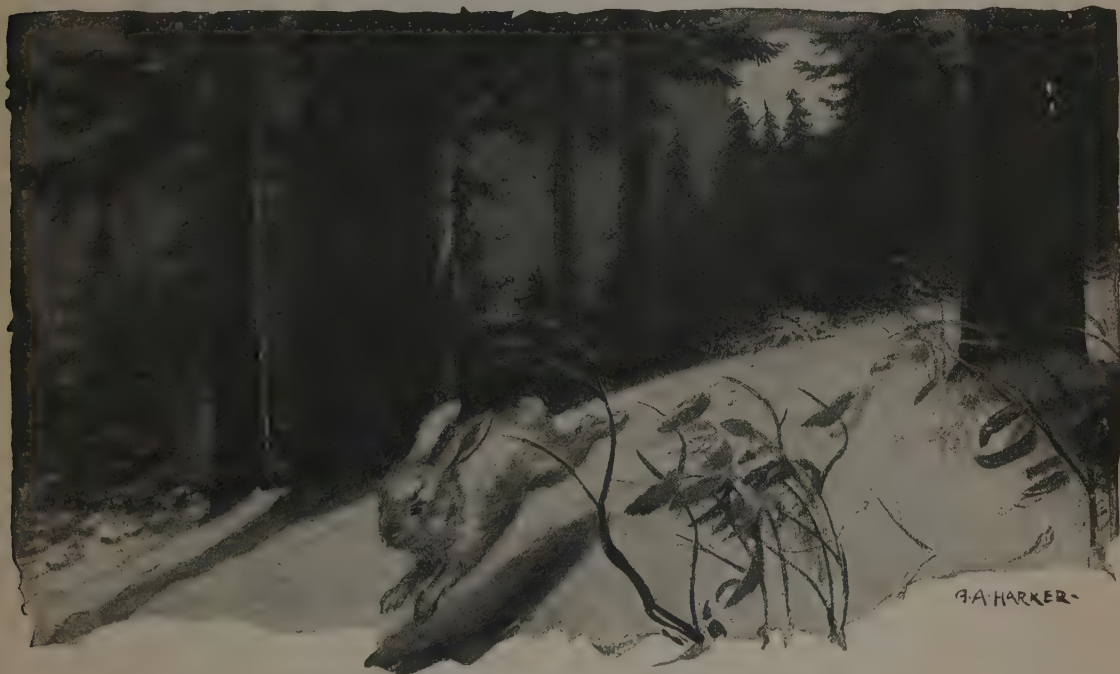
"I can not walk; my feet are too lame," said the Wee Hare, and just then he saw the RED FIRE! It grew in the path in the wood, and by it sat MAN and DOG. Oh, how the Wee Hare felt! His nose grew hot, and his ears grew cold, and he was not able to move. Then DOG said: "WOW!" and put his ears up, but MAN said: "Lie down," and DOG lay down by the RED FIRE. The Wee Hare went into a tiny, tiny hole in a tree, and sat on his feet to warm them. He saw the RED FIRE. He did not like to see it. MAN and DOG did not let it come too near them, and he saw *them* keep away from the RED FIRE.

"They fear it, too," said the Wee Hare. "It is not good for me. I must take care or it will come and hurt me." He sat on his cold feet, and did not dare to take a nap.

By and by MAN put SNOW over the RED FIRE, and he and DOG went away, and the Wee Hare went step, step, step in the snow, soft, soft, soft, for fear.

"I *wish* I had been good," said the Wee Hare, and WIND and SNOW were able to hear, and they felt sad for a wee hare.

"We will help him," they said, but low and soft so he did not hear. The moon came up high in the sky till it was just like day, and it grew very cold. SNOW grew hard as ice in the cold, and the Wee Hare did not sink in it any more. WIND did not blow so hard. It came back of Wee Hare now, push,



"HOW FAST HE WENT—HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP!"

push, push, to help the Wee Hare over the SNOW. How fast he went—hop, skip, and jump! Soon he came to his home. How glad he was! He went in and lay down by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said, very low in her ear.

"Be good now, then," his Mama said, and he did not know how glad she was to have him back.

"I want to be good," said the Wee Hare; and he shut his eyes, and put his ears down, and they all took a nap till the dawn came.

"Just like us," said Tiny Hare, and he was glad that *he* lay snug and warm by *his* Mama, and he was glad she had told him the tale of the Wee Hare and the RED FIRE.

The Good King

By Margaret and Clarence Weed



ONCE upon a time there was a King in Spain who had only one leg. He was a Good King and he had a big Animal Farm where he kept all the animals who had lost one or more of their legs.

In another part of Spain there was a Little Half Chick with only one eye, one wing and one leg. The other chickens with two eyes and two legs gobbled up the corn so fast that Little Half Chick was nearly starved.

One day a Donkey told Little Half Chick about the Good King and his Animal Farm. Little Half Chick at once started hoppity-hop for Mother Hen and said,

"Mother Hen, I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"All right," said Mother Hen, "good luck to you."

So Little Half Chick started off, hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop along the road to Madrid to see the Good King.

Soon she met a Two-legged Cat going along hippity-hip, hippity-hip on her leg and crutch. The Cat said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said, "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Two-legged Cat.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Cat fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat.

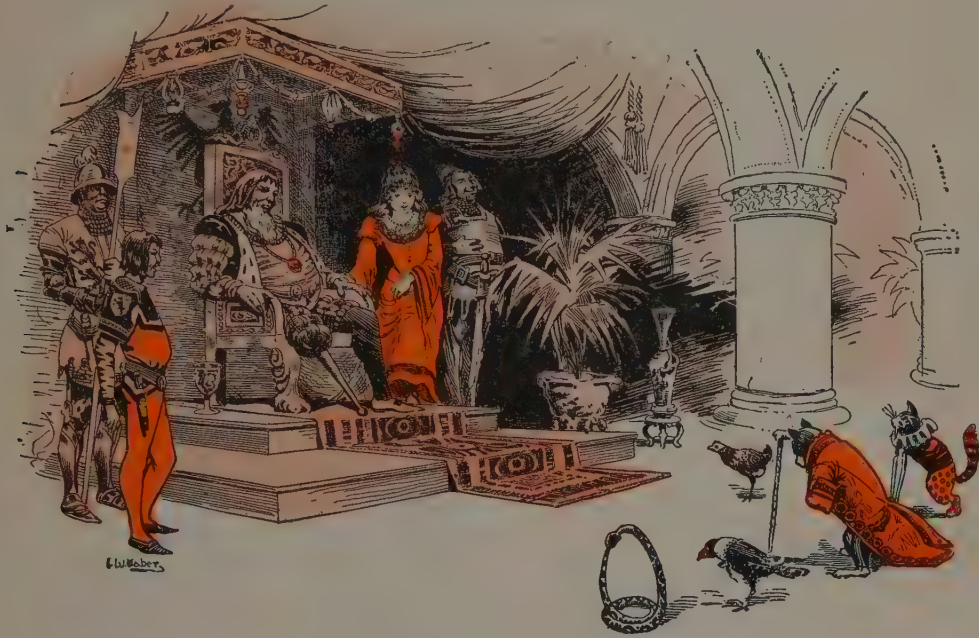
Soon they met a Three-legged Dog going along humpity-hump, humpity-hump. The Dog said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Three-legged Dog.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."



"THEY BOTH LAUGHED AS ALL THESE FUNNY ANIMALS CAME UP"

So the Dog fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog.

Soon they met a One-legged Crow going along jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump. The Crow said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the One-legged Crow.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Crow fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow.

Soon they met a Snake with no legs at all. He had caught his tail in his teeth and was rolling along loopity-loop, loopity-loop. The Snake said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

"I am going to Madrid to see the Good King," said Little Half Chick.

"May I go, too?" said the Snake.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Snake fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow. Loopity-loop, loopity-loop went the Snake with no legs at all.

Soon they came to Madrid and saw the Good King. With the King was his little daughter Margaret. They both laughed as all these funny animals came up. The King said to Little Margaret:

"Do you want to see us all go out to the Animal Farm?"

"Yes," said Little Margaret, "I will lead the way."

So she led the way along the street to the Animal Farm. Behind Margaret came the One-legged King. Next came the Little Half Chick, next the Two-legged Cat, next the Three-legged Dog, next the One-legged Crow, and last of all the Snake with no legs at all. So they all went out to the Animal Farm. And there they lived happily ever after.



EARLY AND LATE

BY W. S. REED

Go to bed early — wake up with joy;	Go to bed early — no pains or ills;
Go to bed late — cross girl or boy.	Go to bed late — doctors and pills.

Go to bed early — ready for play;	Go to bed early — grow very tall;
Go to bed late — moping all day.	Go to bed late — stay very small.



BY JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

ONCE there was a little pink pig with five little spotted brothers and sisters. They had a nice home in the wood lot with their mama, and a nice yard with a little white fence around it. The little pigs were very happy playing in the yard. They made mud pies and baked them in the sun.

One day the little pink pig asked his mama to let him go out of the gate into the big road.

"You are too little and do not know enough yet," said his mama. "When you grow bigger I shall teach you about the big road, and then you may go. Now, be a good little pig, and run and play with your brothers and sisters."

But the little pink pig would not play with his brothers and sisters. He ran off in a corner by himself and would not make mud pies.

Pretty soon the milkman came in his wagon to bring the milk for dinner. He carried it in and knocked at the back door, and poured it in a pail for mama. Then he ran out as fast as he could and hopped up in his wagon and drove away.

But he forgot to close the gate.

The little pink pig saw the gate was open, and he ran right out into the big road.



"THE BLACK AND WHITE THING ROLLED HIM OVER IN THE DUST"

"I will show my mama how much I know," he said. And he trotted down the big road as fast as his little pink legs would carry him.

He had not gone very far when he saw a big black and white thing. The black and white thing ran after the little pig, and rolled him over in the dust.

The little pig squealed and squealed, and the black and white thing rolled him and rolled him over, and kept saying "Bow wow!" But by and by he turned and went away.

The little pig got up and tried to shake off the dust, but he could n't shake it all off. He wanted to go home, but he had rolled over and over so much, that he could n't tell where home was. So he ran into a cornfield to hide, till he was sure the black and white thing was gone.

Pretty soon a man came along and found him in the cornfield and said:

"Hello, pink pig, are you eating my corn?"

"Oh, no!" said the little pig. "I would not eat your corn."

"Then you should keep out of my cornfield," said the man. "I will take you home and shut you in a pen."

And he took the little pink pig home and shut him up in a pen.

"I do not want to be shut up. Please let me out," said the little pink pig.

But the man did not let him out. It was not a nice pen, and the little pig got all muddy and dirty in it. He wished he was at home in his own little house with his mama, and his spotted brothers and sisters.

He ran round and round till he found a little hole in the fence. He was such a tiny pig that he squeezed through the hole and got out, though he had a hard time, for the buttons on his jacket got caught, and he could hardly get loose. He did not know which way to go to find his home, but he ran as fast as he could to get away from the pen.

He ran through a fence into a big place where there was plenty of grass. There were some very big red things in there, and one saw the little pig and ran after him.

"Oh, dear!" said the little pink pig (only he was not pink any more because he was all covered with mud); "are you a big pig?"

The big red thing shook its head and said "Moo!" and tossed the little pig up in the air. The little pig fell on the ground with a hard bump. He lay still till the red thing went away. Then he got up and ran as fast as he could.



"AND HE TOOK THE LITTLE PINK PIG HOME"



"THE BIG RED THING TOSSSED THE LITTLE PINK PIG IN THE AIR"

He ran out in the road, and right into a black and white speckled thing with two legs. The speckled thing puffed up and said "Squawk!"

The little pig ran as fast as he could because he thought the speckled thing was chasing him. But it was n't.

The little pig did not know where he was running, and he did not have time to find out. The first thing he knew he almost ran into a lot of two-legged things. They had big yellow mouths.

One of them said "Hiss-ss!" and ran out and nipped the little pig's hind leg. The little pig squealed and ran the other way.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "if I ever get back to my mama, I will never try to go down the big road again, till she teaches me what these queer things are."

Just then he found himself in front of his own little house with the white fence around it. He ran into the house and told his mama everything that had happened to him. "Oh, mama," he said, "what was the black and white thing?"

"It was a dog," she said. "Dogs sometimes chase little pigs."

"Oh, mama," he said, "a man found me in his cornfield and put me in a pen."

"You must keep out of cornfields," said mama. "People do not like pigs in their cornfields."

"Oh, mama, what was the big red thing with sharp things on top of its head?"

"It was a cow," said mama. "You should

not go where cows are till you are big enough to keep out of their way."

"Oh, mama, what was the speckled thing that puffed up and said 'Squawk?'"

"It was a hen," said mama. "She was not chasing you, she was only going to the other side of the road."

"Oh, mama, what was the white thing that nipped me?" "It was a goose. You should always keep away from them."

"Oh, mama, this is a big world, and there are lots of funny things in it."

"Yes," said mama. "That is why it is best for little pigs not to go out on the big road till they know more. You need not be afraid of anything if you know what it is. You have learned a great deal to-day for such a little pig, but if you are patient and wait till I teach you, you will not have such a hard time. We shall walk out every day, and I will teach you how a little pig can take care of himself all the time." Then she put the little pig in the wash-tub, for he was all covered with mud, and washed him nicely—and before long he was the little pink pig again.



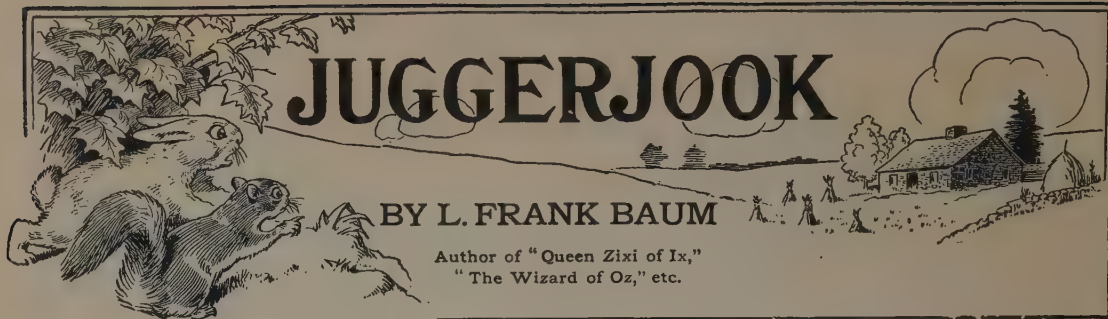
"'HISS!' IT SAID, AND IT NIPPED THE LITTLE PIG'S LEG"



"THE SPECKLED THING PUFFED UP AND SAID 'SQUAWK!'"



THE LITTLE PINK PIG RUNS HOME TO HIS MOTHER



"Oh, Mama!" cried Fuzzy Wuz, running into the burrow where her mother lay dozing, "may I go walking with Chatter Chuk?"

Mrs. Wuz opened one eye sleepily and looked at Fuzzy.

"If you are careful," she said; "and don't go near Juggerjook's den; and watch the sun so as to get home before the shadows fall."

"Yes, yes; of course," returned Fuzzy, eagerly.

"And don't let Chatter Chuk lead you into mischief," continued Mrs. Wuz, rubbing one long ear with her paw lazily. "Those red squirrels are reckless things and have n't much sense."

"Chatter 's all right," protested Fuzzy Wuz. "He 's the best friend I have in the forest. Good-by, Mother."

"Is your face clean, Fuzzy?"

"I 've just washed it, Mother."

"With both paws, right and left?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Then run along and be careful."

"Yes, Mother."

Fuzzy turned and darted from the burrow, and in the bright sunshine outside sat Chatter Chuk on his hind legs, cracking an acorn.

"What 'd she say, Fuz?" asked the red squirrel.

"All right; I can go, Chat. But I 've got to be careful."

As the white rabbit hopped away through the bushes and he glided along beside her, Chatter Chuk laughed.

"Your people are always careful, Fuz," said he. "That 's why you see so little of the world, and lose all the fun in life."

"I know," replied Fuzzy, a little ashamed. "Father is always singing this song to me:

"Little Bunny,
Don't get funny;
Run along and mind your eye;
It's the habit
Of a rabbit
To be diffident and shy."

"We squirrels are different," said Chatter Chuk, proudly. "We are always taught this song:

"Squirrel red,
Go ahead!
See the world, so bright and gay.
For a rover
May discover
All that happens day by day."

"Oh, if I could run up a tree, I should n't be afraid, either," remarked Fuzzy Wuz. "Even Juggerjook could n't frighten me then."

"Kernels and shucks! Juggerjook!" cried Chatter Chuk, scornfully. "Who cares for him?"

"Don't you fear him?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, curiously.

"Of course not," said the squirrel. "My people often go to his den and leave nuts there."

"Why, if you make presents to Juggerjook, of course he won't hurt you," returned the rabbit. "All the beasts carry presents to his den, so he will protect them from their enemies. The bears kill wolves and carry them to Juggerjook to eat; and the wolves kill foxes and carry them to Juggerjook; and the foxes kill rabbits for him. But we rabbits do not kill animals, so we cannot take Juggerjook anything to eat except roots and clover; and he does n't care much for those. So we are careful to keep away from his den."

"Have you ever seen him or the place where he lives?" asked the squirrel.

"No," replied Fuzzy Wuz.

"Suppose we go there now?"

"Oh, no! Mother said—"

"There 's nothing to be afraid of. I 've looked at the den often from the trees near by," said Chatter Chuk. "I can lead you to the edge of the bushes close to his den, and he 'll never know we are near."

"Mother says Juggerjook knows everything that goes on in the forest," declared the rabbit, gravely.

"Your mother 's a 'fraid-cat and trembles when a twig cracks," said Chatter, with a careless laugh. "Why don't you have a little spirit of your own, Fuzzy, and be independent?"

Fuzzy Wuz was quite young, and ashamed of being thought shy, so she said:



WALKING THE PLANK
FROM A DRAWING BY HARRY ROUNTREE

"All right, Chat. Let 's go take a peep at Juggerjook's den."

"We 're near it, now," announced the squirrel. "Come this way; and go softly, Fuzzy Wuz, because Juggerjook has sharp ears."

They crept along through the bushes some distance after that, but did not speak except in whispers. Fuzzy knew it was a bold thing to do. They had nothing to carry to the terrible Juggerjook, and it was known that he always punished those who came to his den without making him presents. But the rabbit relied upon Chatter Chuk's promise that the tyrant of the forest would never know they had been near him. Juggerjook was considered a great magician, to be sure, yet Chatter Chuk was not afraid of him. So why should Fuzzy Wuz fear anything?

The red squirrel ran ahead, so cautiously that he made not a sound in the underbrush; and he skilfully picked the way so that the fat white rabbit could follow him. Presently he stopped short and whispered to his companion:

"Put your head through those leaves, and you will see Juggerjook's den."

Fuzzy Wuz obeyed. There was a wide clearing beyond the bushes, and at the farther side was a great rock with a deep cave in it. All around the clearing were scattered the bones and skulls of animals, bleached white by the sun. Just in front of the cave was quite a big heap of bones, and the rabbit shuddered as she thought of all the many creatures Juggerjook must have eaten in his time. What a fierce appetite the great magician must have!

The sight made the timid rabbit sick and faint. She drew back and hopped away through the bushes without heeding the crackling twigs or the whispered cautions of Chatter Chuk, who was now badly frightened himself.

When they had withdrawn to a safe distance the squirrel said peevishly:

"Oh, you foolish thing! Why did you make such a noise and racket?"

"Did I?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, simply.

"Indeed you did. And I warned you to be silent."

"But it 's all right now. We 're safe from Juggerjook here," she said.

"I 'm not sure of that," remarked the squirrel, uneasily. "One is never safe from punishment if he is discovered breaking the law. I hope the magician was asleep and did not hear us."

"I hope so, too," added the rabbit; and then they ran along at more ease, rambling through the forest paths and enjoying the fragrance of the woods and the lights and shadows cast by the sun as it peeped through the trees.

Once in a while they would pause while Fuzzy Wuz nibbled a green leaf or Chatter Chuk cracked a fallen nut in his strong teeth, to see if it was sound and sweet.

"It seems funny for me to be on the ground so long," he said. "But I invited you to walk with me, and of course a rabbit can't run up a tree and leap from limb to limb, as my people do."

"That is true," admitted Fuzzy; "nor can squirrels burrow in the ground, as rabbits do."

"They have no need to," declared the squirrel. "We find a hollow tree, and with our sharp teeth gnaw a hole through the shell and find a warm, dry home inside."

"I 'm glad you do," remarked Fuzzy. "If all the animals burrowed in the ground there would not be room for us to hide from each other."

Chatter laughed at this.

"The shadows are getting long," he said. "If you wish to be home before sunset, we must start back."

"Wait a minute!" cried the rabbit, sitting up and sniffing the air. "I smell carrots!"

"Never mind," said the squirrel.

"Never mind carrots? Oh, Chatter Chuk! You don't know how good they are."

"Well, we have n't any time to find them," he replied. "For my part, I could run home in five minutes; but you are so clumsy it will take you an hour. Where are you going now?"

"Just over here," said Fuzzy Wuz. "Those carrots can't be far off."

The squirrel followed, scolding a little because to him carrots meant nothing especially good to eat. And there, just beside the path, was an old coverless box raised on a peg, and underneath it a bunch of juicy, fat, yellow carrots.

There was room under the box for Fuzzy Wuz to creep in and get the carrots, and this she promptly did, while Chatter Chuk stood on his hind legs a short distance away and impatiently waited. But when the white rabbit nibbled the carrots, the motion pulled a string which jerked out the peg that held up the box, and behold, Fuzzy Wuz was a prisoner!

She squealed with fear and scratched at the sides of the box in a vain endeavor to find a way to escape; but escape was impossible unless some one lifted the box. The red squirrel had seen the whole mishap, and chattered angrily from outside at the plight of his captured friend. The white rabbit thought he must be far away, because the box shut out so much the sound of his voice.

"Juggerjook must have heard us, and this is part of his revenge," said the squirrel. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wonder what the great magician will do to me."

He was so terrified by this thought that Chatter Chuk took flight and darted home at his best

Chatter Chuk was too frightened to answer until his mother made him. Then he ran down to the lowest limb of the tree and sat there while he talked.

"We went walking," he said, "and Fuzzy found some carrots under a box that was propped up with a peg. I told her not to eat them; but she did, and the peg fell out and made her a prisoner."

You see, he did not mention Juggerjook at all, yet he knew the magician was at the bottom of all the trouble.

But Mrs. Wuz knew rabbit-traps quite well, being old and experienced; so

speed. He lived in a tree very near to the burrow where Mrs. Wuz resided, but the squirrel did not go near the rabbit-burrow. The sun was already sinking in the west, so he ran into his nest and pretended to sleep when his mother asked him where he had been so late.

All night Mrs. Wuz waited for Fuzzy, and it was an anxious and sleepless night for the poor mother, as you may well believe. Fuzzy was her one darling, several other children having been taken from her in various ways soon after their birth. Mr. Wuz had gone to attend a meeting of the Rabbits' Protective Association and might be absent for several days; so he was not there to help or counsel her.

When daybreak came, the mother rabbit ran to the foot of the squirrel's tree and called:

"Chatter Chuk! Chatter Chuk! Where is my Fuzzy Wuz? Where is my darling child?"

she begged the red squirrel to come at once and show her the place where Fuzzy had been caught.

"There is n't a moment to lose," she said, "for



"THEY HOPPED THROUGH THE BUSHES"



"I SMELL CARROTS!"

the trappers will be out early this morning to see what they have captured in their trap."

Chatter Chuk was afraid to go, having a guilty conscience; but his mother made him. He led the way timidly, but swiftly, and Mrs. Wuz fairly flew over the ground, so anxious was she to rescue her darling.

The box was in the same place yet, and poor Fuzzy Wuz could be heard moaning feebly inside it.

"Courage, my darling!" cried the mother. "I have come to save you."

First she tried to move the box, but it was too heavy for her to stir. Then she began scratching away the earth at its edge, only to find that it had

were as sharp as needles. So he started at the lower edge and chewed the wood with all his strength and skill, and at every bite the splinters came away.

It was a good idea. Mrs. Wuz watched him anxiously. If only the men would keep away for a time, the squirrel could make a hole big enough for Fuzzy Wuz to escape. She crept around the other side of the box and called to the prisoner: "Courage, dear one! We are trying to save you. But if the men come before Chatter Chuk can make a hole big enough, then, as soon as they raise the box, you must



"FUZZY CREPT UNDER THE BOX"

been placed upon a big, flat stone, to prevent a rabbit from burrowing out.

This discovery almost drove her frantic, until she noticed Chatter Chuk, who stood trembling near by.

"Here!" she called; "it was you who led my child into trouble. Now you must get her out."

"How?" asked the red squirrel.

"Gnaw a hole in that box—quick! Gnaw faster than you ever did before in your life. See! the box is thinnest at this side. Set to work at once, Chatter Chuk!"

The red squirrel obeyed. The idea of saving his friend was as welcome to him as it was to the distracted mother. He was young, and his teeth

make a dash for the bushes. Run before they can put in their hands to seize you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother," replied Fuzzy, but her voice was n't heard very plainly, because the squirrel was making so much noise chewing the wood.

Presently Chatter Chuk stopped.

"It makes my teeth ache," he complained.

"Never mind, let them ache," replied Mrs. Wuz. "If you stop now, Fuzzy will die; and if she dies, I will go to Juggerjook and tell him how you led my child into trouble."

The thought of Juggerjook made the frightened squirrel redouble his efforts. He forgot the pain in his teeth and gnawed as no other squirrel

had ever gnawed before. The ground was covered with tiny splinters from the box, and now the hole was big enough for the prisoner to put the end of her nose through and beg him to hurry.

Chatter Chuk was intent on his task, and the mother was intent upon watching him, so neither noticed any one approaching, until a net fell over their heads, and a big voice cried, with a boisterous laugh:

"Caught! and neat as a pin, too!"

Chatter Chuk and Mrs. Wuz struggled in the net with all their might, but it was fast around them, and they were helpless to escape. Fuzzy stuck her nose out of the hole in the box to find out what was the matter, and a sweet, childish voice exclaimed: "There 's another in the trap, Daddy!"

Neither the rabbits nor the squirrel understood this strange language; but all realized they were in the power of dreadful Man and gave themselves up for lost.

Fuzzy made a dash the moment the box was raised; but the trapper knew the tricks of rabbits, so the prisoner only dashed into the same net where her mother and Chatter Chuk were confined.

"Three of them! Two rabbits and a squirrel. That 's quite a haul, Charlie," said the man.

The little boy was examining the box.

"Do rabbits gnaw through wood, Father?" he asked.

"No, my son," was the reply.

"But there is a hole here. And see! There are the splinters upon the ground."

The man examined the box in turn, somewhat curiously.

"How strange!" he said. "These are marks of the squirrel's teeth. Now, I wonder if

the squirrel was trying to liberate the rabbit."

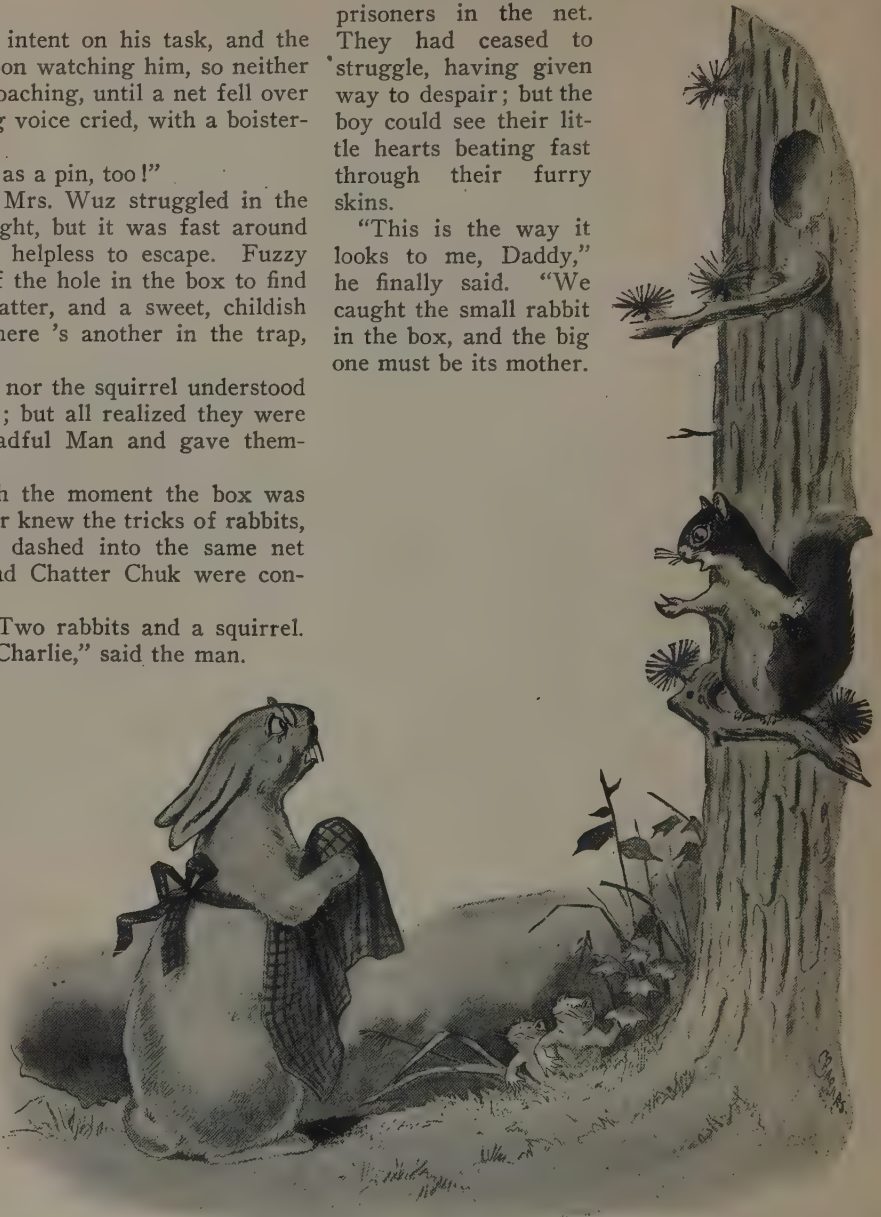
"Looks like it, Daddy; does n't it?" replied the boy.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," declared the man. "These little creatures often display more wisdom than we give them credit

for. But how can we explain this curious freak, Charlie?"

The boy sat down upon the box and looked thoughtfully at the three prisoners in the net. They had ceased to struggle, having given way to despair; but the boy could see their little hearts beating fast through their furry skins.

"This is the way it looks to me, Daddy," he finally said. "We caught the small rabbit in the box, and the big one must be its mother.



"'WHERE IS MY CHILD?'"

When she found her baby was caught, she tried to save it, and she began to burrow under the box, for here is the mark of her paws. But she soon saw the flat stone, and gave up."

"Yes; that seems reasonable," said the man.

"But she loved her baby," continued the boy,

gazing at the little creatures pitifully, "and thought of another way. The red squirrel was a friend of hers, so she ran and found him, and asked him to help her. He did, and tried to gnaw through the box; but we came too soon and captured them with the net because they were so busy they did n't notice us."

"Exactly!" cried the man, with a laugh. "That tells the story very plainly, my son, and I see you are fast learning the ways of animals. But how intelligent these little things are!"

"That 's what *my* mother would do," returned the boy. "She 'd try to save me; and that 's just what the mother rabbit did."

"Well, we must be going," said the man; and as he started away he picked up the net and

"Oh, they 'll make us a good dinner," was the reply.

"I—I could n't eat 'em for dinner, Daddy. Not the mama rabbit and the little one she tried to save. Nor the dear little squirrel that wanted to help them. Let 's—let 's—let 'em go!"

The man stopped short and turned to look with a smile into the boy's upturned, eager face.

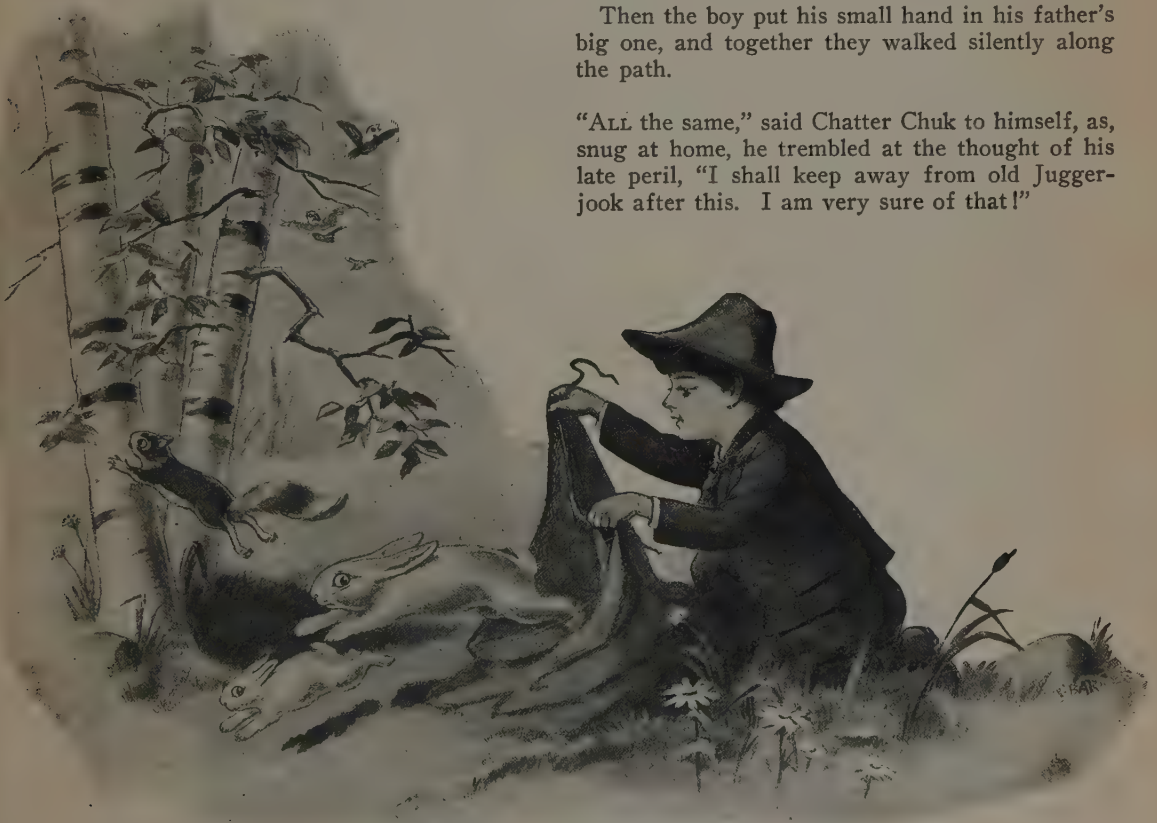
"What will Mama say when we go back without any dinner?" he asked.

"You know, Daddy. She 'll say a good deed is better than a good dinner."

The man laid a caressing hand on the curly head and handed his son the net. Charlie's face beamed with joy. He opened wide the net and watched the prisoners gasp with surprise, bound out of the meshes, and scamper away into the bushes.

Then the boy put his small hand in his father's big one, and together they walked silently along the path.

"ALL the same," said Chatter Chuk to himself, as, snug at home, he trembled at the thought of his late peril, "I shall keep away from old Jugger-jook after this. I am very sure of that!"



"THE PRISONERS SCAMPERED AWAY."

swung it over his shoulder. The prisoners struggled madly again, and the boy, who walked along the forest path a few steps behind his father, watched them.

"Daddy," he said softly, coming to the man's side. "I don't want to keep those rabbits."

"MAMA," said Fuzzy Wuz, nestling beside her mother in the burrow, "why do you suppose the fierce Men let us go?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," was the reply. "Men are curious creatures, and often act with more wisdom than we give them credit for"



"WHAT YOU BURYING, A BONE?"

"NO; A MUZZLE."

C. BARNES

THE LITTLE GRAY KITTEN

BY MARY LAWRENCE TURNBULL

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray kitten, who had wandered far away from home. At first she liked all the strange sights she saw, but by and by she began to feel very homesick, and wished she was once more cuddled up with her brothers and sisters.

Now the only word this little gray kitten knew was "Mew, mew!" So when she was lonely she would say "Mew," when she was hungry, "Mew;" when she was cold or tired, glad or sad, it was always "Mew." At home they knew what she meant when she said "Mew," but out in the wide, wide world, nobody seemed to know.

Wandering along the street, she came upon a little squirming earthworm. "Mew," said she, meaning, "Where is my home?"

The earthworm, however, did not notice little gray kitten, but crawled away across the street.

Next, the little gray kitten met a butterfly on the top of a dandelion. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, meaning, "Can you tell me where my home is?" But the butterfly did not say anything, and flew away.



"SHE CAME UPON A LITTLE EARTHWORM."



"THE BUTTERFLY FLEW AWAY."



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MISCHIEF.

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY FRED MORGAN.



"THEN SHE SPIED A ROBIN."



"SOON SHE MET A BIG RED COW."

The little gray kitten walked on, and then she spied a robin on a stone wall near-by. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, "Where is my home?"

But the robin, cocking his head on one side, answered, "Chirp, chirp," and then spreading his wings, flew away.



"RUNNING ALONG SHE CAME UP TO A BIG BLACK DOG."

She felt very sad indeed, but running along she came up to a big black dog. "Mew, mew!" said the little gray kitten, "Oh, can you not tell me where my home is?"

But the big black dog shook his tail, and barked "Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow-wow!" so loudly

that the little gray kitten ran away from him as fast as she could go.

The little gray kitten was very tired, but she still ran on, and soon met a big red cow. "Mew, mew-ew," said the little gray kitten, "Can you not tell me where my home is?"

The big red cow, however, hardly looking at the little kitten, stretched out her big head, and shouted, "Moo, moo-oo!" which so frightened the little gray kitten that she jumped over a fence and landed right in the middle of a flower-bed.

There she caught sight of a little girl running up to her, and with such a sweet smile on her face that the little gray kitten ran toward her and said once more, "Mew, do you know where my home is?"

"Oh, you dear fluffy gray ball!" said the smiling little girl, catching the kitten up in her arms. "I'm going to take you right home to live with me."

The little girl was the only one who had understood, and the little gray kitten purred softly. She was happy for she had found a home.



"OH, YOU DEAR FLUFFY GRAY BALL," SAID THE LITTLE GIRL."

PUSSY'S WHEELS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

I wonder what you 're thinking of, my darling little cat.
It may be meat, it may be cream, that makes you nice and fat;
It may be all the fun you have in barn-loft warm and dry;
It may be mice you try to catch as by their hole you lie.

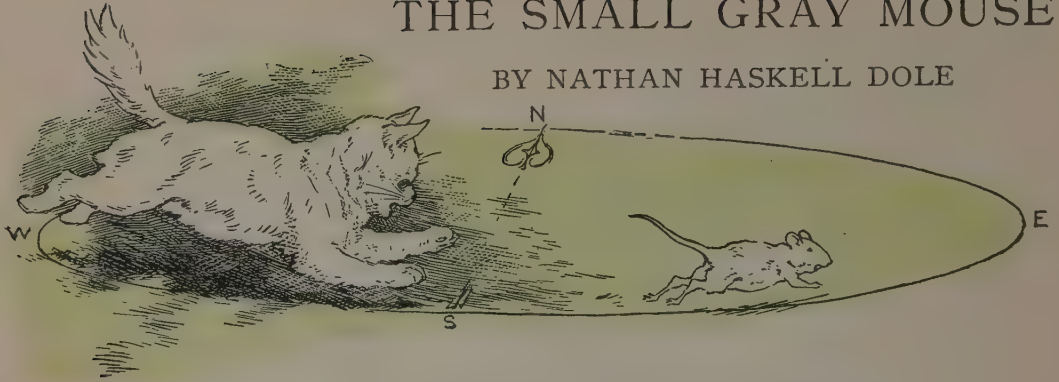
Perhaps you think of trees to climb, with birds that sing up there,
They always get away from you, although you creep with care.
Perhaps you think of warm, green grass, and basking in the sun,
Or of your ball, that slides so fast as after it you run.

I hope you think of me, sometimes, because I love you well;
I hope you love me back again, although you cannot tell;
And how I know you 're thinking (it 's a secret that I 've found),
Is 'cause I hear, close to my ear, your thought-wheels going round.



THE SMALL GRAY MOUSE

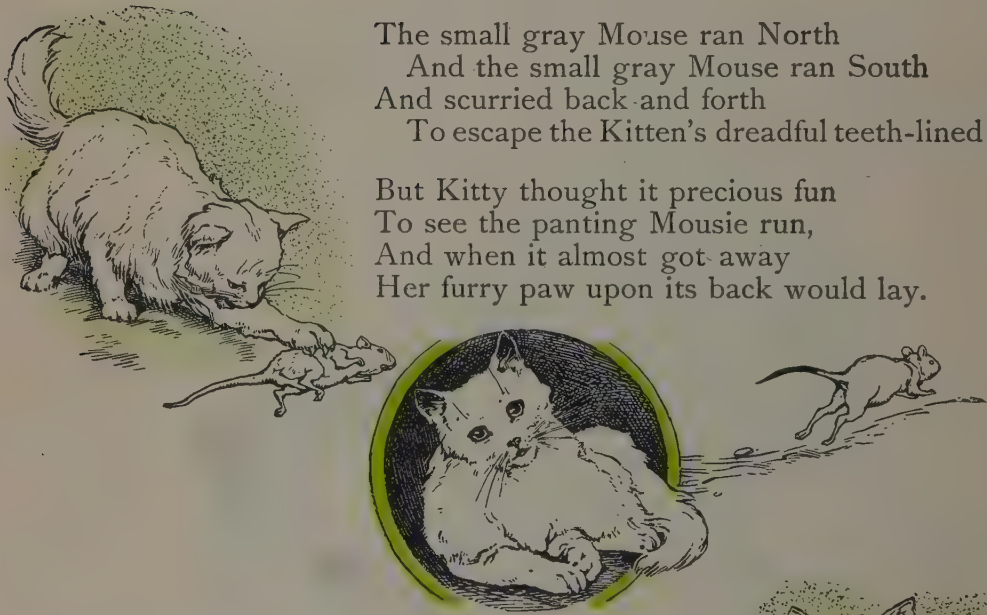
BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



THE small gray Mouse ran East
And the small gray Mouse ran West
And could not tell in the least
Which way was best.

The small gray Mouse ran North
And the small gray Mouse ran South
And scurried back and forth
To escape the Kitten's dreadful teeth-lined mouth!

But Kitty thought it precious fun
To see the panting Mousie run,
And when it almost got away
Her furry paw upon its back would lay.



But Kitty grew too vain and sure;
She thought she had the Mouse secure;
She turned her head; she shut her eyes;
That was not wise,
And ere she knew
The gray Mouse up the chimney flew,
Where dainty cats could not pursue.
So she had nothing else to do
But miew—oo—oo—!





"YOU MAKE SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T SLEEP!"
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. H. DOLPH.

THE RABBIT, THE TURTLE, AND THE OWL

THE little girl and the little boy stood in the corn-field near the hollow tree where the Owl lived. The corn was in shocks like wigwams, and the yellow pumpkins lay on the ground. The Turtle came up from the brook below the corn-field, and stuck his head out of his shell to watch. The Rabbit sat on the edge of the slope, with his ears sticking straight up, to listen.



The sleepy Owl stirred behind his knot-hole.

"Don't you think," said the little boy, "that the Rabbit—"

"And the Turtle—" said the little girl.

"And the Owl," went on the little boy, "should have a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Yes, a good dinner," replied the little girl, "right here in the corn-field."

"We could have a pumpkin table," said the little boy.

"And pumpkin chairs," said the little girl.

So, as Thanksgiving was that very day, and there was no time to lose, they began to work. They found a fine, big, flat-topped pumpkin, and placed it for a table at the foot of the Owl's tree. Then they found three little pumpkins for stools.

"They won't want to eat until night," said the little boy.

"No," said the little girl; and the Rabbit, too,—they

"We will lay everything to Grandmother's," said the little girl, "and when we come home, we can see all giving dinner."



"the Owl and the Turtle like dinner at night."

out for them before we go little boy, "and when we eating their good Thanks-

The little boy ran and brought parsley and cabbage leaves for the Rabbit; and when the Rabbit saw that, he trotted home in a hurry, for fear he might be tempted to eat before it was time.

The little girl brought a fine big mushroom for the Turtle, for she had once seen a turtle nibble all around the edge of a mushroom.

"The Owl will have to bring his own dinner," said the little boy, "but I will get him a piece of bread to eat with it." So he did.

That night the little girl and boy drove home by moonlight from their grandmother's farm. When they were in their own room they looked out of the window toward the corn-field. They saw the corn-shocks, like wigwams, with black shadows. They saw the tree dark against the sky. They saw the big round yellow moon rising above the ridge of the field. They saw the pumpkin table and pumpkin chairs. They saw, sitting on one chair, the Rabbit, with his ears sticking straight up as he ate his parsley and cabbage. They saw the Turtle, stretching his head out of his shell as he nibbled his mushroom. They saw the Owl on his chair, eating the dinner he had brought. "Oh, is n't it beautiful!" said the little girl. "Beautiful!" said the little boy.





HOMES

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH



My bunnies like their cozy house, although they scamper out to play;
 My chickens like the slatted coop where all the mother hens must stay.
 My kitten likes her basket bed out in the woodshed near our door;
 My puppy loves his cellar box; he sleeps and plays, then sleeps
 some more.

But *I* have got the nicest home. My house is better far than theirs;
 Its windows let the sunshine in; it has a porch, it has some stairs.
 But I like best the kitchen warm, with table, stove, and pantry neat;
 The place where Dinah works, and makes good things for us to eat!



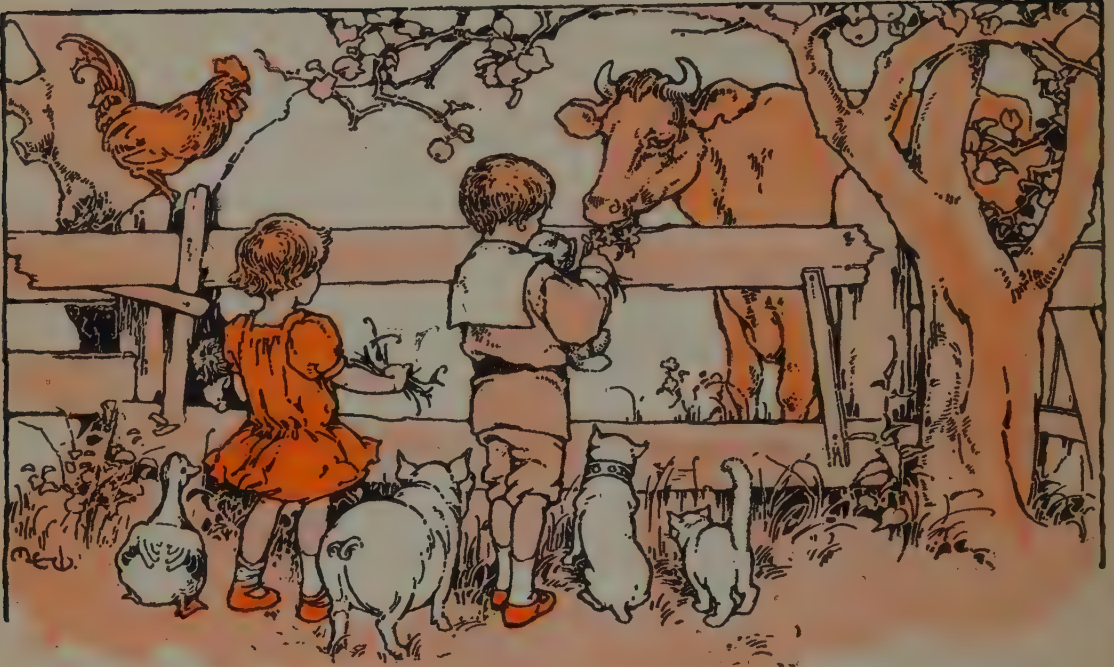
From a photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.



BREAKFAST

THE FINE GOOD SHOW

BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB



"GOOD MORNING, COW, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US"

A LITTLE girl and a little boy started down the road together to take a walk. They met a dog.

"Good morning, Dog," said the little girl. "Bow-wow!" answered the dog.

"Come and take a walk with us, Dog," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a cat.

"Good morning, Cat," said the little boy. "Miaouw!" answered the cat.

"Come and take a walk with us, Cat," said the little girl. So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a rooster.

"Good morning, Rooster," said the little girl. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" answered the rooster.

"Come and take a walk with us, Rooster," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a duck.

"Good morning, Duck," said the little boy. "Quack, quack!" answered the duck.

"Come and take a walk with us, Duck," said the little girl.

So they all went down the road talking merrily with one another.

Pretty soon they saw a little pinky-white pig with a funny little curly tail.

"Good morning, Pig," said the little girl. "Grunt, grunt!" answered the pig.

"Come and take a walk with us, Pig," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they came to a pasture.

In the pasture was a nice, old, red cow.

"Good morning, Cow," said the little boy. "Moo, moo!" answered the cow.

"Come and take a walk with us," said the little girl.

But the cow shook her head; she could n't open the pasture bars.

"We will let down the bars for you, Cow," said the little boy and the little girl.

So they let down the bars, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the little boy, and the little girl, all went in to see the cow.

The little girl climbed on the cow's back, and the little boy climbed on the cow's back, and the dog jumped on the cow's back, and the cat jumped on the cow's neck, and the rooster flew up on the cow's head, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walked behind the cow, and they all went down the road together just as happy as they could be.



"GOOD MORNING, DUCK, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US!"



"GOOD MORNING, PIG, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US!"

Pretty soon they met a carriage with two women in it.

"Mercy on me!" said the two women.

"What's this!"

"This is a fine, good show," answered the little girl.

"Well, I should think it was!" said the two women. "It is a beautiful show."

"Thank you," said the little boy.

"Good-by," said the two women.

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little boy, and the little girl, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking along behind, all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a wagon with three men in it.

"Well! Well! Well!" said the three men. "Just look! What's all this?"

"This is a fine, good show," said the little boy, bowing very politely.

"Indeed it is!" said the three men. "It's great!"

"Thank you," said the little boy, "I am pleased that you like it."

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking behind, all went down the road together.



THE FINE, GOOD SHOW

Pretty soon they came to a store. The Store Man stood out in front of his store.

"Good morning, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy, "I have a little silver piece in my pocket."

"Good morning!" said the Store Man. "What can I do for you?"

"We want to buy some things for our Show," said the little boy.

"I'm glad of that!" said the Store Man.

So the little boy jumped down, and the little girl jumped down, and the dog jumped down, and the cat jumped down, and the rooster flew down.

"We want to buy a little corn for our cow and our pig," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little wheat for our rooster and our duck," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy a little meat for our dog," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little milk for our cat," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy some great, long sticks of candy for us!" said the little boy and the little girl together. "I hope you have some."

The Store Man took the money and brought out all the things.

The cow and the little white pig with the curly tail ate the corn; the rooster and the duck ate the wheat; the dog ate the meat, and the cat drank the milk, and the little girl and the little boy ate the great, long sticks of candy.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little girl.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy.

"Good-by, all of you," answered the Store Man.

So the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little pig with the curly tail, all went back up the road again.

Pretty soon they came to the pasture. The cow walked in.

"Good-by, Cow and Dog and Cat and Rooster and Duck and Pig!" shouted the little boy.

"Good-by, Pig and Duck and Rooster and Cat and Dog and Cow!" called the little girl.

"Moo-moo!" answered the cow.

"Grunt-grunt!" answered the pig.

"Miaouw, miaouw!" answered the cat.

"Quack, quack!" answered the duck.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" answered the rooster. "Bow-wow!" answered the dog.

And the little boy and the little girl put up the bars and ran back home as fast as they could go.



"THE STORE MAN BROUGHT OUT ALL THE THINGS"



"THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL PUT UP THE BARS"

GAY AND SPY

(A Rhyming Story for Little Folk)

One beautiful day in the month of May,
A little girl whose name was Gay
(They called her that, because, you see,
She was always cheerful as she could be)
Went for a walk in the woods near by,
And her dog went with her (his name was Spy).

As they strolled along a fine woodland path
She saw a little bird taking a bath.

She kept very still and watched him splash,
When all at once, with a sudden dash,
Into the brook jumped little dog Spy.

My, how he made the water fly!

"What a bad, bad dog you are!" said Gay.

"Birdie won't bathe any more to-day.

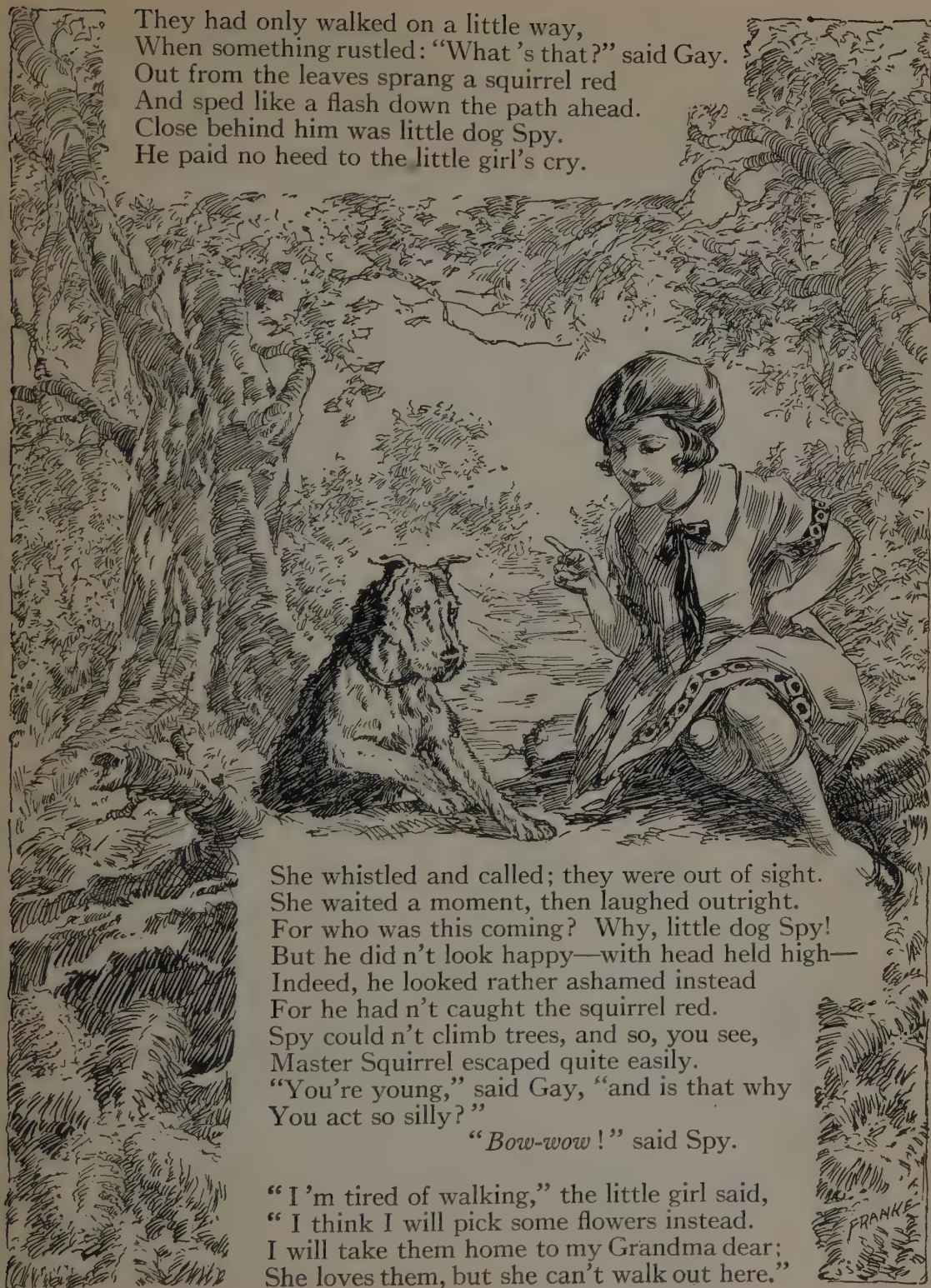
You frightened him so ; but, never mind,
He's only frightened, not hurt, he'll find.

We'll walk on further and you must try
To be good and quiet."

"Bow-wow!" said Spy.



They had only walked on a little way,
When something rustled: "What's that?" said Gay.
Out from the leaves sprang a squirrel red
And sped like a flash down the path ahead.
Close behind him was little dog Spy.
He paid no heed to the little girl's cry.



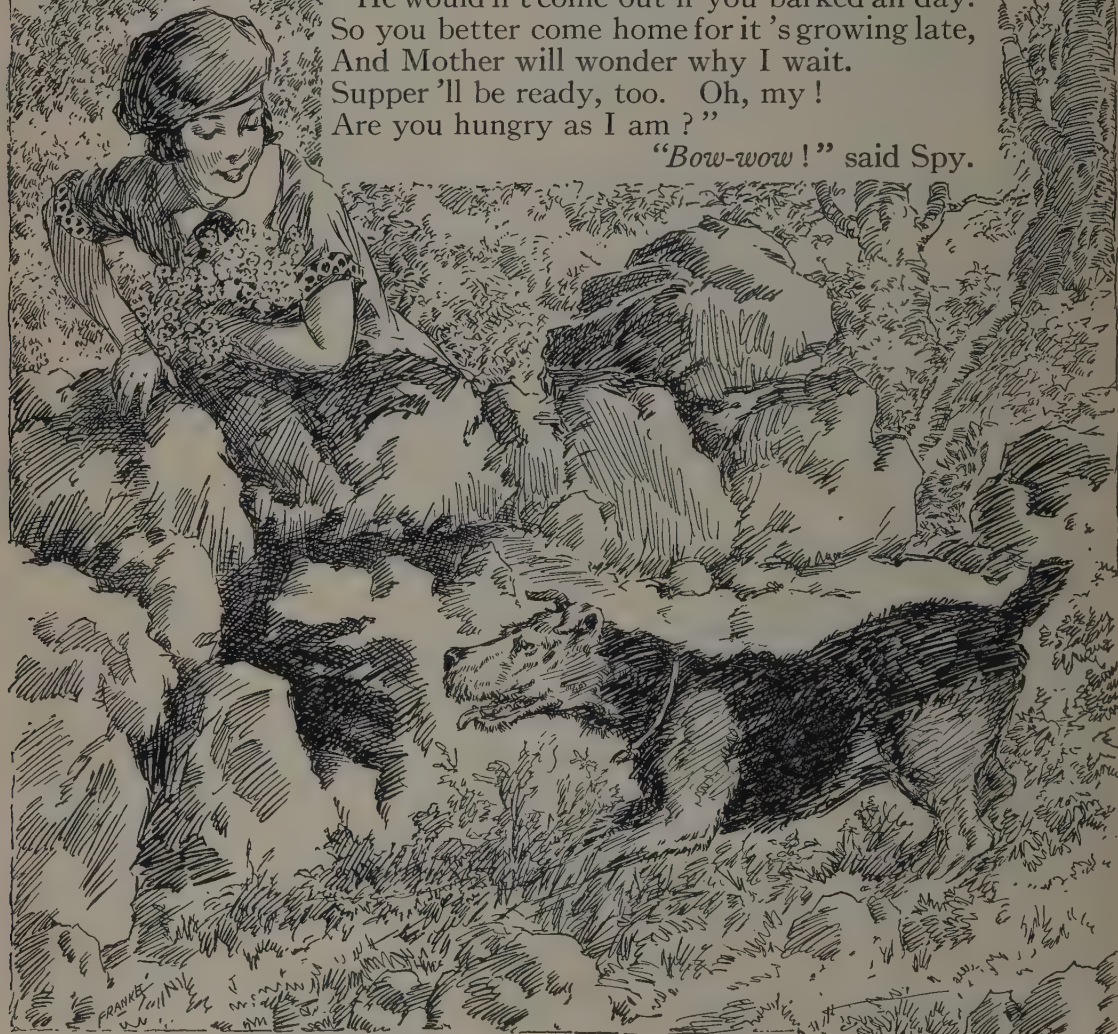
She whistled and called; they were out of sight.
She waited a moment, then laughed outright.
For who was this coming? Why, little dog Spy!
But he did n't look happy—with head held high—
Indeed, he looked rather ashamed instead
For he had n't caught the squirrel red.
Spy could n't climb trees, and so, you see,
Master Squirrel escaped quite easily.
"You're young," said Gay, "and is that why
You act so silly?"

"Bow-wow!" said Spy.

"I'm tired of walking," the little girl said,
"I think I will pick some flowers instead.
I will take them home to my Grandma dear;
She loves them, but she can't walk out here."

There were plenty of flowers all around.
Sweet white violets covered the ground.
There were lovely long-stemmed blue ones, too,
And all around the May-flowers grew.
But when she had all her hands would hold,
It was time to leave, it was growing cold.
The sun was sinking. But where was Spy?
She whistled and called,—but no reply!
“Where can he be?” she said, when hark!
Off in the distance she heard him bark.
“He must have a rabbit,” said she, “that ’s all.”
And sure enough, by an old stone-wall,
Spy was barking away as hard as he could—
As if scaring the rabbit would do any good.
“The rabbit is safe in that wall,” said Gay,
“He would n’t come out if you barked all day.
So you better come home for it ’s growing late,
And Mother will wonder why I wait.
Supper ’ll be ready, too. Oh, my!
Are you hungry as I am?”

“Bow-wow!” said Spy.





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"I 'SE BIGGEST!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

The Ballad of a runaway Donkey:

by Emilie Poulsson:

pictures by
Alfred Brenon.

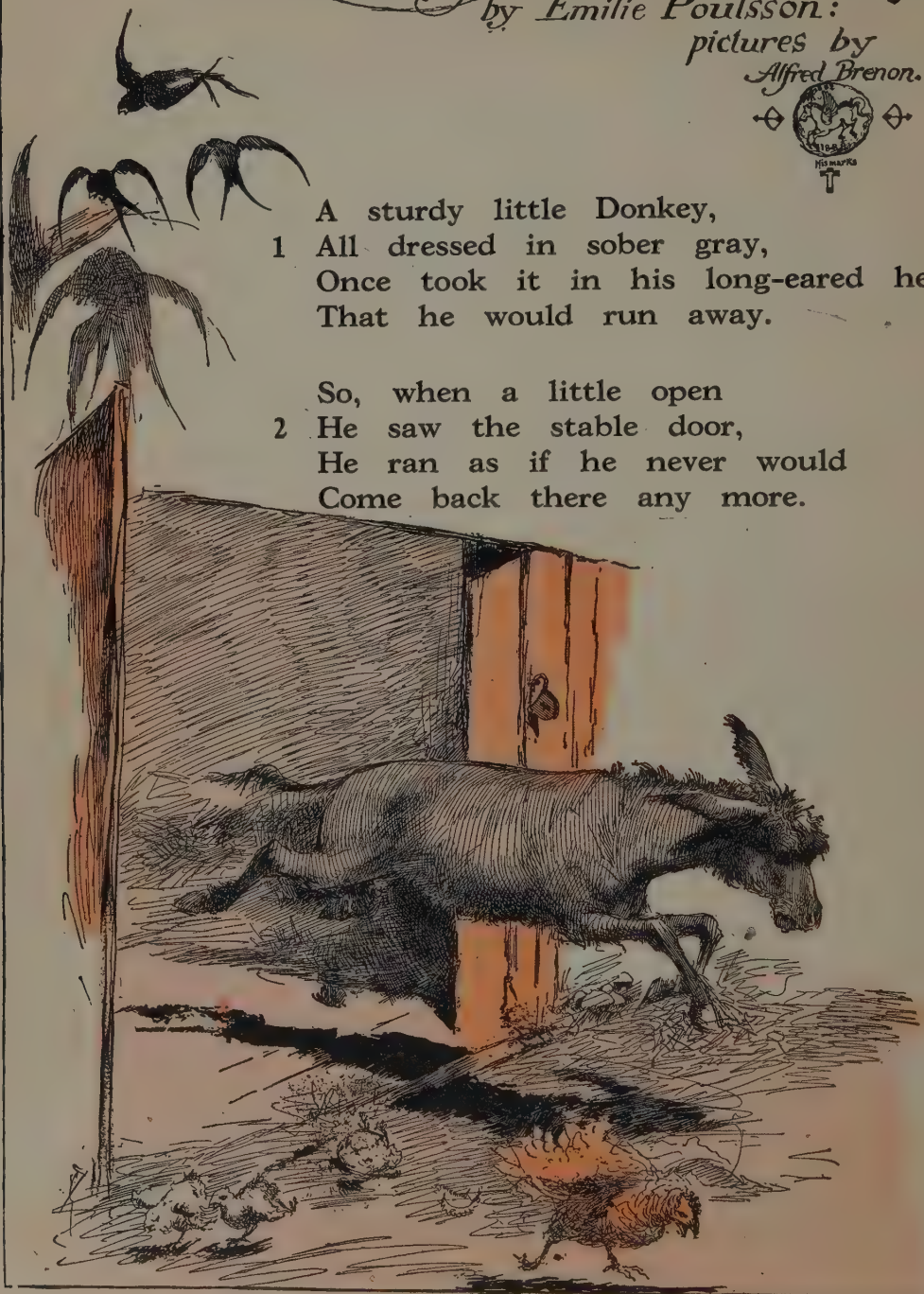


A sturdy little Donkey,

- 1 All dressed in sober gray,
Once took it in his long-eared head
That he would run away.

So, when a little open

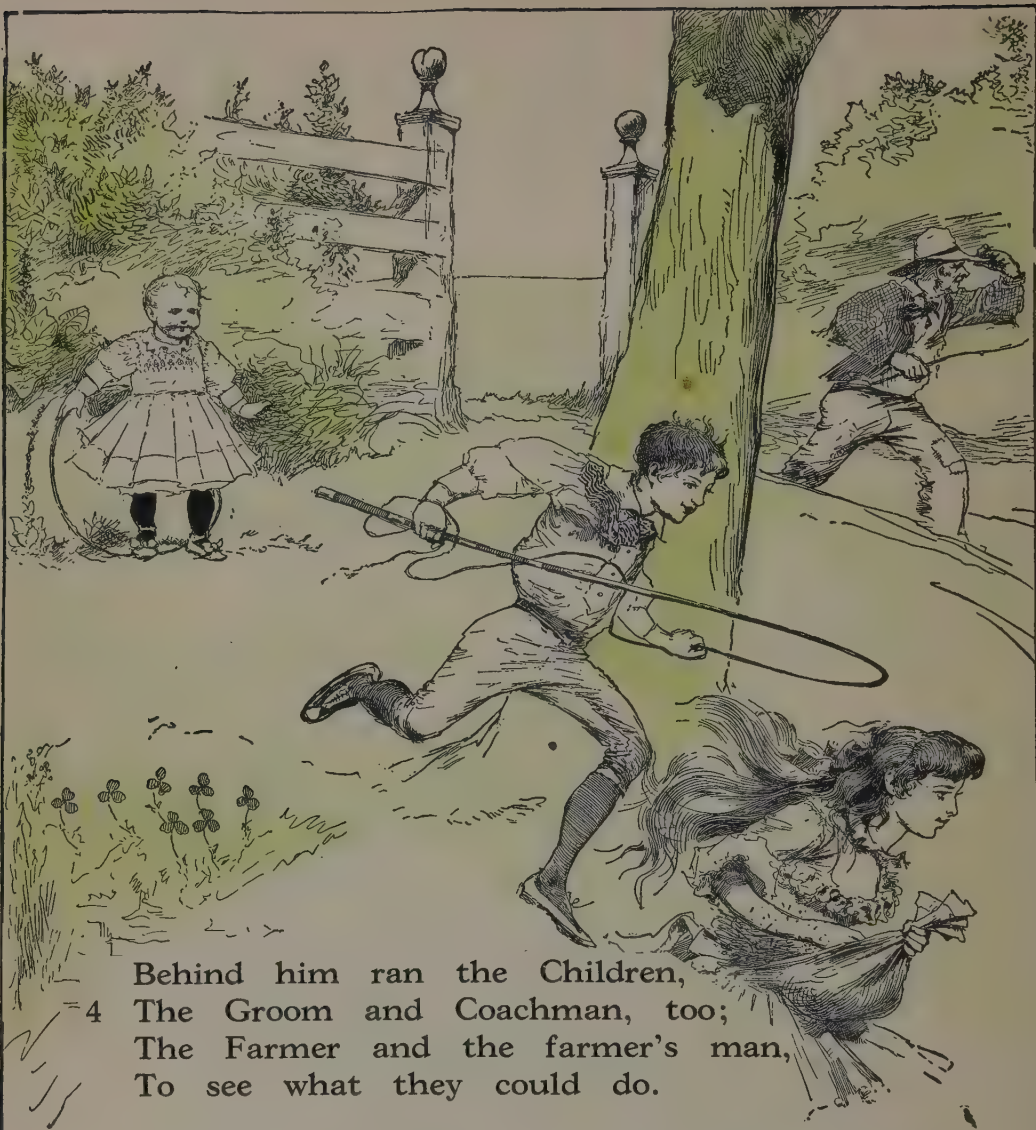
- 2 He saw the stable door,
He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.





Away that Donkey galloped
3 And ran and ran and ran
And ran and ran and ran and ran
And Ran and RAn and RAN!



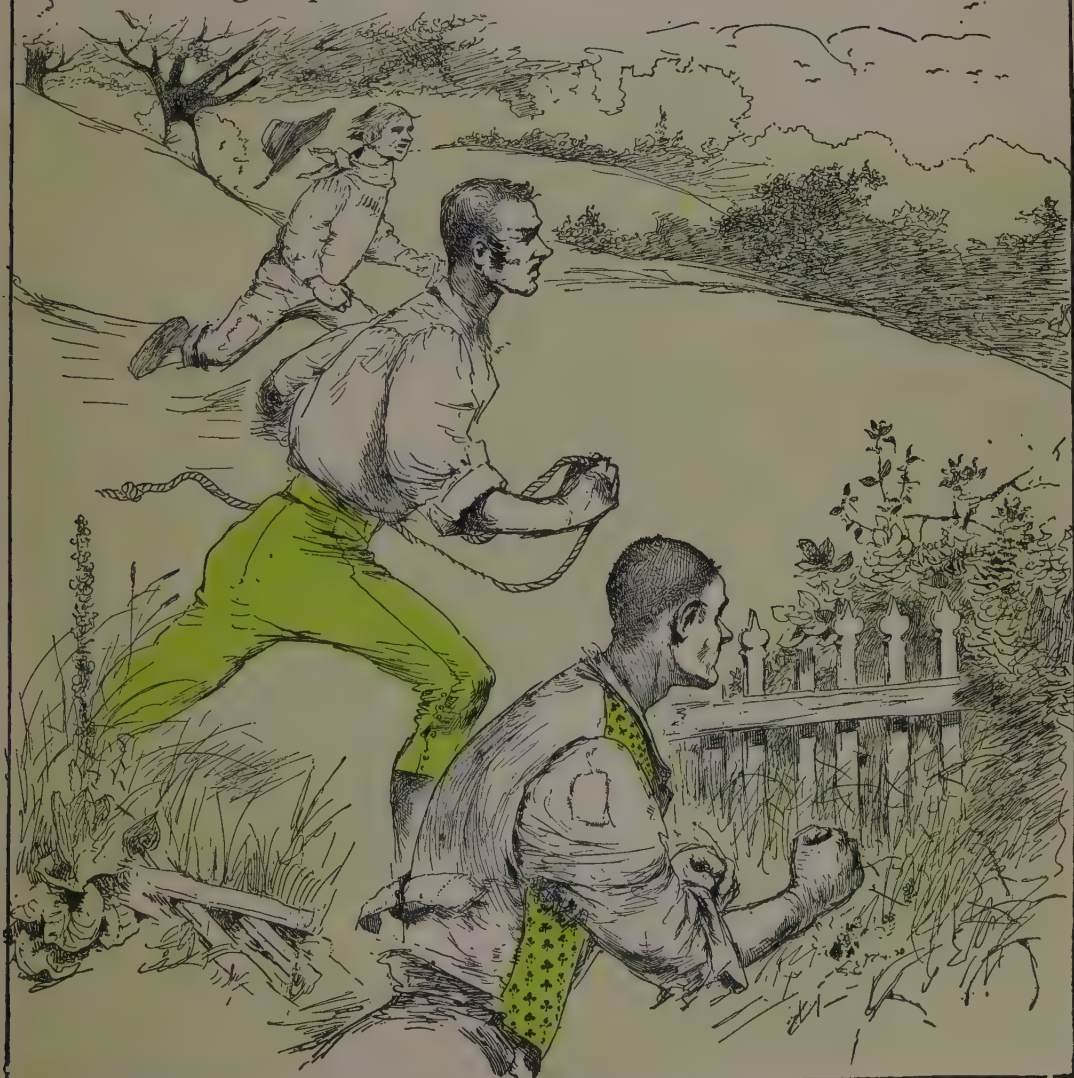


Behind him ran the Children,
4 The Groom and Coachman, too;
The Farmer and the farmer's man,
To see what they could do.

Some carried whips to whip him,
5 Some, oats to coax him near;
Some called, "Come here, you foolish beast!"
And some, "Come, Barney, dear."

But not a whit cared Barney
6 For cross or coaxing word;
And clatter, clatter, clatter still,
His little hoofs were heard.

And all across the meadow,
7 And up and o'er the hill,
And through the woods and down the dale
He galloped with a will.



And into every hayfield
8 And through the swamp and mire
Still Barney ran and ran and ran
As if he'd never tire!

His chasers all stopped running;
9 Then meek as any lamb
Did Barney stand as if to say,
"Come catch me! here I am."

But when one of them started,
10 Then Barney started, too;
As if the chase had just begun
Away he swiftly flew.





But there's an end to all things,
 11 And so, (the stupid elf)
 When no one else could capture him
 This Donkey caught himself.

For, running in the barnyard,
 12 He did not calculate
 What consequences would befall,
 And hit the swinging gate.

It quickly swung together,
 13 Down dropped the iron latch.
 O, Barney Gray! to think that you
 The runaway should catch!

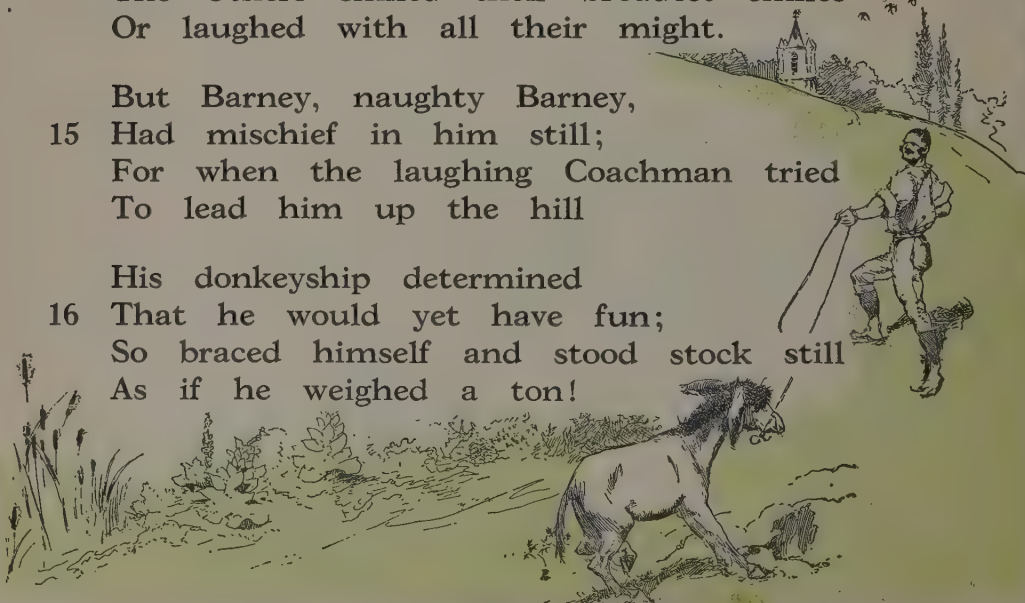


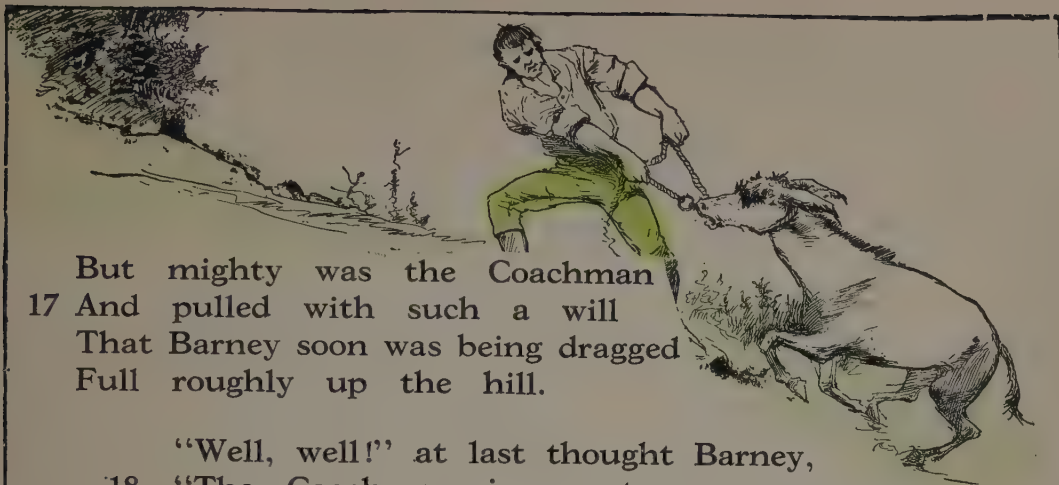


The Children danced with pleasure,
 14 The Groom roared with delight,
 The Others smiled their broadest smiles
 Or laughed with all their might.

But Barney, naughty Barney,
 15 Had mischief in him still;
 For when the laughing Coachman tried
 To lead him up the hill

His donkeyship determined
 16 That he would yet have fun;
 So braced himself and stood stock still
 As if he weighed a ton!






But mighty was the Coachman
17 And pulled with such a will
That Barney soon was being dragged
Full roughly up the hill.

“Well, well!” at last thought Barney,
18 “The Coachman is so strong
I might as well be good, just now,”
And so he walked along.

And when he reached the stable
19 And stood within his stall,
You’d scarce believe so meek a beast
Could run away, at all!

A black and white line drawing of a donkey standing in a stable stall. The stall is made of wooden planks. A ladder is leaning against the stall. A small bird is perched on the ladder. The donkey is looking down at the ground.

20 Now all the meditations
Of this same Barney Gray
Are only of some future chance
When he may run away.

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

THIS tale, my young readers, will seem to you to be quite false; but still it must be true, for my Grandfather, who used to tell it to me, would wind up by saying, "All this is true, my son, else it would never have been told to me." The tale runs thus:—

It was a fine summer's morning, just before harvest-time; the buckwheat was in flower, and the sun was shining brightly in the heaven above; a breeze was blowing over the fields, where the larks were singing; and along the paths the people were going to church dressed in their best. Every creature seemed contented, even the Hedgehog, who stood before his door singing as he best could a joyful song in praise of the fine morning. Indoors, meanwhile, his Wife was washing and drying the kitchen, before going into the fields for a walk to see how the crops were getting on. She was such a long while, however, about her work that Mr. Hedgehog would wait no longer, and trotted off by himself. He had not walked any very long distance before he came to a small thicket, near a field of cabbages, and there he espied a Hare, who he guessed had come on a similar errand to himself; namely, to devour a few fine heads. As soon as Mr. Hedgehog saw the Hare, he wished him a good morning; but the latter, who was in his way a high-minded creature, turned a fierce and haughty look upon the Hedgehog, and made no reply to his greeting. He asked, instead, in a very majestic tone, how he came to be walking abroad at such an early hour. "I am

taking a walk," replied the Hedgehog.

"A walk!" repeated the Hare, in an ironical tone, "methinks you might employ your legs about something better!"

This answer vexed the Hedgehog most dreadfully, for he could have borne anything better than to be quizzed about his legs, because they were naturally short, and from no fault of his own. However, he said to the Hare, "Well, you need not be so proud; pray, what can you do with those legs of yours?" "That is my affair," replied the Hare. "I expect, if you would venture a trial, that I should beat you in a race," said the Hedgehog.



"You are laughing! you, with your short legs!" said the Hare contemptuously. "But still, since you have such a particular wish, I have no objection to try. What shall the wager be?"

"A louis d'or," replied the Hedgehog.

"Done!" said the Hare, "and it may as well come off at once."

"No! not in such great haste, if you please," said the Hedgehog; "I am not quite ready yet; I must first go home and freshen up a bit. Within half-an-hour I will return to this place."

Thereupon the Hedgehog hurried off, leaving the Hare very merry. On his way home the former thought to himself, "Mr. Hare is very haughty and high-minded, but withal he is very stupid; and although he thinks to beat me with his long legs, I will find a way to defeat him." So, as soon as the Hedgehog reached home, he told his Wife to dress herself at once to go into the field with him.

"What is the matter?" asked his Wife.

"I have made a wager with the Hare, for a louis d'or, to run a race with him, and you must be witness."

"My goodness, man! are you in your senses!" said the Wife; "do you know what you are about? How can you expect to run so fast as the Hare?"

"Hold your tongue, Wife; that is my affair. Don't you reason about men's business. March, and get ready to come with me."

As soon, then, as the Hedgehog's Wife was ready they set out together; and on the way he said, "Now attend to what I say. On the long field yonder we shall decide our bet. The Hare is to run on the one side of the hedge and I on the other, and so all you have to do is to stop at one end of the hedge, and then when the Hare arrives on the other side at the same point, you must call out, 'I am here already.'"

They soon came to the field, and the Hedgehog stationed himself at one end of the hedge, and his Wife at the other end; and as soon as they had taken their places the Hare arrived. "Are you ready to start?" asked the Hare. "Yes," answered the Hedgehog, and each took his place. "Off once, off twice, three times and off!" cried the Hare, and ran up the field like a whirlwind; while the Hedgehog took three steps and then returned to his place.

The Hare soon arrived at his goal, as he ran all the way at top speed, but before he could reach it, the Hedgehog's Wife on the other side called out, "I am here already!" The Hare was thunderstruck to hear this said, for he thought it really was his opponent, since there was no difference in the voices of the Hedgehog and his Wife. "This will not do!" thought the Hare to himself; but presently he called out, "Once, twice, and off again;" and away he went as fast as possible, leaving the Hedgehog quietly sitting in her place. "I am here be-



fore you," cried Mr. Hedgehog, as soon as the Hare approached. "What! again?" exclaimed the Hare in a rage; and added, "Will you dare another trial!" "Oh! as many as you like; do not be afraid on my account," said Mr. Hedgehog, courteously.

So the Hare then ran backwards and forwards three-and-seventy times; but each time the Hedgehogs had the advantage of him, for either Mr. or Mrs. shouted before he could reach the goal, "Here I am already!"

The four-and-seventieth time the Hare was unable to run any more. In the middle of the course he stopped and dropped down quite exhausted, and there he lay motionless for some time. But the Hedgehog took the louis d'or which he had won, and went composedly home with his Wife.

THE WEE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

A SCOTCH STORY, ATTRIBUTED TO ROBERT BURNS

ADAPTED BY JENNIE ELLIS BURDICK

THERE was an old gray Pussy Cat, and she went away down by a brookside. There she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier bush.

Says the gray Pussy Cat: "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And the wee Robin makes answer: "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this glad Christmas morning."

And the gray Pussy Cat says: "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a pretty white ring I have around my neck."

But the wee Robin says: "No, no! gray Pussy Cat, no, no! You worried the wee mousie, but you cannot worry me!"

So the wee Robin flew away until he came to a wall of earth and grass, and there he saw a gray greedy Hawk sitting.

And the gray greedy Hawk says: "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And the wee Robin makes answer: "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this glad Christmas morning."

And the gray greedy Hawk says: "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see the bright feather in my wing."



WEE ROBIN AND THE OLD GRAY PUSSY CAT

But wee Robin says: "No, no! gray greedy Hawk, no, no! You pecked the little Meadowlark, but you cannot peck me!"

So the wee Robin flew away until he came to a steep, rocky hillside, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. And the sly Fox says: "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And the wee Robin makes answer: "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this glad Christmas morning."

And the sly Fox says: "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see the pretty spot on the tip of my tail."

But the wee Robin says: "No, no! sly Fox, no, no! You worried the little Lamb, but you cannot worry me!"

So the wee Robin flew away until he came to a grassy meadow, and there he saw a little shepherd boy.

And the little shepherd says: "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin makes answer: "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this glad Christmas morning."

And the little shepherd boy says: "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll give you some crumbs from my lunch."

But the wee Robin says: "No, no! little shepherd boy, no, no! You caught the Goldfinch, but you cannot catch me!"

So the wee Robin flew away till he came to the King; and there he sat on a plowshare, and sang the King a cheery song. And the King says to the Queen: "What will we give to the wee Robin for singing us this cheery song?"

And the Queen makes answer to the King: "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife."

So the wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King and the Queen, and all the court danced at the wedding. Then the wee Robin and the wee Wren flew away home to the wee Robin's own brookside, and hopped on the brier bush.

THE FOX

THE Fox set out in a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to travel that night
Before he could reach his den O!

First he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it was hard
That their nerves should be shaken, and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He seized the gray goose by the sleeve,
 Says he, "Madam Gray Goose, by your leave,
 I'll carry you off without reprieve,
 And take you away to my den O!"

He seized the gray duck by the neck,
 And flung her over across his back,
 While the old duck cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
 With her legs dangling down behind O!

Then old Mrs. Flipper Flapper jumped out of bed,
 And out of the window she popped her head,
 Crying, "John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
 And the Fox is off to his den O!"

Then John went up to the top of the hill,
 And he blew a blast both loud and shrill.
 Says the Fox, "That is fine music, still
 I'd rather be off to my den O!"

So the Fox he hurried home to his den,
 To his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten.
 Says he, "We're in luck, here's a big fat duck
 With her legs dangling down behind O!"

Then the Fox sat down with his hungry wife,
 And they made a good meal without fork or knife.
 They never had a better time in all their life,
 And the little ones picked the bones O!

THREE COMPANIONS

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK-CRAIK

WE GO on our walk together—
 Baby and dog and I—
 Three little merry companions,
 'Neath any sort of sky:
 Blue as our baby's eyes are,
 Gray like our old dog's tail;
 Be it windy or cloudy or stormy,
 Our courage will never fail.

Baby's a little lady;
 Dog is a gentleman brave;
 If he had two legs as you have,
 He'd kneel to her like a slave;
 As it is, he loves and protects her,
 As dog and gentleman can.
 I'd rather be a kind doggie,
 I think, than a cruel man.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

BY MARY HOWITT

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

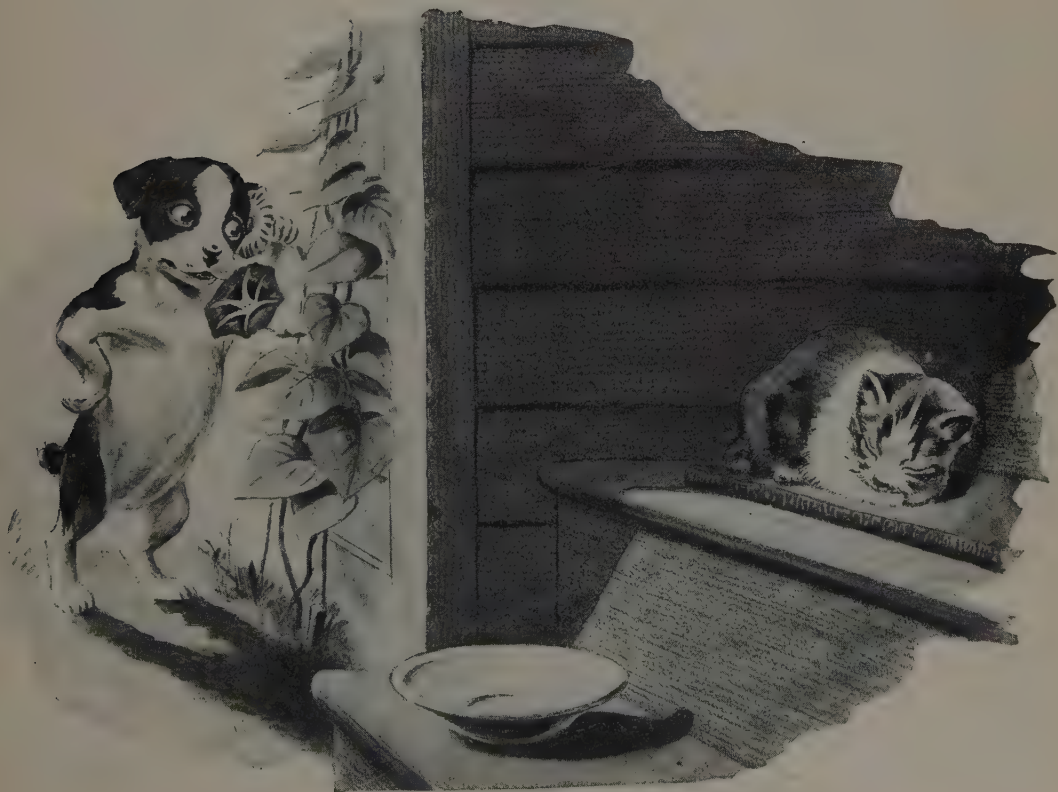
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew—
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!



"HELLO! IS THIS THE CLOVER NOOK DAIRY? PLEASE SEND ME SOME MILK AT ONCE. GOOD BY"

"'FRAID CAT!"

BY FRANK MUNRO

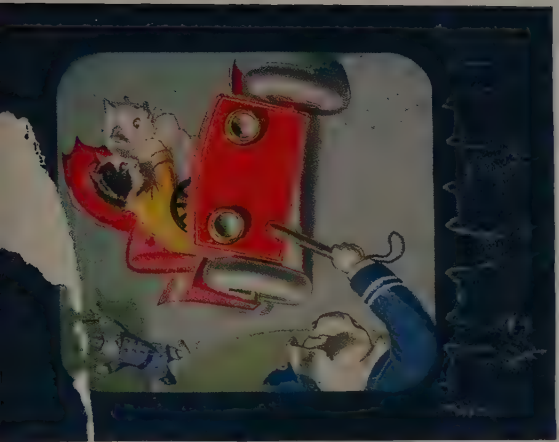
To PUSSY-TOWN, the other day,
The movies came.
And you must know,
The only chance mice have to play
Is when the cats
Go to the show!

(Yes, mice have certain little "rights"—
Though I confess
'Em hard to see!
And one is to stay up o' nights
And steal our cheese—
If cheese there be!)

Well, in the playhouse, on the screen,
The pussies saw
(And so may you)
True love run smoothly, I ween:
But "also ran,"
A dog in blue!

The foolish cats, in great alarm,
Dashed out, nor
Asked for money back!--
A dog policeman has no charm
When he is close
Upon one's track!

They did not use their heads, I fear;
(Some boys and girls
Are just like that)
And so the pussies now must hear
The grown folks say:
"'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!"



THE CATS AT THE MOVIES
FROM A DRAWING BY CULMER BARNES



THE little boy and the little girl had many friends among the animals. There was the rabbit, the turtle, and the owl and the proud blue jay and pretty, cheery Robin. The old gray goose and the speckled guinea hen and the quacking duck and the strutting rooster and the clucking hens were their friends, too. So were the pigeons and the old black crow, and the little, frisky, scampering squirrel.



These friends all knew that early New Year's morning the little girl and the little boy would go to the evergreen playhouse for the gift the New Year brought. Nobody had ever told the little girl and the little boy that the New Year would bring them a gift, but all children know a great many things that nobody tells them.

The evergreen playhouse was a beautiful circle of evergreen trees, with an opening on one side for a door. This playhouse had only the sky for a roof, so it was very gay and cheerful. A table for play stood in the center of the house.



All these bird and animal friends of the little girl and boy thought it would be nice to bring New Year's gifts and lay them on the table in the evergreen playhouse—fine, good, New Year's gifts.

So early New Year's morning the little boy and girl went hand in hand to the evergreen house and stood quietly inside the door.

Then they looked at the table and there they saw all the beautiful New Year's gifts.

"Feathers!" shouted the little boy when he saw what some of the birds had brought. "Feathers of all sorts of colors! I know what I will do. I am going to make an Indian war-bonnet that *is* a war-bonnet!—a perfect beauty!"

"Oh, see the red grains of corn, and the yellow grains of corn!" cried the little girl, as she saw the present the barnyard fowls had brought, "I'll string them for a necklace!"

"Oh, goody, look at the nuts!" laughed the little boy, as he saw the nuts the squirrel had brought; "won't they taste fine!"

"There's my littlest doll—the one I lost!" shouted the little girl. The sharp-eyed crow had brought it back from his hiding-place.

"And there's my lucky penny!" shouted the little boy. For that rascal of a crow had brought that back, too.

So they laughed over their presents until all their animal friends crept in to see.



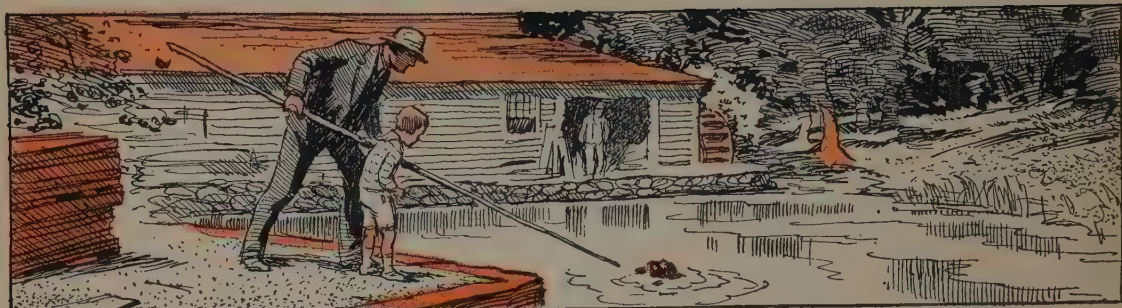
"Come!" cried the little boy, "We'll all have a dance around the table!"

So around they went; the birds and chickens, the squirrel and the crow, and all the friends, squeaking and quacking and crowing and chirping and cawing, while the little girl and boy sang "la, la, la," to no tune at all, just because they were so happy.

"Mercy, children!" called their mother who came out to the evergreen house to see what was going on, "what *are* you doing!"

"Just having fun!" answered the little boy.

"Oh, the *mostest* fun, mama!" called the little girl, "with all our friends!"



WILLIE AND HIS DOG DIVER

BY H. N. POWERS

WILLIE was a very little child and lived near a mill. One day he saw a big cruel boy come along and throw a little puppy into the mill-pond, and then run away. Willie cried out: "O Papa, Papa, do come here!"

"What is the matter?" said his papa.

"Oh, Papa! I want the little doggie! Please get him for me. He will be drowned!"

His papa took a long pole and put it under the puppy's neck and pulled it out of the water and gave it to Willie. He was very happy with his dog, which, by next year, grew to be a big, strong, shaggy fellow, and was named Diver. He used to go with Willie everywhere the boy went, and he loved Willie very much. Everybody said: "What a beautiful dog!" and Willie was proud of him.

One day when the nuts were ripe, Willie took his basket and went to pick hazelnuts. One big bush full of nuts hung over a deep place in the mill-pond, and, as Willie reached for the top branch, he slipped and fell in the water out of sight. But when he came up, Diver jumped in, took him by his collar, and brought him safe to land. So if it was good for Willie to save the dog's life when he was a little puppy, it was good for the dog to save Willie's life when *he* was a little boy.

And that was Diver's way of thanking Willie for saving his life. It was a very good way, too! And Willie and Diver were always the best of friends.



A FIELD-MOUSE TALE

BY VIRGINIA BENNET

I

WHEN a little boy named Laurie once went to stay for a while with his aunt Laura and Uncle Sam at their beautiful farm, he found many things to surprise and interest him.

"What happens to the seeds, Aunt Laura, when you put them in the ground?" asked Laurie as one day in the flower garden he watched her make little gutters and holes to drop them in, and tenderly cover them with earth.

"They lie there with the warm sun shining on them, and the rain moistening them, until they open, and the flowers creep up, Laurie," explained Aunt Laura.

"Yes, but I would like to see what happens underneath," said Laurie seriously, "and watch the underground part of the flowers and seeds."

"You'll have to visit the mole or the field-mouse for that," said Aunt Laura, looking up at him from under the shade of her sunbonnet, with an odd little smile.

"Could Aunt Laura mean that," thought Laurie, "or is she only laughing at me?"

"Oh, I should like that, ever so much—to visit the field-mice I mean—they're such cunning little creatures; I don't think I should care to visit the mole though," he added, "they're such stupid creatures, and can't see anything." Just then Laurie gave a slight start—something was moving under his feet; he felt the ground sway and lift him unsteadily for a moment, and then settle back into place again.

"Oh, Aunt Laura, look!" he exclaimed, pointing to a broad ridge of earth that now ran through the garden, "What is that?"

"Why it's a molehill, Laurie," and Aunt Laura shook her head; "I thought the moles had all left the garden long ago. I haven't known of any being here for years and years, though Uncle Sam did tell me there were some down in the orchard." "I wonder if the mole could have heard what I said about him just now," said Laurie; "he almost upset me when he ran past."

"It's best never to say anything about anybody, unless it's kind," replied Aunt Laura gently.

II

Perhaps you wonder how a little boy in a flower garden has anything to do with a mouse story, but we shall come to

that in a little while. It was partly his being in the flower garden, and wondering about the seeds, that made Laurie

curious to see what was at the other end of the mouse-hole, but you must wait and hear about things just as they happened to him.

After helping Aunt Laura in the garden, Laurie asked her if he might gather the eggs that the hens had laid. He had been some time at the farm and knew where to hunt for them, although some of the hens always selected the most out-of-the-way places; when he had gathered the eggs for the first time, he had brought in a nest-egg. Now you must know nest-eggs are made of china—but Aunt Laura did not smile a bit, and said "most likely the Cochinchina hen had laid it."

Of course he knew better now, and laughed when he thought of Aunt Laura's joke; but it was always a pleasant task—in and out among the currant-bushes, peeping into the nests ranged along the high fence, then into the old wagon-shed, where sometimes "Biddy" would leave an egg tucked in the straw in the bottom of the big farm-wagon, then into the hay-mow, where there were sure to be three or four white eggs laid in the straw. Laurie loved to go into the barn, there was always something to see—either one of the horses to hold an ear of corn to, and watch him bite off the grains with his great white teeth, or a little calf to be petted and stroked.

He stopped for a moment to pet the baby calf, then started on to where he knew the brown hen always laid an egg in the clover under the dim rafters.

Just as he was about to pass through one of the oaken doorways, he stopped

suddenly, for a huge spider-web was spun across it. "Oh, dear!" he exclaimed half aloud, and then he gave a little shriek, for something soft and furry jumped from a beam, ran lightly across his shoulders, dropped to the floor, and scurried off.

"Only a mouse, and how it frightened me!" he exclaimed in amused contempt, now that he saw it was really nothing to shriek about, only he had been startled at first. "But, oh dear!" he added, this time in a puzzled tone, "I must have somehow or other turned around—or where am I?"

He was still in the barn, for there was the hay all about, but he seemed to be in a sort of covered passage, that led right through the hay-mow. He looked up, and there was the spider-web still hanging above; it was much larger than an ordinary spider-web, and had writing on it like a railroad map.

"Why, it is a map," exclaimed Laurie. "I never knew that before,—that spider-webs were maps. I wonder what some of the names of the places are," and looking closer he read, "Anthill, Underwood, Molehill, Housedale, Undercliff," and instead of Suburban Lines it read Subterranean Lines.

"I wonder which road I must go by to get under the garden?" Laurie said aloud, in a puzzled voice.

"You can't go by any road," said a voice beside him, and turning round, Laurie saw an old spider, who was evidently the ticket-agent, for he wore a gray uniform. "You can't go by any road," he repeated.



I NEVER KNEW BEFORE THAT SPIDER-WEBS
WERE MAPS

"You go along this road," and he pointed to one of the lines on the map. "Go straight ahead until you come to the garden, and be sure to leave the road behind you; don't take it with you when you get there," he called after him, for by this time Laurie had started to run, and was quite far along the passage.

Laurie kept on running and running, and did not stop until he was quite out of breath; in his fright he had not noticed whether he had passed any signposts or not—so that he had no idea where he now was. "Surely it must lead somewhere," he thought, "and anyway, I might just as well go out of the barn

this way, even though I've never been through here before."

On and on he walked. It was certainly a very long passage, but it did not go out of the barn as he thought it would; instead it sloped gently downward, gradually growing darker and darker. There was a strong odor of cheese-rinds in the air, and the floor was quite slippery. "Maybe I have dropped into a mouse-hole," thought Laurie.

"Oh, I wonder," he said to himself, "if I go in far enough maybe I can see what happens to seeds and flowers underground—I must be underground now," for by this time, though there was still a strong smell of cheese, it was earthy and quiet and still, as if no breeze could blow there.

"I wonder where this can go to," thought Laurie, "it's strange, I've never seen this passage before. Why I ought to know my way about the barn."

"Not strange at all," said a voice beside him; and looking round, he saw the same Mouse, only much larger now. "Not strange at all," the Mouse replied, shaking his head, "you haven't seen half of the farm; that is," he added, "you haven't seen half as much as you might have seen, if you would only use your eyes."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't hear everything I say—when I talk loud anyway," answered Laurie crossly. "All the animals on the farm seem to know what I'm thinking, and it's very rude of them!"

"It's your own fault if they are rude," answered the Mouse, "how would you

like it if some one were always calling you idle, and stupid, and didn't believe you ever had any work to do?—So I'm only a mouse, am I—indeed!"

The Mouse was extremely indignant. Laurie felt that he must say something

to get him in a good humor again, so in his most polite way he said, "Well I shall be very much obliged to you if you will tell me where this road leads to, for I haven't the slightest idea where I am."

III

"It leads to a great many places," said the Mouse; "for instance, I am on my way to see my cousin the Field-mouse; if you want to go there, come along with me. If you don't you can go to the Anthill, or to see the Mole; they all live underground you know."

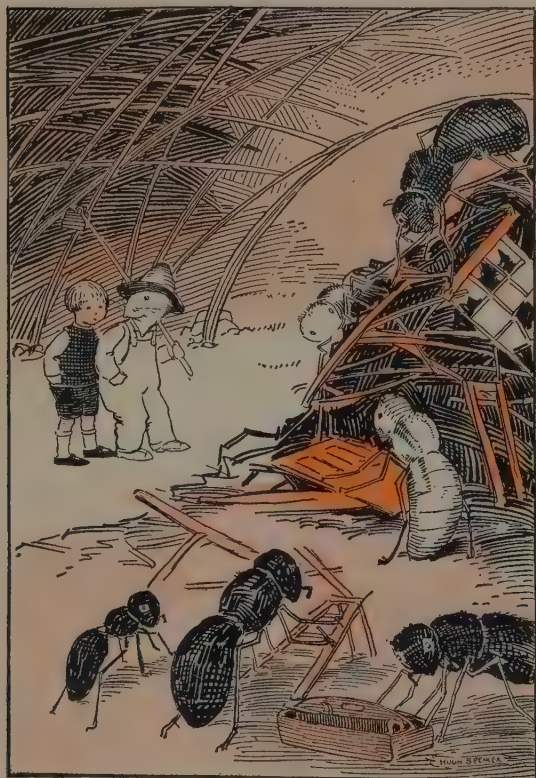
"Oh, please, not the Mole," said Laurie in alarm, "but I should so much

like to see the underground part of things, where the flowers and plants come from."

"Very well," said the Mouse, "that's just in my line; I will be glad to show you, and you will certainly learn something."

Laurie noticed that the Mouse was dressed in overalls, and carried a hoe over one shoulder; on his head was a great straw hat, which he would occasionally take off to mop his head with a red bandanna handkerchief. "Follow me," he said, and they started down the road; after walking some distance they came to the Anthill. Here all was confusion, the greater part of it was in ruins. "Some one has stepped on it again," sighed the Mouse. "If people would only look where they're going it would save a great deal of work."

Laurie hung his head; he felt very much ashamed and sorry, for he remembered perfectly, how, only that morning, he had kicked the toe of his shoe into the Anthill, just to see the tiny things scurry about, though of course he meant no harm by it. "I'll never do that again," he resolved; "why, it's just as bad as if some one had pushed my house over." And so it was, only maybe worse, for the ants have to



SOME ONE HAS STEPPED ON IT AGAIN

carry all their building materials themselves, which they dragged or pushed heavily along the road. There was the most perfect system about everything, however. They are not romantic, not at all, but that is as it should be. We cannot always have music and pleasure. Each ant would do his share, thinking only of what was to be done, not whether he could do it. In this way a great deal was accomplished. "That's a lesson in perseverance for a boy," said the Mouse, looking sharply at Laurie, who felt himself turn red all over. The ants were too busy for them to stop, so the Mouse led the way again along the passage until they reached the field where the wheat had been planted overhead. One could see that by the furrows, only they were upside down because it was the underside of the wheat-field. The wheat had already begun to sprout, and the mice gardeners were busy planting poppy-seeds among it. Then when the wheat was ground into flour and made into bread, sometimes the poppy-flower would get among it and be baked in the loaf—then *nid-nod* would go the children's heads at supper-time over their bread and milk. Yes, that was the fault of the poppy-flower!

The Mouse explained to Laurie how the gardeners were obliged to comb the roots carefully to keep them from becoming tangled, and showed him how knots were tied in the ends to keep them from being torn from the ground when the wind blew. It was certainly very interesting.

"Come with me to the vegetable gar-

den," he said, and led Laurie along another passage, until they came to a field where rows of roots and bulbs were hanging over their heads.

"Of course, it is too early for much of it to show yet, nevertheless we are very busy even now, getting things ready."

And they were very busy, all the little mice gardeners, and what do you suppose they were doing? The strangest, queerest things; they looked like plasterers or paper-hangers, for they were standing on long boards placed across step-ladders, only instead of plastering, they were reaching up to the vegetables, some of them with pots of paint, painting the radishes and beets red. Some of them sewing French knots in the strawberries while others were crumpling the cabbages and lettuce-leaves.

"I never knew there was so much work about a vegetable garden," said Laurie in surprise. "I thought all one had to do was to plant the seeds and keep the weeds out."

"Yes, that's all you thought, and that's all anyone thinks," answered the Mouse sharply, "but there is a great deal more to do!" Just then there was a heavy footstep overhead, a shower of earth and pebbles fell down about them, and some of the roots were jerked out of the ground, leaving a round hole through which the blue sky could be seen. The mice in alarm scurried away in all directions, but Laurie's guide reassured him by explaining that some one was picking vegetables in the garden, and had pulled up a turnip.

"Wouldn't he have been surprised," thought Laurie with a laugh, "if he had looked down here and seen me?"

"I will show you the garden now," said the Mouse turning away. The walking was rather difficult owing to the rough stones that lay in their path;



THE GARDENERS WERE BUSY SHARPENING THORNS

in one corner they came upon a little doll that had lain there, oh! ever so long—she was quite out of fashion, you could see that by her dress. The stuff of the dress was a queer little check pattern that Laurie had seen in one of the patches of the silk quilt on his bed; she lay there quite forgotten, though she still smiled; but that was only put on, for it was really paint!

Now they came underneath the gar-

den; it was very old; great roots hung down from above. The box-hedge was firmly planted in the soil. It had stood there for ages—the ground underneath the garden was like velvet. It was carpeted with rose-petals, and memories that had fallen down each summer. They never faded. The gardeners were busy sharpening thorns, and fastening them to the rose-bushes; some were filling the flowers with honey for the bees to gather when they blossomed in the air. Some were nibbling with their sharp teeth the stalks of flowers that were fading, for it was time for them to die.

The seeds that Laurie had planted in the morning lay there waiting in the warm earth; by and by they opened their eyes, one, two, three, four, yes, all of them were now awake. They stretched out their lovely arms, and softly arose. A gentle breeze came and swayed them on their slender stems, and the wind whispered secrets in their ears; how fragrant the air was and how beautiful their colors.

They talked among themselves: each one told of what she was going to do when she went out in the world.

"I shall bloom where every one can see me," announced the marigold; she was bright gold and held her head proudly; "beautiful flowers are meant to be seen."

"I shall be gathered into a posy by Aunt Laura to make a little sick boy happy," smiled the pansy. "While I," chimed in the rose, turning her beautiful head, "shall blossom in the garden, and

delight every one with my fragrance."

"I shall bloom for a while certainly," spoke up the nasturtium, "but my purpose really is to go to seed to be made into pickle for the winter." There was

a good-natured laugh all around at this; but the nasturtium held to her resolve. And who knows but that you and I may eat some of it next winter on boiled mutton, made up into caper sauce.

FRISKYTOES

BY LILLIAN GASK

FRISKYTOES lived all by himself in the hollow of an oak tree, and would not have changed places with any creature in the forest. He lived by himself because he preferred it, though many a dainty squirrel maiden had looked at him kindly with soft brown eyes, and the mothers of several had pointed out to him that two hoards of nuts were better than one when the winter came. But Friskytoes was not to be cajoled.

"Thank you," he said, politely, "but I have as many nuts as I want, and there wouldn't be room for two in my castle."

This was scarcely true, for it was a fine castle. Through the hole in the top Friskytoes could see the stars in the sky as he snuggled himself up on cold winter nights. Sometimes the wind whistled down and told him about his cousins in other lands, and he was half tempted to set out and seek them. But he had always so many things to do at home that somehow he never started.

Friskytoes was a professor. Every summer evening after sunset he gave lessons in dancing to a select class of young squirrels, and instructed them how to carry their tails gracefully—which is a thing most necessary for

squirrels to know. In the mornings he taught geography and arithmetic to bees and wood-pigeons, and Mrs. Bunny-Rabbit often consulted him as to how to bring up her young. He knew better than anyone in the forest where you could find most nuts, and if you wanted to see the fairy revels he was the most skillful guide that you could have. The wood-pigeons, who were always in difficulties about the number of their eggs, relied on him fully, and they sobbed all day when he was caught.

Yes, Friskytoes was caught—and by a boy, too! That was the worst of all, for he had always had a great contempt for boys, looking upon them as clumsy young things who were awkward at climbing, and wantonly cruel. Nothing would ever induce him to tell how Ted Burton managed to catch him—but manage it he did, and Friskytoes was shut up in a tiny cage, with a horrible treadmill to turn by way of exercise.

Now, I think he would soon have pined away and died if Ted's cousin, little Avice Langley, had not come to live with him. She was very small for her age, and as unlike him as it was possible to be. Her face was so tiny Ted

used to call her "Threepenny bit," but, though he pretended to despise girls, he was fond of Avice, and when she insisted that poor Friskytoes should be

in a box?" she asked him severely, and Ted said, "Not at all."

"And it wouldn't even be so hard for you," she added, "for a boy isn't half

so active as a squirrel!" So they let him out that morning, and Friskytoes never went back to his cage.

The playroom was a long old-fashioned attic, which the children had "all to themselves." There were big oak rafters across the ceiling, and Friskytoes scampered up and down these for hours at a time. Ted's mother had wire netting fastened across the window, so that even if it were open he could not escape, and they were all very careful when they came in or out of the door.

Friskytoes soon grew accustomed to the children and was so grateful to Avice for getting him out of that horrid cage, that after a little while he would sit on her shoulder and eat nuts out of her hand. He would never

let Ted touch him, however, for he could not forgive him for depriving him of his liberty.

"How would you enjoy being shut up



FRISKYTOES

Avice didn't care much for dolls now that she had Friskytoes to play with. He slept in her dolls' house, and she made him a delightfully soft bed in the drawing-room, whose satin-covered "real furniture" had once been the joy of her heart. Friskytoes kept nuts now on the best sofa, and scattered them unrebuked.

"You are the *most darling* squirrel!" she often told him, and he sighed as he thought of all the pretty things the squirrel maidens had said to him in the days gone by.

Avice wasn't well that winter. She was so small and thin that the cold seemed to nip her up as if she were a tiny snowdrop that had crept from the warm earth long before it was time. Ted's mother never allowed her to go out when King Frost came, and though she had the loveliest pair of shining skates—"like fairy slippers," Nurse declared—she might not use them even once. The big lake in the park was covered with ice, and Ted used to go off every morning during the holidays, while Avice was left at home. She would do her best to smile until she had watched him out of sight, when she would curl herself up in the big chair by the playroom fire and talk to Friskytoes. One day he saw that she was crying.

"I'm so lonely, Friskytoes," she whispered. "If only you could speak to me I know you'd say that you were sorry!" And a big tear startled him by falling on the very center of his funny little nose as he nestled close beside her.

Now, on several occasions Friskytoes

had been present at the forest revels in the fairy ring, and he remembered what he had heard there of the language of the mortals. So he made a great effort, and cleared his throat.

"If you'll listen to me very carefully," he began, and Avice gave a cry of joy.

"Why, you can speak after all!" she cried. "Oh, dear little Friskytoes, how glad I am!" And she gave him such a hug that he almost wished he had not said a word.

"Shall I tell you about the wood things?" he asked her presently, when he had grown quite used to the sound of his own voice.

"I want to hear about your own self first," said Avice; "what you did when you were little, and how you played in the forest."

So Friskytoes perched himself on her shoulder and chattered away for the whole afternoon.

"I was one of three brothers," he commenced, "and the handsomest of them all, though perhaps I ought not to say it. Sparkles may have had the brightest eyes, and Feathertuft the finest tail, but my mother always declared I had an air about me which they had not. Even my parents bowed down to me, and I well remember showing my father how much more rapidly he could crack a nut if he did it my way instead of his. My mother was quite annoyed with him when he told me to smooth my tail and put back my ears, but I knew that at heart he was very proud of his eldest son, and I once distinctly heard him telling our next-door neighbor what a

fine little fellow he thought me.

"This was one day when I was sharing some acorns with Sparkles, and I was so anxious lest he should have more than his share that I did not catch what she said by way of reply. But I know it was something disagreeable about 'train up a child,' for the very next morning we heard that we were to go to school with the Brownies.

"They are queer little people, those Brownies, half fairies half wood things like ourselves. They may know a great deal more than we do of mortals and their ways (though, indeed, I'm not so sure of this!), but we should scorn to be as clumsy as they are in getting from place to place.

"I spent a whole afternoon one day (I was supposed to be learning the forest laws) in trying to teach a Brownie to spread himself out as we do when we want to jump lightly to the ground from a great height.

"It would have amused you to see the ridiculous way in which he crumpled himself up; and after several unsuccessful attempts to imitate my graceful movements, he declared that he 'wasn't a squirrel, and didn't want to be a squirrel,' and that he had something very much better to do than to play with me. So he went off to see if the bees were working properly—he had rather a fancy for honey for his tea—and we were left to our own devices until our mother took it into her head that we ought to have singing lessons.

"I am quite sure you could sing more sweetly than those silly little larks, if

you only knew how to set about it,' she told us fondly, and was much annoyed when the nightingale refused to take us as pupils. The cuckoo readily agreed, however, and all our friends were invited to come and see how well we got on. But something must have been the matter with our throats, for though we did exactly as we were told, and opened our mouths as wide as they would go, we only made the strangest noises, and the old white owl came out of her hiding-place to hoot at us, though it was broad daylight, and declared that we were quarreling!

"Now this we never did. Both Feathertuft and Sparkles gave way to me on all occasions, and if there were a choice of nuts I always had the biggest. It was just the same with acorns."

"Wasn't it rather greedy?" inquired Avice, timidly. Friskytoes was not in the least abashed.

"It may have been," he answered, candidly, "but I did not think of it at the time. It's astonishing how terribly hungry talking makes one," he went on, reflectively, with a meaning glance at a large golden banana on the table. He watched Avice with a great amount of interest as she peeled it for him, but contented himself with a dainty nibble at the ripest end.

"It doesn't taste half as good as the berries in the woods," he sighed. "The hedges were quite red with them when autumn came. That was our happiest time in all the year, and we shouldn't have had a trouble in the world if those boys had not come after chestnuts."

"But you didn't *eat* chestnuts, you know!" Avice reminded him, and Friskytoes looked at her with grave reproof.

"Do you *never* think of anything but eating?" he inquired. "They would have been welcome to all the chestnuts in the forest had they only left us alone. But 'squirrel-hunting' was their favorite sport, and the young ruffians thought it the finest fun in the world. Feathertuft was all but captured before he was even fully grown.

"You never saw so precocious a squirrel! No well-behaved youngster ever leaves his parents' home until the spring comes, but Feathertuft was in such a hurry to start for himself that he began to look out for a suitable tree to build in before the winter had even begun. There was a certain elm standing quite by itself on the borders of the forest to which he took the greatest fancy, and it was in vain that he was told that he had better go elsewhere.

"You would be far safer if you made your home amidst other trees," said an elderly blackbird who had seen a great deal of the world and was fond of giving advice to every one. But Feathertuft took no notice of her, and was always scampering about that elm tree to see where he would build his nest when the time came.

"One day when he was doing this a

party of boys caught sight of his tail, which I had always thought too large and showy for his size.

"'There's a squirrel!' they shouted with delight, and Feathertuft darted to the other side of the trunk. In a moment they had surrounded the tree, and were flinging sticks and stones and anything that they could lay their hands on.

"'Climb, Lester!' they commanded, and one of the smallest—he was just like a monkey—climbed up the branches and shook them violently. Feathertuft was out of his reach, however, on the very end of a slender bough, and the moment he saw his opportunity dropped to the ground as lightly as a snowflake.

He remembered what the blackbird had said when he saw the distance between himself and another tree, for before he could reach it he was knocked over by a cap and buried underneath. It would have been all over with him had not those boys stopped to argue to whom the cap belonged.

"'It's mine!' cried one, pushing his playmates out of the way.

"' 'Tisn't—'tis mine!' shouted another, hurling himself upon it. But when they gathered up the cap they found it empty, and Feathertuft was waving his tail in triumph from the top of another tree!"

THE THREE BEARS

LITTLE Goldilocks was a pretty girl who lived once upon a time in a far-off country.

One day she was sitting on the hearth-rug playing with her two kittens, and you would have thought she was as happy as a queen, and quite contented to stay where she was instead of wanting to run about the world meddling with other people's property. But it happened that she was rather a mischievous little maid, and could not resist teasing her pets, so one of them scratched her, and then she would play with them no longer.

She got up and trotted away into the wood behind her mother's house, and it was such a warm, pleasant day that she wandered on and on until she came into a part of the wood where she had never been before.

Now, in this wood there lived a family of three Bears. The first was a GREAT BIG BEAR, the second was a MIDDLING-SIZED BEAR, and the third was a LITTLE TEENY TINY BEAR, and they all lived together in a funny little house, and very happy they were.

Goldilocks stopped when she came to the Bears' house, and began to wonder who lived there.

"I'll just look in and see," she said, and so she did, but there was no one there, for the Bears had all gone out for a morning walk, whilst the soup they

were going to have for dinner cooled upon the table.

Goldilocks was rather hungry after her walk, and the soup smelt so good that she began to wish the people of the house would come home and invite her to have some. But although she looked everywhere, under the table and into the cupboards, she could find no one, and at last she could resist no longer, but made up her mind to take just a little sip to see how the soup tasted. The soup had been put into three bowls—a Great Big Bowl for the Great Big Bear, a Middling-sized Bowl for the Middling-sized Bear, and a Teeny Tiny Bowl for the Teeny Tiny Bear; beside each bowl lay a spoon, and Goldilocks took one and helped herself to a spoonful of soup from the Great Big Bowl.

Ugh! how it burnt her mouth; it was so hot with pepper that she did not like it at all; still, she was very hungry, so she thought she would try again.

This time she took a sip of the Middling-sized Bear's soup, but she liked that no better, for it was too salt. But when she tasted the Teeny Tiny Bear's soup it was just as she liked it; so she ate it up every drop, without thinking twice about it.

When she had finished her dinner she noticed three chairs standing by the wall. One was a Great Big Chair, and she climbed upon that and sat down.



"But who has been tasting mine and tasted it all up?"
cried the poor little Teeny Tiny Bear in a Teeny Tiny voice.

Oh, dear! how hard it was! She was sure she could not sit there for long, so she climbed up on the next, which was only a Middling-sized Chair, but that was too soft for her taste; so she went on to the last, which was a Teeny Tiny Chair and suited her exactly.

It was so comfortable that she sat on and on until, if you'll believe it, she actually sat the bottom out. Then, of course, she was comfortable no longer, so she got up and began to wonder what she should do next.

There was a staircase in the Bears' house, and Goldilocks thought she would go up it and see where it led to. So up she went, and when she reached the top she laughed outright, for the Bears' bedroom was the funniest she had ever seen. In the middle of the room stood a Great Big Bed, on one side of it there was a Middling-sized Bed, and on the other side there was a Teeny Tiny Bed.

Goldilocks was sleepy, so she thought she would lie down and have a little nap. First she got upon the Great Big Bed, but it was just as hard as the Great Big Chair had been; so she jumped off and tried the Middling-sized Bed, but it was so soft that she sank right down into the feather cushions and was nearly smothered.

"I will try the Teeny Tiny Bed," she said, and so she did, and it was so comfortable that she soon fell fast asleep.

Whilst she lay there, dreaming of all sorts of pleasant things, the three Bears came home from their walk very hungry and quite ready for their dinners.

But, oh! dear me! how cross the Great

Big Bear looked when he saw his spoon had been used and thrown under the table.

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY SOUP?" he cried, in a Great Big Voice.

"AND WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MINE?" cried the Middling-sized Bear, in a Middling-sized Voice.

"BUT WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MINE AND TASTED IT ALL UP?" cried the poor little Teeny Tiny Bear in a Teeny Tiny Voice, with the tears running down his Teeny Tiny Face.

When the Great Big Bear went to sit down in his Great Big Chair, he cried out in his Great Big Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR?"

And the Middling-sized Bear cried, in a Middling-sized Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR?"

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out in a Teeny Tiny Voice of anger:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR, AND SAT THE BOTTOM OUT?"

By this time the Bears were sure that someone had been in their house quite lately; so they looked about to see if some one were not there still.

There was certainly no one downstairs, so they went up the staircase to their bedroom.

As soon as the Great Big Bear looked at his bed, he cried out, in his Great Big Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

And the Middling-sized Bear, seeing

that the coverlet was all rumpled, cried out, in a Middling-sized Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out, in a Teeny Tiny Voice of astonishment:

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED AND LIES THERE STILL?"

Now, when the Great Big Bear began to speak, Goldilocks dreamt that there was a bee buzzing in the room, and when the Middling-sized Bear began to speak, she dreamt that it was flying out of the window; but when the Teeny Tiny Bear began to speak, she dreamt that the bee had come back and stung her on the ear, and up she jumped. Oh!

how frightened she was when she saw the three Bears standing beside her.

She hopped out of bed and in a second was out through the open window. Never stopping to wonder if the fall had hurt her, she got up and ran and ran and ran until she could go no farther, always thinking that the Bears were close behind her. And when at length she fell down in a heap on the ground, because she was too tired to run any more, it was her own mother who picked her up, because in her fright she had run straight home without knowing it.

THE LITTLE BULL-CALF AND THE POPPY

BY ROSAMUND NESBIT BLAND

THERE was once a little calf who was always unhappy. He had a dear mother and two nice little white cousins, with brown ears, and a beautiful field to live in, quite full of buttercups and daisies, and cow-parsley, which little calves mustn't eat because it makes them ill; and yet he wasn't happy. It was really because all the other cows and calves could not understand him. And this was why: This little calf loved everything that was red, and of course you know that cows and bulls generally hate red things.

Now, the field next to the cows' field was a cornfield, and among the corn there were a great many scarlet poppies. The little calf thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as these red flowers, and he always longed to get into the cornfield and kiss the poppies and

tell them how much he loved them. All day long he used to stand with his little face pressed against the hedge, looking into the cornfield, and when the farmer's boy brought a bucket of food for the little calves, this little calf let his cousins eat it all up, while he stood gazing at his darling poppies.

One day he found a gap in the hedge, just big enough for a little calf to squeeze through, and in a twinkling he was through the hole and among his dear flowers. He rolled about in the corn and kissed the poppies, and said: "Dear little bright flowers, I wish you would come into my field and live there with me." But the flowers did not speak to him. Then he got up and wandered all over the field, talking to all the poppies, until at last he stopped before the largest and reddest poppy of all.



SHE CHANGED THE POPPY INTO A LITTLE RED FAIRY

"How beautiful you are!" he said. "Can't you speak to me?" and the tears came into his brown eyes because none of the poppies seemed to love him.

"Yes," said the poppy, "I can speak to you. What do you want me to say, and why are you crying? Be careful not to drop your tears on me, because they are warm and would wither my petals."

"I only wanted to tell you that I love you and want you to come and live with me in my field," said the little bull-calf.

"Is it a nice field?" asked the poppy.

"Yes," he said, "it's a beautiful field—full of buttercups and daisies; and Mother lives there, and my cousins, and all Mother's friends."

"I don't like buttercups and daisies and all your Mother's friends," said the poppy; "you must go away, little calf. And look!" she suddenly screamed, "you

have trodden down all our dear friends, the corn-ears. Be off with you, at once, you wicked, *wicked* creature!" and she waved her leaves and shook so much with anger that the little calf was quite frightened and stumbled through the corn to his old hedge. But just as he was going to get through the hole he heard a gentle little voice at his feet, and looking down, saw another poppy. She was smaller than the other poppies, but she looked at him with her beautiful black eyes, and said: "Dear little calf, I have watched you looking through the hedge every day, and I love you and will come and live in your field. Take me gently in your mouth and pull me up."

But just as he was going to do it the poppy cried out: "Quick, little calf, quick! I hear the farmer's footsteps. If he finds you here he will beat you.

You must go back without me." And the little calf scrambled back through the hole in the hedge just as the farmer came up. Of course the farmer was terribly angry when he saw all his corn trampled down, and he sent some men to fill up the hole in the hedge at once, so that our little calf couldn't get his dear poppy.

Now time went on, and our little calf began to grow up, and he did all sorts of dreadful things, because he still loved everything that was red. He chased an old lady all down the lane because she was wearing a red shawl and he wanted to rub his head against it.

He ate up the paint-rag belonging to an artist who came to paint the cows in the cornfield, because it was covered with red paint. I don't know why it was covered with bright red, for cows are not bright red, nor buttercups and daisies either, are they? But still it was. And one day he even went into the farmer's wife's red sitting-room, and sat on the floor with his head among the scarlet cushions on the sofa. After this every one thought he must be mad, and the farmer's sons called him "the crazy bull-calf."

But all this time he never once forgot his dear poppy, and every evening he went down to the hole in the hedge and talked through it to her, until the autumn came and she went to seed. But when the next summer came, and he was almost a full-grown bull, he went down to his hole in the hedge, and there in his own field was a little red poppy, and he knew at once that it had grown up from

one of the seeds of his own poppy, which the kind wind had carried and dropped in the cow-field. So all the summer he talked to his poppy and loved her, and she loved him, and they were very happy. But when the autumn came the poppy knew she must die, and they were both very sad.

One day, when the young bull was trying to shield her from the sun, the Green Witch of the Fields came along. She stopped when she saw the two friends, and the tears came into her eyes, because she was sorry for them. But she quickly dashed her tears away, because if a green witch ever drops her tears she loses all her power and becomes a sort of green stuff which the wind carries away and drops on to the ponds. Well, when the witch found that the two friends could nearly make her cry she was very much frightened, and she said to herself: "I must do something for the poppy so that she can always be with her friend, because if I pass by when the poppy is dead, I shall certainly drop my tears, and that would never do."

So she waved her green wand over the poppy and changed her into a little red fairy. "Now you can live forever with your friend. Goodby, dear children", and she slipped away on the wings of the wind. So now the bull had his poppy always with him. In the summer she rode upon his horns, and in the cold weather she sat inside his ear, just where the velvety soft hairs are. And in all the world there is not a more merry fairy than she, or a happier bull than he.

MUFFLES

BY L. L. WEEDON

YES, my name is Muffles, and I am a staid old sheep now, with a lamb of my own to care for and bring up in the way a lamb should go; yet I could tell you some fine tales of the fun and frolics I had when quite a young lambkin—but hush! little Woolly is listening, and it would never do for her to hear that I was sometimes as naughty as she is: all young lambs think their mothers never did anything wrong, and it is best they should continue to think so.

You ask me why I love Jock, the shepherd's lad, so well that I am quite happy in trusting even Woolly to him? Sometimes he will carry the little thing in his arms and I trot along beside him for quite a long way, and we have a

chat together and enjoy ourselves very much. You don't believe boys and sheep can talk to each other, you say? Well, they *can*, at least if they love each other as Jock and I do. But all this time I have not told you why we are such great friends.

To begin at the beginning, I was a very delicate baby, and if it had not been for the great care bestowed upon me by Jock and his father I should have died long ago and never had a story to tell you. There were several other lambs brought up in the shepherd's cottage, that cold bleak spring, but Jock made a special pet of me and I was never so happy as when I was trotting at his heels. As the summer advanced I was turned out on to the hills with the other sheep, for Jock's mother declared she would not have her cottage turned into a sheep-pen, and that I was quite big and strong enough to look after myself.

It was quite true; but Jock hated to let me go, and if you will keep the secret, I may tell you that he even shed tears at parting.

He laid his curly head on my thick fleece and said: "Goodby, Muffles darling, don't forget me, and I will come and see you whenever I can." When he lifted his head I thought a heavy dew had suddenly fallen. I know better now; he had been crying over me.

Well, I went away with the other



JOCK AND WOOLLY

sheep and lambs and was very happy all the bright summer weather, but I did not forget Jock, although I seldom saw him, for he had to go where he was sent, and his work took him some miles away to look after another flock of sheep.

Whenever he had a holiday he used to come and visit me, and as soon as I heard his clear voice calling "Muffles, Muffles, Muffles," off I would race to meet him.

As I said before, we had a beautifully warm summer, and it was followed by lovely autumn weather, and that again by a very mild winter.

Some of the old sheep in the flock used to shake their stumpy tails wisely, and say they remembered other mild winters which had ended badly, when there had been heavy falls of snow and whole herds of sheep had been lost, and these wise old sheep used to advise us young ones to keep close to them if ever a flake of snow began to fall.

But I did not pay much heed to their warnings, for I had never known a winter and scarcely knew what it meant. Even the cold springtime when I had first come into the world was forgotten by this time. I knew, of course, that the weather was colder now, but my fleece was so thick and warm I did not mind that.

One day the weather suddenly changed. It grew very much colder, and the sky became covered with thick white woolly-looking clouds. "Snow," said the old sheep wisely; "best keep together here, and the shepherd will come to look

for us soon and take care of us."

But after waiting a little time and finding that no one came, and no snow fell, some of us began to move away, and as we cropped the herbage we forgot the threatened danger until, to my surprise, I noticed a perfect cloud of



THE NAUGHTY SHEEP

white wool beginning to drop from the clouds.

"Some one's fleece is falling off," I said; "do look, how very strange."

We all stood still to look and one of the sheep cried out suddenly: "It's snow! Oh! what shall we do, it's snow, sure enough; let's go back at once!"

We began to scamper back; but the snow was falling so thickly that we became bewildered and soon stood still, cowering together in fear.

"I wish we had stayed with the others," said one sheep.

"So do I," said another; "the shepherd will never find us here, and we shall all die of cold."

"Jock will find us," I said as cheerfully as I could, and though the others would not believe me I proved to be right, for presently I heard a voice calling "Muffles, Muffles, Muffles." I bleated joyfully in reply, and before long Jock was in the midst of us.

Oh! how glad we all were and how we bleated and snuggled up to him; but alas! our troubles were not over. Poor Jock, in his anxiety for me, had left his father with the first herd of sheep and come on alone to search for the wanderers.

He was only a lad, and very soon he lost his way in that dreadful blinding snow and at length sank down exhausted by my side.

I lay as close to him as I could, to try to keep him warm, and the other sheep lay down by him, too; it was all we could do.

After that we remembered very little until I woke up, feeling a sharp dig in my side. I bleated feebly and some one said, "Here they are, right enough, and thank God, here's Jock with them!"

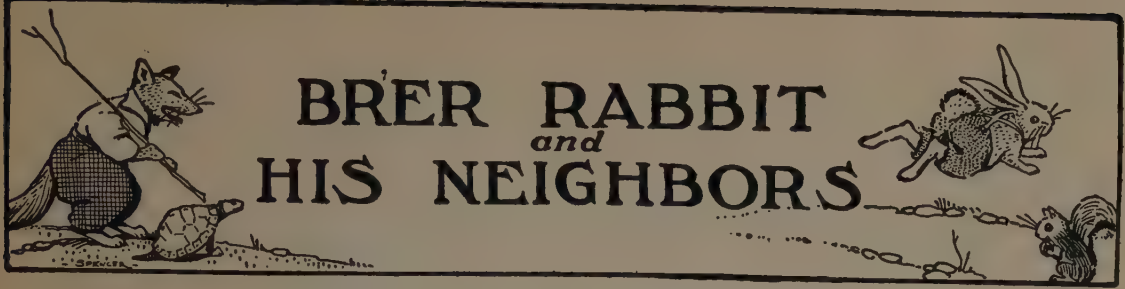
One by one the shepherds and their friends dug us out of the snow, which had drifted thickly about us, and Jock was carried down to his home, and was rubbed and shaken and fed with hot broth until he began to revive, and I am thankful to say that before many days passed he was little the worse for his adventure.

But now you will not wonder that I love and trust him, because he nearly gave his own life to save poor Muffles.





"HA, HA, HA!" HE SAID TO HIMSELF. "HOW FOOLISH BROTHER FOX IS"



BRER RABBIT and HIS NEIGHBORS

BROTHER FOX'S TAR BABY*

TRANSLATED BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ONCE upon a time Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit lived near each other in the woods. But they had to go a long way each morning to get water from a spring.

One day Brother Fox said to Brother Rabbit: "What's the use of taking a long walk every morning. Let us dig a well of our own."

"I shall no longer go to the spring," said Brother Rabbit. "From this time on I shall drink the dew from the grass and the flowers. Why should I work to dig a well?"

Brother Rabbit knew by the way Brother Fox talked that he was going to dig the well anyway.

"Just as you please," said Brother Fox. "Then I will dig the well myself. And I will drink the water all by myself."

The next morning Brother Fox began to dig a well by a big tree. He worked, and worked, and worked. Brother Rabbit was hiding in a bush near by and watching Brother Fox.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he said to himself. "How foolish Brother Fox is! I guess I shall soon have all the water I want. Ha, ha, ha!"

That night, while Brother Fox was asleep, Brother Rabbit stole quietly down to the well by the big tree, and drank and laughed, and drank and laughed.

"I guess I can have all the water I want," said Brother Rabbit. "Brother Fox was foolish to do all the work."

The next day, when Brother Fox went to get some water, he saw rabbit tracks in the mud.

"Ah, ha! Brother Rabbit," said Brother Fox to himself, "so that's the way you drink the dew from the grass and the flowers! Well, well, I think I can catch you at your trick!"

Brother Fox ran home as fast as he could and made a great big doll of wood, as big as a baby. He covered the wooden doll with black, sticky tar. Then he put a little cap on its head. At sunset, he put the tar baby out beside the well.

"I think I shall get Brother Rabbit this time," he said, as he went home laughing to himself all the way.

Soon Brother Rabbit came hopping through the bushes. He looked first this way, then that. The least noise frightened him. When he saw the tar baby, he sat up straight and peeped at it through the leaves.

"Hullo, there! Who are you?" he said at last. The tar baby said nothing.

"Who are you, I say?" he asked in a louder tone.

The tar baby said nothing.

Then Brother Rabbit went right up close to the tar baby.

"Why don't you answer me?" he shouted.

The tar baby said nothing.

"See here!" he shouted. "Have you no tongue? Speak, or I'll hit you!"

The tar baby said nothing.

Brother Rabbit raised his right hand and—biff! his hand stuck fast.

"Here! What's this?" he cried. "Let me go, or I'll hit you again."

The tar baby said nothing.

At that—blip! he hit the tar baby with the other hand. That stuck fast, too.

"Listen to me, you rascal!" cried Brother Rabbit. "If you don't let me go, I'll kick you!"

The tar baby said nothing.

Bim! Brother Rabbit's right foot stuck fast.

"See here, you imp!" he shrieked. "If I kick you with my left foot, you'll think the world has come to an end!"

The tar baby said nothing.

Bom! the left foot stuck fast.

"Look out, now!" Brother Rabbit screamed. "Let me loose, or I'll butt you into the well with my head! Let me go, I say!"

The tar baby said nothing.

Buff! Brother Rabbit's head stuck fast.

* From "Evening Tales," by Frederic Ortolí; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

And there was Brother Rabbit with both hands, and both feet, and his head stuck fast.

The next morning Brother Fox came out to see how the tar baby was getting along. He saw Brother Rabbit, and he laughed to himself until his sides ached.

"Hey, Brother Rabbit!" he called. "What are you doing? How do you like my tar baby? I thought you drank dew from the grass and the flowers! I have you now, Brother Rabbit, I have you now."

"Let me go, Brother Fox!" cried Brother Rabbit. "Let me go! I am your friend. Do n't hurt me!"

"Friend? You are a thief," said Brother Fox. "Who wants a thief for a friend?" Then he ran quickly to his home in the woods and built a big fire.

Soon Brother Fox tore Brother Rabbit loose from the tar baby, threw him over his shoulder, and started for the fire.

"Roast rabbit is good," said Brother Fox.

"Roast me! Burn me! Anything!" said Brother Rabbit, "Only don't throw me into the brier patch."

"I've a mind to throw you into the well," said Brother Fox, as he turned and looked back.

"Drown me! Kill me! Anything! Only don't throw me into the brier patch," said Brother Rabbit. "The briers will tear my flesh and scratch my eyes out. Throw me into the fire! Throw me into the well!"

"Ah, ha, Brother Rabbit!" said Brother Fox. "So you do n't like briers? Then here you go!" and he threw Brother Rabbit away over into the brier patch.

As soon as Brother Rabbit touched the ground, he sat up and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

"Ha, ha, ha! Brother Fox!" said Brother Rabbit. "Thank you, dear Brother Fox, thank you! I was born and reared in a brier patch."

Then Brother Rabbit ran off in great glee, chuckling over the trick he had played on Brother Fox.

THE RABBIT AND THE PEAS

BY MRS. M. R. ALLEN

A LONG time ago there was a Bear that had a fine pea patch. He and his wife had to work in the field every day, so they left their little girl at home to keep house. One fine morning Br'er (which means "Brother") Rabbit came up to the house and called the little girl: "Mary, Mary, your father and mother told me to come up here and tell you to put me in the pea patch and let me have as many peas as I want." So Mary put him in, and he stayed there until nearly 12 o'clock, and then he begun calling: "Little girl, little girl, come and let me out; I 'm full for this time!"

So she let him out, and he went home. At dinner when her father and mother came home and saw their pea patch they were angry, and said: "Who has been in these peas?" "Why, did n't you send Br'er Rabbit to get as many as he wanted?" said Mary. "No, I did n't; no, I did n't," said Mr. Bear. "And the next time that rascal comes here with that sort of tale, you just keep him in there until I come home."

So the next morning Br'er Rabbit came back again, and called: "Mary, Mary, your father told me to tell you to put me in the pea patch, and let me have all the peas I want." "All right," said Mary; "come on." So she put him in and fastened him up.

As it began to grow late, Mr. Rabbit began

to call: "Little girl, little girl, come and let me out!" "All right," said Mary, "when I put down my bread for supper." After a while he called again: "Little girl, little girl, come let me out!" "When I milk my cow," said Mary. When she finished milking he called again, and she said: "Wait till I turn my cow out."

By that time Mr. Bear came home and found him in his pea patch, and asked him what he was doing in there. "Your little girl told me you said I might have some peas," said Br'er Rabbit. "Well," said Mr. Bear, "I 'll put you in this box until I get rested and eat my supper, then I 'll show you a trick or two." So he locked him in the box and went to the house.

After a while Br'er Fox came along the road, and Br'er Rabbit called him, and Br'er Fox said: "What are you doing in there?" "They are going to have a ball here to-night and want me to play the fiddle for them, so they put me in here. I would n't disappoint them," said Br'er Rabbit. "But, Br'er Fox, you always could beat me playing the fiddle. Now, they offer to pay two dollars for every tune. Suppose you take my place; my wife is sick and I must go home—if I can get off."

"All right," said Mr. Fox. "I 'm always willing to make money, and if you do n't want to stay I will take your place."



"WHO ARE YOU, I SAY?" HE ASKED IN A LOUDER VOICE

"Well, look on top of the box and get the key. I saw Mr. Bear put it there," said Br'er Rabbit. So Br'er Fox unlocked the door, and Br'er Rabbit hopped out and locked Br'er Fox in.

So after supper they all came out, and the little girl ran up to the box and looked in, and said: "Oh, mamma! just come and see how this Rabbit has growed!"

Mr. Fox said: "I ain't no Rabbit!" "Well," said Mr. Bear, "how came you in there?" "Because Br'er Rabbit asked me to take his place, and play at your ball to-night," said Mr. Fox.

"Well, Br'er Rabbit has fooled you badly, Fox. But I will have to whip you, anyway, for letting him out. I'll help you find Br'er Rabbit." "I'll hunt him till I die, to pay him back for fooling me so," said Mr. Fox. So they all started out to find Br'er Rabbit.

And they soon came upon him, and he began to run, and all of them after him. And they got him in a tight place, and he ran up a hollow tree.

And they had to go back for their axes. So they put a Frog at the tree to watch him to keep him from getting away. After they were gone, Mr. Frog looked up and saw Br'er Rabbit.

"What 's dat you chewing?" said Mr. Frog.

"Tobacco," said Br'er Rabbit. "Give me some," said Mr. Frog. "Well," said Br'er Rabbit, "look up here and open your eyes and mouth wide." So he filled the Frog's eyes full of trash. And while Mr. Frog was rubbing his eyes trying to get the trash out so he could see, Br'er Rabbit ran out and got away.

When Mr. Bear and Mr. Fox got back with their axes, they asked Mr. Frog: "Whar 's Mr. Rabbit?" He said: "He 's in dar." They cut down the tree and did n't find him. Then they asked Mr. Frog again: "Whar 's Mr. Rabbit?" "He 's in dar," said Mr. Frog. So they split the tree open, and still did n't find him. And they asked Mr. Frog again, "Whar 's Mr. Rabbit, I say?" "He 's in dar," said Mr. Frog.

"Now, Mr. Frog," they said, "you have let Mr. Rabbit get away, and we are going to kill you in his place."

So Mr. Frog said: "Wait till I go to my praying ground, and say my prayers." So they told him he might have five minutes.

And there was a pond near by, and a log on the edge of it. So when Frog got on the log he bowed his head and said: "Ta-hoo! ta-hoo! ta-h-o-o!" Splash! and he was gone! And the Bear and Fox were outwitted again.



THEY HAD TO GO LOOK FOR AXES. SO THEY PUT A FROG AT THE TREE TO WATCH



BR'ER RABBIT'S FISHING

BR'ER RABBIT'S FISHING*

ONE day, Br'er Rabbit, and Br'er Fox, and Br'er Bear, and Br'er Coon, and all the rest of them were clearing up a new piece of ground to plant some corn.

The sun got sort of hot, and Br'er Rabbit he got tired; but he did n't say so, 'cause he 'fraid the others 'd call him lazy, so he kept on clearing away the rubbish and piling it up, till by-and-by he holler out that he got a thorn in his hand. Then he took and slipped off, and hunted for a cool place to rest in.

After a while Br'er Rabbit he see a well, with a bucket hanging in it.

"That looks cool," says Br'er Rabbit, says he, "and cool I 'spects it is. I 'll just about get in there and take a nap," says he. And with that in he jumped.

No sooner was Br'er Rabbit in, than the bucket began to go down, and there was no wusser scared 'beast since the world began than this here Br'er Rabbit was *then*. He fairly shook with fright. He know where he come from, but he dunno where he going. Presently he feel the bucket hit the water, and there it sat. Br'er Rabbit he keep

mighty still, 'cause he dunno what be going to happen next. He just lay there, and shook and shivered.

Now, Br'er Fox he always kep' one eye on Br'er Rabbit and when Br'er Rabbit slipped off the new ground, Br'er Fox he sneaked after him. He knew Br'er Rabbit was after something or other, and he took and crept off to watch him. Br'er Fox see Br'er Rabbit come to the well and stop, and then he see him jump into the bucket, and then, lo and behold, he see him go down out of sight.

Br'er Fox was the most astonished fox that ever you set eyes on. He sat off there in the bushes, and he think and think, but he make no heads or tails of this kind of business. Then he says to himself, says he:

"Well, if this do n't beat my times," says he, "then Joe 's dead and Sal 's a widder," says he. "Right down there in that well Br'er Rabbit keeps his money hid, and if it ain't that, then he 's been and gone and discovered a gold mine; and if it ain't that, then I 'm a-going to see what is there," says he.

* From "More Funny Stories About Br'er Rabbit," published by Stead's Publishing House, London, England, and used with their permission.

Br'er Fox crept up a little nigher, he did, and he listen, but he hear nothing, and he kept on getting nigher, and yet he hear nothing. By-and-by he get up close. He peep down; he see nothing, and he hear nothing.

All this while Br'er Rabbit was nearly scared out of his skin, and he 'fraid to move, 'cause the bucket might keel over and spill him out into the water.

Then old Br'er Fox holler out:

"Hallo, Br'er Rabbit! Who you visiting down there?" says he.

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm just a-fishing, Br'er Fox," says Br'er Rabbit, says he. "I just said to myself that I 'd sort of surprise you all with a lot of fishes for dinner; and so here I is, and here 's the fishes. I 'm fishing, Br'er Fox," says Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"Is there many of 'em down there, Br'er Rabbit?" says Br'er Fox.

"Lots of 'em, Br'er Fox. Scores and scores of 'em. The water is just alive with 'em. Come down, and help me haul 'em up, Br'er Fox," says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"How 'm I going to get down, Br'er Rabbit?"

"Jump into the other bucket, Br'er Fox. It 'll fetch you down all safe and sound."

Br'er Rabbit he talk so happy and talk so sweet, that Br'er Fox he jump into the bucket, he did, and as he went down, of course his weight pulled Br'er Rabbit up. When they passed one another half-way down, Br'er Rabbit he sing out:

"Good-by, Br'er Fox, take care of your clothes,
For this is the way the world goes;
Some goes up, and some goes down,
You'll get to the bottom all safe and soun'."

When Br'er Rabbit get out, he gallop off and tell the folks what the well belong to that Br'er Fox was down in there muddying up the drinking water, and then he gallop back to the well and holler down to Br'er Fox:

"Here comes a man with a great big gun;
When he hauls you up, you cut and run."

But in about half an hour both of them were back in the new ground, working as if they never heard of no well, 'cept that every now and then Br'er Rabbit burst out and laugh, and old Br'er Fox he 'd get a spell of the dry grins.

BR'ER POSSUM LOVES PEACE

ONE night Br'er Possum called for Br'er Coon, and they rambled forth to see how the others were getting along. Br'er Possum he ate his fill of fruit, and Br'er Coon he scooped up a lot of frogs and tadpoles. They ambled along, just as sociable as a basket of kittens, till by-and-by they heard Mr. Dog talking to himself off in the woods.

"S'pose he runs upon us, Br'er Possum, what you going to do?" says Br'er Coon.

Br'er Possum sort of laugh round the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, if he comes, Br'er Coon, I 'm going to stand by you," says Br'er Possum. "What are you going to do?" says he.

"Who? Me? says Br'er Coon. "If he runs up on to me, I lay I 'll give him a twist," says he.

Mr. Dog he came and he came. He did n't wait to say How-d'ye-do. He just sailed into the two of them. The very first pass he made, Br'er Possum fetched a grin from ear to ear, and keeled over as if he was dead. Then Mr. Dog he sailed into Br'er Coon, but Br'er Coon was cut out for that kind of business, and he fairly wiped up the face of the earth with Mr. Dog. When Mr. Dog got a chance to make himself scarce, he took it, and what was left of him went skaddling through the woods as if it was shot

out of a gun. Br'er Coon he sort of licked his clothes into shape, and racked off, and Br'er Possum he lay as if he was dead, till by-and-by he looked up, sort of careful-like, and when he found the coast clear he scrambled up and scampered off as if something was after him.

Next time Br'er Possum met Br'er Coon, Br'er Coon refused to reply to his How-d'ye-do, and this made Br'er Possum feel mighty bad, 'cause they used to make so many excursions together.

"What makes you hold your head so high?" says Br'er Possum, says he.

"I ain't running with cowards these days," says Br'er Coon. "When I wants you, I 'll send for you," says he.

Then Br'er Possum got very angry. "Who 's a coward?" says he.

"You is," says Br'er Coon, "that 's who. I ain't associating with them what lies down on the ground and plays dead when there 's a free fight going on," says he.

Then Br'er Possum grin and laugh fit to kill hisself.

"Lor! Br'er Coon, you do n't think I done that 'cause I was afraid, does you?" says he. "Why, I were no more afraid than you is this minute. What was there to be skeered at?" says he. "I



BR'ER POSSUM LAY AS IF HE WAS DEAD

knew you 'd get away with Mr. Dog if I did n't, and I just lay there watching you shake him, waiting to put in when the time came," says he.

Br'er Coon turn up his nose.

"That 's a mighty likely tale," says he. "When Mr. Dog no more than touched you before you keeled over and lay there stiff," says he.

"That 's just what I was going to tell you about," says Br'er Possum. "I were n't no more skeered 'n you is now, and I was going to give Mr. Dog a sample of my jaw," says he, "but I 'm the most ticklish chap that ever you set eyes on, and no sooner did Mr. Dog put his

nose down among my ribs than I got to laughing, and I laugh till I had n't no more use of my limbs," says he; "and it 's a mercy for Mr. Dog that I *was* ticklish, 'cause a little more and I 'd have ate him up," says he. "I don't mind fighting, Br'er Coon, any more than you does, but I 'm blessed if I can stand tickling. Get me in a row where there ain't no tickling allowed, and I 'm your man," says he.

And to this day Br'er Possum's bound to surrender when you touch him in the short ribs, and he 'll laugh even if he knows he 's going to be smashed for it.

BR'ER FOX TACKLES OLD BR'ER TARRYPIN*

ONE day Br'er Fox struck up with Br'er Tarrypin right in the middle of the big road. Br'er Tarrypin he heard Br'er Fox coming, and he say to hisself that he 'd sort of better keep one eye open; but Br'er Fox was monstrous polite, and he begin, he did, and say he had n't seen Br'er Tarrypin this ever so long.

"Hallo, Br'er Tarrypin, where you been this long-come-short?" says Br'er Fox, says he.

"Lounging round," says Br'er Tarrypin.

"You do n't look spruce, like you did, Br'er Tarrypin," says Br'er Fox.

"Lounging round and suffering," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he.

* From "More Funny Stories About Br'er Rabbit," published by Stead's Publishing House, London, England, and used with their permission.

Then the talk sort of run on like this:

"What ails you, Br'er Tarrypin? Your eye look mighty red," says Br'er Fox.

"Lor, Br'er Fox, you dunno what trouble is. You ain't been lounging round and suffering," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he.

"Both eyes red, and you look like you is mighty weak, Br'er Tarrypin," says Br'er Fox, says he.

"Lor, Br'er Fox, you dunno what trouble is," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he.

"What ails you now?" says Br'er Fox.

"Took a walk the other day, and Mr. Man come along and set the field on fire. Lor, Br'er Fox, you dunno what trouble is," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he.

"How you get out of the fire, Br'er Tarrypin?" says Br'er Fox.

"Sat and took it, Br'er Fox," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he, "sat and took it; and the smoke got in my eye, and the fire scorched my back," says Br'er Tarrypin, says he.

"Likewise it burn your tail off," says Br'er Fox, says he.

"Oh, no, there 's my tail, Br'er Fox," says Br'er Tarrypin, and with that he uncurl his tail from under his shell, and no sooner did he do that than Br'er Fox grab at it and holler out:

"Oh, yes, Br'er Terrapin! Oh, yes! And so you 's the one what lam me on the head the other day, is you? You 's in with Br'er Rabbit, is you? Well, I 'm going to out you."

Br'er Tarrypin he beg and he beg, but it were n't no use. Then he beg Br'er Fox not to drown him. Br'er Fox ain't making no promise. Then he beg Br'er Fox to burn him, 'cause now he used to fire. Br'er Fox he say nothing. By-and-by Br'er Fox drag Br'er Tarrypin off little ways below the spring, and he souse him under the water.

Then Br'er Tarrypin he began to holler out: "Turn loose that stump-root and catch hold of me!"

Br'er Fox he holler back:

"I ain't got hold of no stump-root, and I is got hold of you."

"Catch hold of me, I 'm a-drowning—I 'm a-drowning; turn loose that stump-root and catch hold of me!"

Sure enough, Br'er Fox turned loose Br'er Tarrypin's tail, and Br'er Tarrypin he went down to the bottom!

Was Br'er Tarrypin drowned, then? Not a bit of it. Is you drowned when your mammy tucks you up in bed?



BY-AND-BY BR'ER FOX, DRAG BR'ER TARRYPIN OFF



HOW COUSIN WILDCAT SERVED BR'ER FOX

HOW COUSIN WILDCAT SERVED BR'ER FOX*

BR'ER RABBIT and Br'er Fox had both been paying calls one evening at the same house. They sat there, and after a while Br'er Rabbit looked out, and said:

"Now then, folks and friends, I must say good-by. Cloud coming up yonder, and before we know it, the rain 'll be a-pouring."

Then Br'er Fox he up and says he 'spects *he* better be getting on, 'cause he does n't want to get his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes wet. So they set out.

While they were going down the big road, talking at one another, Br'er Fox he took and stopped, and said:

"Look here, Br'er Rabbit, look here! If my eyes do n't deceive, here 's the tracks where Mr. Dog 's been along, and they 're quite fresh!"

Br'er Rabbit he sidle up and look. Then he say:

"That there track ain't never fit Mr. Dog's foot. What 's more," says he, "I been acquainted with him what made that track too long ago to talk about."

"Br'er Rabbit, please, sir, tell me his name."

Br'er Rabbit he laughs, as if he was making light of something or other.

"If I makes no mistakes, Br'er Fox, the poor creature what made that track is Cousin Wildcat; no more and no less."

"How big is he, Br'er Rabbit?"

"Just about your heft, Br'er Fox." Then Br'er Rabbit make like talking to himself. "Tut, tut, tut! To be sure, to be sure! Many and many's the times I see my old grand-daddy kick and cuff Cousin Wildcat. If you want some fun, Br'er Fox, now 's the time."

Br'er Fox he up and axed how he 's going to have any fun.

Br'er Rabbit he say: "Easy enough. Just go and tackle old Cousin Wildcat, and lam him round."

Br'er Fox he sorter scratch his ear, and say: "Eh, eh, Br'er Rabbit, I 'm 'fraid. His track too much like Mr. Dog."

Br'er Rabbit he sat flat down in the road, and holler, and laugh. "Shoo, Br'er Fox!" says he,

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"who 'd ha' thought you so skeery? Just come and look at these here tracks. Is there any sign of claw anywheres?"

Br'er Fox was obliged to agree, that there were n't no sign of claw. Br'er Rabbit say: "Well, then, if he ain't got no claw, how 's he going to hurt you, Br'er Fox?"

Br'er Fox took another good look at the track, and then he and Br'er Rabbit put out to follow it up.

They kept on and on, till by-and-by they ran up with the creature. Br'er Rabbit he holler out mighty biggity: "Hallo, there! what you doing?"

The creature look round, but he ain't saying nothing. Br'er Rabbit say: "Oh, you need n't look so sulky! We'll make you talk before we 've done with you! Come, now, what you doing there?"

The creature rub hisself against a tree just as you see these here house cats rub against a chair, but he ain't saying nothing. Br'er Rabbit holler: "What you come bothering us for when we ain't been bothering you? You thinks I do n't know who you is, but I does. I'll let you know I got a better man here than what my grand-daddy been, and I 'll be bound he 'll make you talk."

The creature leaned harder against the tree, and sort of ruffled up his bristles, but he ain't saying nothing. Br'er Rabbit he say: "Go up, Br'er Fox, and if he refuse to speak, slap him down. That 's the way my grand-daddy did. If he dares to run, I 'll just whirl in and catch him."

Br'er Fox he look sort of dubious, but he start toward the creature. Old Cousin Wildcat walk all round the tree rubbing hisself, but he ain't saying nothing. Br'er Fox he went up a little nigher. Cousin Wildcat stop rubbing on the

tree, and sat upon his behind legs with his front paws in the air, and balances hisself by leaning against the tree, but he ain't saying nothing.

Br'er Rabbit he squall out: "Oh, you need n't put up your hands, and try and beg off. That ' the way you fooled my old grand-daddy; but you can't fool me. All your sitting up and begging; ain't going to help you. Hit him, Br'er Fox! If he runs, I 'll catch him!"

Br'er Fox he sort of took heart. He sidled up toward him, and just as he was making ready to slap him, old Cousin Wildcat drew back, and fetched Br'er Fox a wipe across the stomach.

That there Cousin Wildcat fetched him a wipe across the stomach, and you might have heard him squall for miles and miles. Little more and the creature would have torn Br'er Fox in two. Once the creature made a pass at him, Br'er Rabbit knew what was going to happen, yet all the same he took and hollered:

"Hit him again, Br'er Fox! hit him again! I 'm a-backing you, Br'er Fox! Hit him again!"

While Br'er Rabbit was going on in his way, Br'er Fox was squatting on the groun', holding his stomach with both hands and moaning:

"I 'm ruined, Br'er Rabbit! I 'm ruined! Fetch the doctor! I 'm teetotally ruined!"

About this time Cousin Wildcat took and went for a walk. Br'er Rabbit make lik he astonished that Br'er Fox is hurted. He took and examine the place, and he up and say: "It look to me, Br'er Fox, that that owdacious villain took and struck you with a reaping hook."

With that Br'er Rabbit lit out for home, and when he got out of sight he took and shook his hands, just like a cat when she gets the water on her foots. Then he laugh and laugh till he can laugh no more.



ANIMAL FOLK TALES

THE STORY OF THE RABBIT AND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

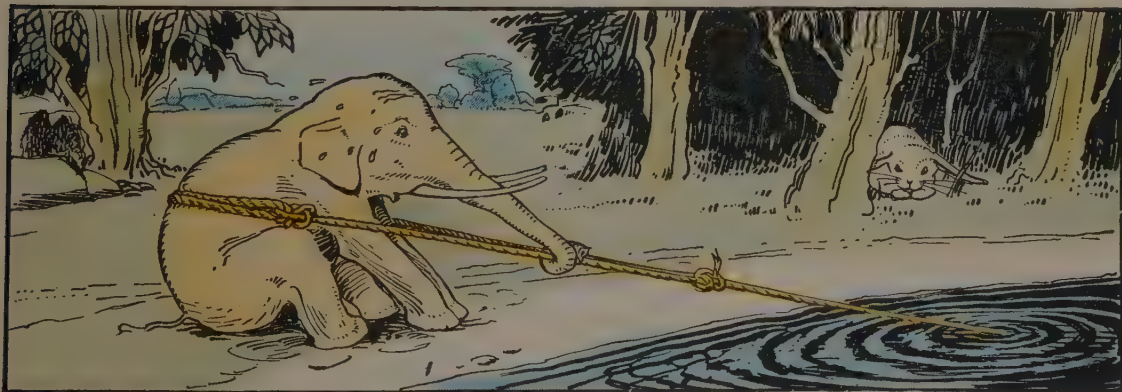
BY JAMES B. BAIRD

A RABBIT, going down to the river to drink, met a hippopotamus and began to speak to him. Not far away was an elephant feeding on the trees near the bank of the river.

"Come, let us try our strength," said the rabbit to the hippopotamus, "you try to pull me into the water and I shall try to pull you to the bank, and whoever is pulled over must pay the other." But the hippopotamus would not listen to such a proposal and laughed, saying, "Why should I waste time pulling with a creature so small as you?" But the rabbit urged him very much to have a try, so at last he consented.

Then the rabbit went off to find a rope, but in passing the elephant, who was feeding quietly, he challenged him to a similar trial of strength, but this time the rabbit was to try to pull the elephant into the water. Like the hippopotamus, the elephant at first refused. But in the end he consented. So the rabbit gave him one end of the rope, saying that he would go down into the water and begin to pull.

When he reached the river, however, he gave the other end of the rope to the hippopotamus, saying he would now run back and begin to pull. Then the rabbit, pretending to go to pull his end of the



THE RABBIT LAUGHS AT THE TWO GIANT BEASTS

rope, slyly lay down in the grass and watched. The two great animals began to pull and tug against each other, but neither could pull the other over, and all the time the rabbit lay laughing in the grass. All day the great beasts heaved and tugged at the rope. About sunset, quite worn out, they gave up the tug-of-war.

The rabbit ran to the river bank where the hippopotamus was standing exhausted half out of the water with the

sand all trampled round about. "Well," said the rabbit, "how did I pull?" The poor hippopotamus had to own up that he was beaten and agreed to pay.

Thereupon the rabbit ran to where the elephant still panted amidst trampled grass and brushwood, and said, "Well, how did I pull?"

The elephant also had to own defeat and agreed to pay.

Thus was the rabbit made rich in a single day.

THE STORY OF A TAILOR

I

MANY, many years ago there lived a tailor in a land across the sea. He thought he was very clever, and that there was nothing that he could not do. One day he heard that the King was ready to give his beautiful daughter, and much money as well, to the man who could build him a palace.

"I am the man," he said. "I will build the palace, marry the King's daughter, and be the richest man in all these parts."

Now it was not an easy thing to build the King's palace. For years and years many people had been trying to do it, but all had failed. Perhaps you would like to know why.

There were three giants in the land who hated the King. As soon as the palace was built up, the giants came and threw it down again. When the tailor heard this, he only smiled. "I am a

better man than all the three giants put together," he said.

So off he went to the city where the palace was to be built. He carried with him a shovel, an ax, and a saw. He had not gone far before he met a white horse.

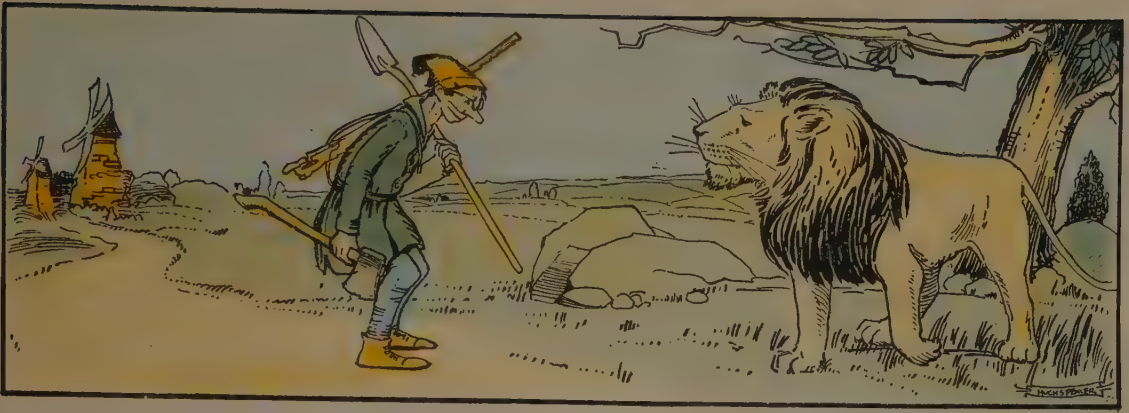
"Good-day," said the tailor.

"Good-day to you," replied the horse. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the city, to build a palace for the King and win the Princess for my wife," said the tailor.

"Are you clever enough," asked the horse, "to build me a hole where I may hide when the miller comes to take me to work at the mill?"

"Of course, I am clever enough to do anything," said the tailor. Oh, he was conceited! But he set to work, and with his shovel he dug a hole for the horse. As soon as the hole was dug the horse



"GOOD DAY TO YOU," REPLIED THE LION. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

got into it, but found that he could not get out again.

"Will you make me some steps," he asked, "so that I can climb out when I want to go in search of food?"

The tailor was not willing to waste any more time with the horse, so he told him to wait where he was until he came back, when he would lift him out of the hole. So the tailor went on his way. He had not gone far before he met a fox.

"Good-day," said the tailor to the fox.

"Good-day to you," replied the fox.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the city to build a palace for the King, and to win the Princess for my wife," replied the tailor.

"Are you clever enough," asked the fox, "to make me a hut in which I can hide when the other foxes are cruel to me and beat me?"

"Sure, I am clever enough to do anything," said the tailor. Oh, he was conceited! But he set to work, and with

his ax and his saw soon made a hut for the fox.

When the fox went into the hut the tailor blocked up the opening with big pieces of wood, so that the fox could not get out.

The fox asked to be set free, but the tailor would not do so. He bade the fox stay where he was until he came back again, when he would let him out of the hut.

Once more the tailor went on his way, and the next animal he met was a lion.

"Good-day!" said he to the lion.

"Good-day to you," replied the lion.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the city, to build a palace for the King, and to win the Princess for my wife," said the tailor.

"Are you clever enough," asked the lion, "to make a plow, so that I and the other lions can go plowing and sowing, and get plenty to eat in the harvest time?"

"Sure, I'm clever enough for anything," said the tailor. Oh, he was con-

ceited! But he set to work, and with his ax and saw soon made a wooden plow.

When the lion was not looking, the tailor made a hole in the beam of the plow; and when the lion went under it, he took hold of the lion's tail and quickly fastened it through the hole, and so made him a prisoner. The lion begged to be set free, but the tailor would not listen to him. He went on his way, leaving the lion fastened to the plow.

When the tailor reached the city he got together a great number of workmen and began building the King's palace. He made the workmen labor their hardest all day long, and when night came he thought of a plan to beat the giants. He had a big stone put on the wall, and he meant to sit by it all night and drop it on the heads of the giants when they came to throw down the building. All night long the tailor sat by the side of the stone waiting for the first giant to appear.

Then when the moon was rising he heard a loud roar in the distance. The earth began to shake and tremble as the giant began to speak.

"Where is that impudent tailor who thinks he can beat me?" he roared.

"I am here," said the tailor, and his voice sounded like a squeak after the roar of the giant.

The giant took one step toward the wall and then the tailor threw down the stone on his head. *Crash!* The first giant was killed, and the tailor laughed and danced in the moonlight, because he felt sure that he would be able to build the palace for the King and win the Princess for his wife.

On the next night the second giant came, and the tailor killed him in the same way. The following night he expected the third giant to appear, but he did not come. Then the tailor made up his mind that he would go to the giant's castle.

II

The tailor found the giant in his castle, and begged to be allowed to spend the evening with him. To this the giant agreed. After dinner the tailor began to boast of all that he could do. The giant began to boast too, and tried his best to out-boast the tailor.

"I can make a hole in my body," said the tailor.

"If you can do that, so can I," said the giant. "But let me see you do it first."

Now the tailor had a sheepskin bag under his coat, and he had filled it with

flour. He took a knife off the table and made a cut in the sheepskin bag. Out came the flour.

"You are indeed a clever fellow," said the giant. "Now I will show you that I can do the same." So saying he took a knife and stuck it into himself. I need not tell you that very soon he was dead.

In this clever way the tailor killed the third giant, and taking the head to the King, asked for his reward. The King was obliged to give the tailor the Princess and the money, for he had not

only built the palace, but had killed the three giants.

The tailor was prouder of himself than ever as he rode home with his beautiful bride. He meant to build himself a palace in the west country just as fine as the King's.

The tailor and the Princess had not left the city many hours before the King began to repent that he had allowed his daughter to marry a tailor. So he called his soldiers to him, and bade them ride with him after the tailor and the Princess.

They rode very fast, but nothing could they see of the pair. Soon they saw a lion fastened to a plow. The King got off his horse, and asked the lion if he had seen a man and a woman pass that way.

"No," said the lion. "But I can run faster than you can ride, so if you will set me free I will run on and overtake the tailor and his bride."

The King untied the lion's tail, and the lion dashed along the road toward the west.

Then the King mounted his horse again and rode on. He had not gone very far before he came to the hut in which the fox was shut up.

"Have you seen a man and woman pass this way?" he asked.

"No," replied the fox; "but if you will set me free I will go in search of them, for I can run very quickly."

So the fox was set free, and the King rode on again. Soon he came to the hole where the horse was.

"Have you seen a man and a woman pass this way?" he asked.

"No," said the horse; "but if you will help me out of this hole I will gallop on ahead and catch them for you."



AS SOON AS THE MAN SAW THE ANIMALS HE GOT OFF HIS HORSE, AND SAT CROSS-LEGGED ON THE GROUND

The King helped the horse out of the hole, and it galloped away. It caught up with the fox, and the pair caught up with the lion, and they ran on together and overtook the man and woman as they were trotting along.

As soon as the man saw the animals he got off his horse, and sat cross-legged on the ground. Then the animals knew that he was the tailor who had made

them prisoners. They were afraid that he would trick them again, so they dared not move a step nearer to him.

Then the King rode up to them, and in an angry voice asked why they did not bring him his daughter. The animals said they were afraid of the tailor; he was so clever that he would be sure to do them much harm.

The King began to think. He remembered how the tailor had killed the three giants, and built the palace where nobody else could do so, and he too was afraid. So he bade his followers ride back to the city as quickly as they could.

The tailor and his bride trotted off westward, and lived happily ever afterward.

THE KING OF TINY FROGS ON HIS TRAVELS

RETOLD BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

FROM A LEGEND OF THE BILOXI INDIANS

THE King of Tiny Frogs was brought up by his grandmother, who taught him to be brave.

When she had trained him well and he became of age, she took him with her on a journey, going eastward and singing as she went.

They traveled a day and a night, until they met the Big Black Bear. When they met the Big Black Bear the grandmother of the King of Tiny Frogs said

to him, "Here is your sister's son. Look at him, and wrestle with him." The Big Black Bear looked down on the Tiny Frog and laughed at him. He was very strong. To show how strong he was, he climbed up a high tree, opened out his claws and slid down, tearing all the bark off the tree. Then he started to seize the Tiny Frog. But while he wasn't looking the King of Tiny Frogs had caught hold of the Big Black Bear by the hind leg, and he whipped him against the trunk of the tree, and pulled off his tail. And they went on their way eastward, singing as they went. So that is why the Big Black Bear hasn't had any tail ever since.

Then they traveled a day and a night, until they met the Big Brown Buffalo. When they met the Big Brown Buffalo the grandmother of the King of Tiny Frogs said to him, "Here is your sister's son. Look at him, and wrestle with him." The Big Brown Buffalo looked down on the Tiny Frog and laughed at him. He was very strong. To show how strong he was, he rushed across the



THE BEAR CLIMBED A HIGH TREE AND SLID DOWN

prairie, drove his horns into a great tree and tore it out of the ground. Then he started to seize the Tiny Frog. But while he wasn't looking the King of Tiny Frogs had caught hold of the Big Brown Buffalo by the hind leg, and he whipped him against the trunk of the tree, until he made a bump on his back. And they went on their way eastward, singing as they went. So that is why the Big Brown Buffalo has been hump-backed ever since.

Then they traveled a day and a night, until they met the Great Gray Alligator. When they met the Great Gray Alligator the grandmother of the King of Tiny Frogs said to him, "Here is your sister's son. Look at him, and wrestle with him." The Great Gray Alligator looked down on the Tiny Frog and laughed at him. He was very strong. To show how strong he was, he slid into the water, stuck his nose under a great tree beside the bank and pushed its roots right up into the air. Then he



THE BIG BROWN BUFFALO WAS VERY STRONG

started to seize the Tiny Frog. But while he wasn't looking the King of Tiny Frogs had caught hold of the Great Gray Alligator by the hind leg, and he whipped him against the trunk of the tree, until he made little swellings all over his back. And they went on their way eastward, singing as they went. So that is why the Great Gray Alligator has had warts on his back ever since.

Then they traveled a day and a night, until they met the Big Red Deer. When they met the Big Red Deer the grandmother of the King of Tiny Frogs said to him, "Here is your sister's son. Look at him, and wrestle with him." The Big Red Deer looked down on the Tiny Frog, but he did not laugh at him. He was very strong. "No, Mother," he said. "I won't wrestle with this little fellow; I might hurt him." "All right," said the grandmother of the King of Tiny Frogs, and she went on her way eastward, singing as she went.



THE GREAT GRAY ALLIGATOR

The King of Tiny Frogs said to the Big Red Deer, "I am going to stay here



THE TINY FROG WARNS HIS BROTHER, THE BIG RED DEER

with you, big brother. I am going to make me a little nest in the matted grass where you lie down at night. And because you did not laugh at me, I am going to watch for the Hunter, and whenever I see him coming I am going to say, 'Go- 'long! Go- 'long!' Whenever I say that, do your best to get away." Hardly had he spoken when he cried out, "Go- 'long! Go- 'long!" Sure enough, there was the Hunter coming! Then the Deer ran like a shadow into the woods, and was safe.

So ever since then, whenever you hear the Tiny Frog say, "Go- 'long! Go- 'long!" you may know that he is calling to his brother the Big Red Deer, and warning him for his safety.

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

ONCE upon a time a cross old woman laid some starch in a basin, intending to put it in the clothes in her wash-tub; but a Sparrow that a woman, her neighbor, kept as a pet, ate it up. Seeing this, the cross old woman seized the Sparrow and saying "You hateful thing!" cut its tongue and let it go.

When the neighbor woman heard that her pet Sparrow had got its tongue cut for its offense, she was greatly grieved, and set out with her husband over mountains and plains to find where it had gone, crying, "Where does the tongue-cut Sparrow stay? Where does the tongue-cut Sparrow stay?"

At last they found its home. When the Sparrow saw that its old master and mistress had come to see it, it rejoiced, and brought them into its house and thanked them for their kindness in old times. It spread a table for them, and loaded it with rice, wine and fish till there was no more room, and made its wife and children and grandchildren all serve the table.

At last, throwing away its drinking-cup, it danced a jig called the Sparrow's dance, and thus they spent the day. When it began to grow dark, and there was talk of going home, the Sparrow brought out two wicker baskets and said,

"Will you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the light one?" The old people replied, "We are old, so give us the light one; it will be easier to carry it." The Sparrow then gave them the light basket, and they returned with it to their home. "Let us open and see what is in it," they said. And when they had opened it and looked, they found gold and silver and jewels and rolls of silk. They never expected anything like this. The more they took out the more they found inside. The supply was inexhaustible, so that the house at once became rich and prosperous. When the cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue saw this, she was filled with envy, and went and asked her neighbor where the Sparrow lived and all about the way.

"I will go, too," she said, and at once set out on her search.

Again the Sparrow brought out two wicker baskets, and asked as before, "Will you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the light one?"

Thinking the treasure would be great in proportion to the weight of the basket, the old woman replied, "Let me have the heavy one."

Receiving this, she started home with it on her back, the sparrows laughing at her as she went. It was as heavy as a stone, and hard to carry, but at last she got back with it to her house.

Then, when she took off the lid and looked in, a whole troop of frightful creatures came bouncing out from the inside, and at once they caught her up and flew away with her.

THE HOLES AND THE CHEESE*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

ONCE upon a time there were three little mice and a cheese. The mice were very hungry, and the cheese was about to be eaten.

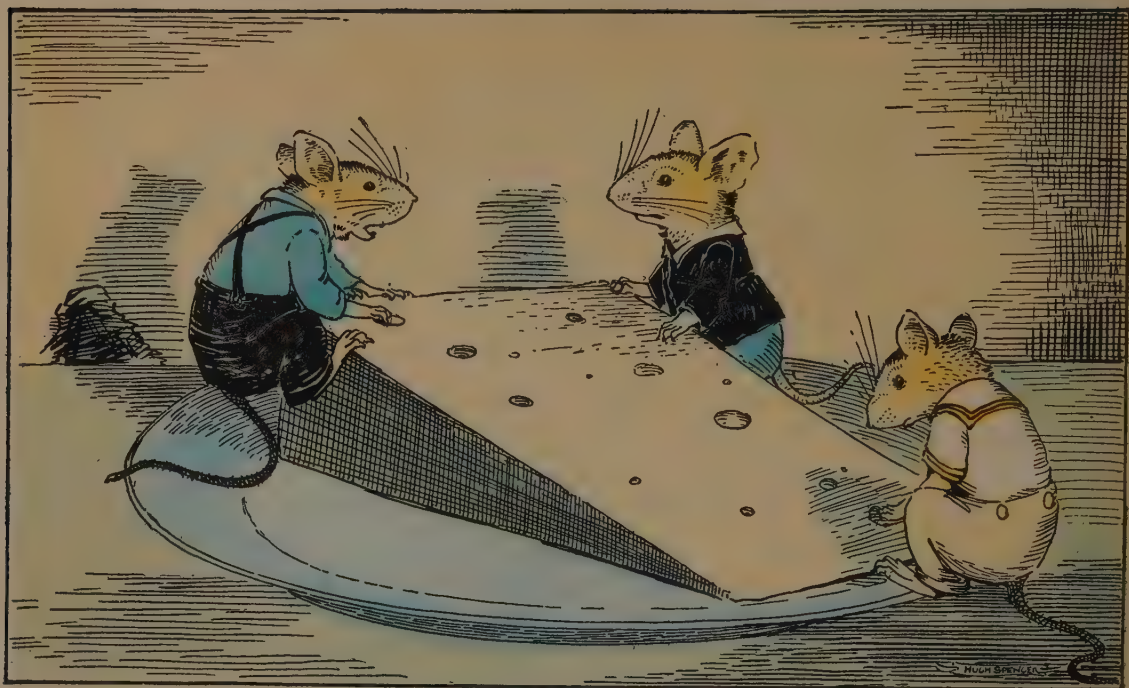
When the three little mice nibbled into the cheese they discovered that there were holes in it: You have probably noticed that too. Some of the holes were large and some of them were small, and, altogether, I should say that about one-third of the cheese was taken up with holes.

Now these three foolish little mice instead of eating the cheese, as any sensible mice would have done, got into an argument as to whether or not the holes were a part of the cheese.

"I say that at least one-third of the cheese is holes," said one little mouse, "and, therefore, the holes are one-third of the cheese." And I think he believed it.

"No," said the other two, "holes are holes, and cheese is cheese, and you have

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THE QUARREL

no right to call the holes part of the cheese simply because they are in the cheese." And I think they believed that too.

So they argued and argued but could not agree. Finally the first little mouse said: "Since I cannot convince you that the holes are part of the cheese, I will go and ask Old Mr. Nibbletooth his opinion. He is far wiser than we, and what he says is sure to be right."

So this was agreed, and the little mouse went to see Mr. Nibbletooth and have him settle the matter.

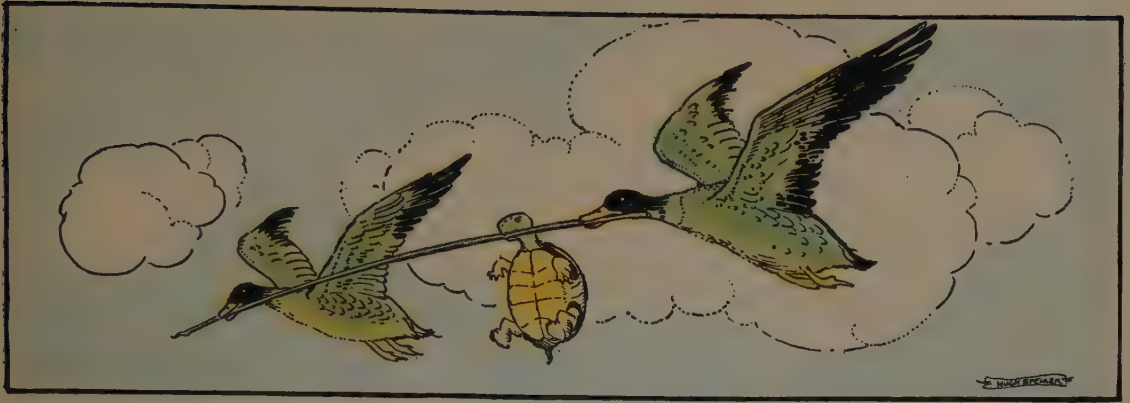
Mr. Nibbletooth was an old gray mouse who lived in a corner back of the flour barrel, and was known by all the mice in the neighborhood, and respected for his wisdom. He scratched his head

and thought very hard for a long time before he made any answer.

Now I don't know that it makes any particular difference what Old Mr. Nibbletooth said to the young mouse, as that has very little to do with the story. The thing that is of far more importance is this: When the little mouse returned to the place where he had left his two brothers and the cheese, there was no cheese to be seen.

"Why, what does this mean?" said he.

"Well," answered one of his brothers, as he rubbed his mouth with the back of his paw, "it means that, after you had gone, we decided that perhaps you were right after all; so we divided the cheese into thirds, and your third happened to be the holes."



THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

ONCE upon a time there lived in the Himalaya Mountains a tortoise. Two young wild ducks who came to feed there made friends with him. One day after they had become quite intimate, the ducks said to the tortoise:

"Friend tortoise! the place where we live, at the Golden Cave on Mount Beautiful in the Himalaya country, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?"

"But how can I get there?"

"We can take you, if you can only hold your tongue, and will say nothing to anybody."

"Oh! that I can do. Take me with you."

"That's right," said they. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their teeth, and flew up into the air.

Just then some villagers saw the strange sight and called out, "Two wild

ducks are carrying a tortoise on a stick!"

The tortoise wanted to say, "My friends chose to carry me in this fashion," but he remembered in time what the ducks had told him.

The ducks flew on and on with the tortoise holding tightly to the stick with his mouth, and all was well until they were directly over the next town. Here a little boy playing beside a lake spied the queer sight and called to his sister: "Look! Two wild ducks are carrying a tortoise on a stick!" And both the children laughed.

The tortoise grew angry at the sound of their laughter and completely forgot his promise to the ducks. He opened his mouth to say something sharp to the children, when down, down, he fell with a great big splash into the lake. And he never did see the Golden Cave on Mount Beautiful.

SCRAPEFOOT*

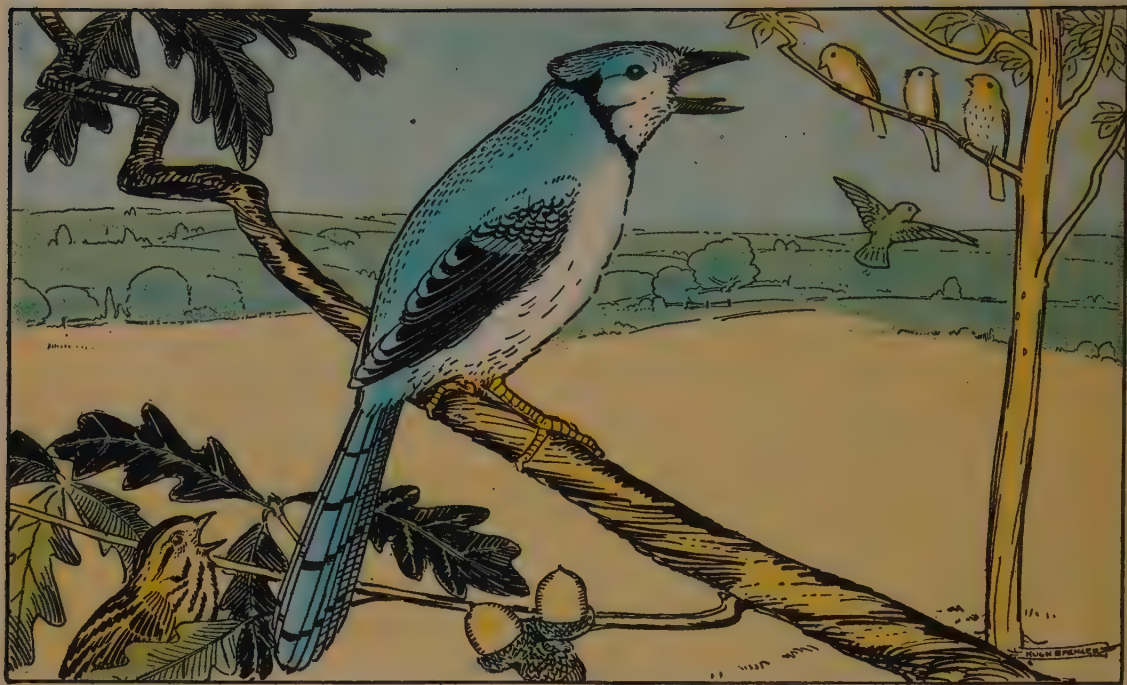
ONCE upon a time there were three bears who lived in a castle in a great wood. One of them was a great big bear, and one was a middling bear, and one was a little bear. And in the same wood there was a fox who lived all alone; his name was Scrapefoot. Scrapefoot was very much afraid of the bears, but for all that he wanted very much to know all about them. And one day as he went through the wood he found himself near the Bears' Castle, and he wondered whether he could get into the castle. He looked all about him everywhere, and he could not see any one. So he came up very quietly, till at last he came up to the door of the castle, and he tried whether he could open it. Yes! the door was not locked, and he opened it just a little way, and put his nose in and looked, and he could not see any one. So then he opened it a little way farther, and put one paw in, and then another paw, and another and another, and then he was all in the Bears' Castle. He found he was in a great hall with three chairs in it—one big, one middling, and one little chair; and he thought he would like to sit down and rest and look about him; so he sat down on the big chair. But he found it so hard and uncomfortable that it made his bones ache, and he jumped down at once and got into the middling chair, and he turned round and round in it, but he couldn't make himself comfortable. So then he went to the little chair and sat down in it, and it was so soft and warm and comfortable that Scrapefoot was quite happy; but all at once it broke to pieces under him and he couldn't put it together again! So he got up and began to look about him again, and on one table he saw three saucers, of which one was very big, one was middling, one was quite a little saucer. Scrapefoot was very thirsty, and he began to drink out of the big saucer. But he only just tasted the milk in the big saucer, which was so sour and so nasty that he would not taste another drop of it. Then he tried the middling saucer, and he drank a little of that. He tried two or three mouthfuls, but it was not nice, and then he left it and went to the little saucer, and the milk in the little saucer was so sweet and so nice that he went on drinking it till it was all gone.

Then Scrapefoot thought he would like to go upstairs; and he listened and he could not hear any one. So upstairs he went, and he found a great room with three beds in it; one was a big bed, and one was a middling bed, and one was a little white bed; and he climbed up into the big bed, but it was so hard and lumpy and uncomfortable that he jumped down again at once, and tried the middling bed. That was rather better, but he could not get comfortable in it, so after turning about a little while he got up and went to the little bed; and that was so soft and so warm and so nice that he fell fast asleep at once.

* From "More English Fairy Tales," edited by Joseph Jacobs. Used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.



And after a time the Bears came home, and when they got into the hall the big Bear went to his chair and said, "Who's been sitting in my chair?" and the middling Bear said, "Who's been sitting in my chair?" and the little Bear said, "Who's been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces?" And then they went to have their milk, and the big bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk?" and the middling Bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk?" And the little Bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk and has drunk it all up?" Then they went upstairs and into the bedroom, and the big Bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" and the middling Bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" and the little Bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?—and see here he is!" So then the Bears came and wondered what they should do with him; and the big Bear said, "Let's hang him!" and then the middling Bear said, "Let's drown him!" and then the little Bear said, "Let's throw him out of the window." And then the Bears took him to the window, and the big Bear took two legs on one side and the middling Bear took two legs on the other side, and they swung him backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, and out of the window. Poor Scrapefoot was so frightened, and he thought every bone in his body must be broken. But he got up and first shook one leg—no, that was not broken; and then another, and that was not broken; and another and another, and then he wagged his tail and found there were no bones broken. So then he galloped off home as fast as he could go, and never went near the Bears' Castle again.



GAY FEATHERS AND A BEAUTIFUL VOICE*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

IN A thicket, with many other birds, lived a blue jay. His gay coat of blue and white and black was all that he could wish it to be, for in fact, he was one of the most beautiful birds. But his voice had always been a sad disappointment to all who heard it, and perhaps most of all to himself, for he was very proud.

"If I could only sing," he said to himself, "what a wonderful bird I would be, and how the other birds would all envy me." I am afraid it was this last thought that made him most anxious to sing.

One day an idea came to him, and it

seemed such an *excellent* idea that he lost no time in putting it into practice. He went to the song sparrow, who, as you know, has as sweet a voice as any of the birds, and said, "Mr. Sparrow, I am big and strong and able to protect you and will do so if you will but do me a small favor in return."

"Gladly," said the little song sparrow; "but tell me, what would you have me do?"

"I have often envied you your beautiful voice," said the jay. "If I could add it to my gay plumes and stately manner I would be the most envied of all birds. What I want you to do is to hide

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in the thicket, close to me. I will pretend to be singing and all you have to do is to furnish the song. Keep well concealed in the bushes and all the birds will marvel at the sweetness of my voice."

This seemed to the little song sparrow to be an excellent plan, so he agreed to it.

Day after day, at the hour when all the birds were out enjoying the air, Mr. Jay sat upon a bough where he could be seen by all, and every one marveled at his lovely song.

"Why, I never knew he could sing a note!" said the lark to the robin, and perhaps there was just a little bit of envy in his tone.

Now it is a strange fact that, sooner

or later, deceit will be found out, and Mr. Jay could not go on forever practicing deceit.

One day, just when he was in the midst of his sweetest song, a great hawk went soaring by, high overhead.

Mr. Jay was a notorious coward and, when he saw the hawk, he forgot his song and his pride, and flew for his very life. But the little song sparrow, who could see nothing, kept right on singing.

"Come back, come back! You have forgotten your voice," cried all the birds.

But Mr. Jay had no heart to come back. He knew that he would be made the laughing stock of all the birds, so he flew far away to a strange woods where the birds did not know him, and there he was quite satisfied to be just a jay.

THE WEDDING CAKE DREAM*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

ALMOST every little bride has a wedding cake, and each one thinks her cake is the most wonderful one that was ever baked and frosted; and so it is, to her, for each little bride has just one real wedding cake.

This story is about a greedy little mouse and a small piece of one of these wonderful cakes.

Of course the greater part of the cake was eaten at the wedding feast, and most of what was left was cut into little pieces and given to the guests to take home and put under their pillows; for most people know that if you sleep with

a piece of wedding cake under your pillow, whatever you dream will be pretty sure to come true. Now, there was just one small piece of cake left, and because the little bride wanted to keep something that would always be a reminder to her of what a very happy day it was, she put the cake away carefully in an old soup tureen that had once belonged to her great-great-grandmother. "Here it will be safe and sound," she said, as she put the cover back on the dish and placed it high up on a shelf.

It happened that, as time went by, an

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old mother mouse with an only son came to live in the pantry where the soup tureen, with its treasure, was kept; and you may be sure it was not long before she and her son knew all the ins and outs of the place. Mrs. Mouse was far too heavy to squeeze through the small hole made in the cover of the dish to allow the handle of the ladle to pass through, but one sniff and a glance through the opening told her as plain as day what was inside.

"That, my son," she said, "is a piece of wedding cake. It has probably been put there for sentimental reasons."

"What are sentimental reasons?" asked the young mouse.

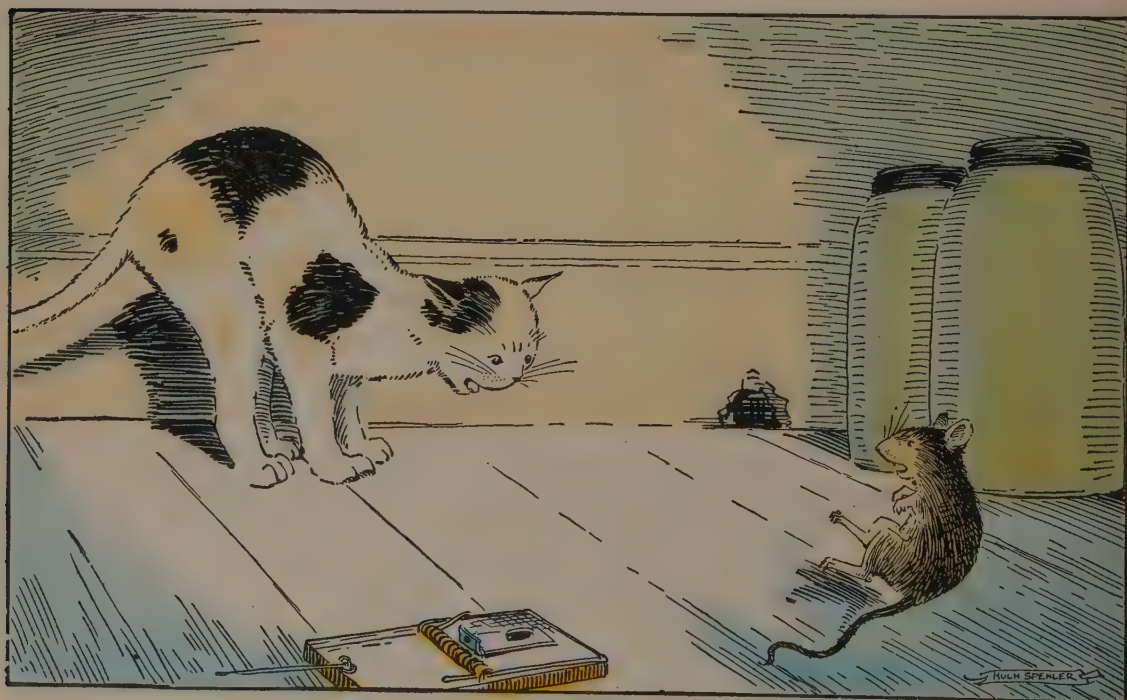
"Well, I don't know exactly myself," said his mother, "but that is a matter of no importance. If I were you, I would leave that cake alone. It is said that if

you sleep on a piece of wedding cake, whatever you dream will be sure to come true. The whole thing is rather mysterious and I would advise you to keep away from it."

Perhaps if the mother mouse had been able to squeeze through the hole she would have had a very different feeling about the matter, but we need not refer to that.

I have heard that "only" sons are apt to be willful; and though I don't believe this is always the case, it was certainly true of this little mouse. He was not only willful, but he was curious and greedy as well, and, because that was the one thing his mother had asked him not to meddle with, it was the thing above everything else that he wanted.

"It smells good—and it looks good," he said to himself, "and there is no good



reason why I should not have some of it." As for the dream, that will only make it the more interesting. Why shouldn't I know something about my future?"

So he squeezed through the hole into the dish and nibbled at the cake. My! how good it was, and how very stupid it would have been to have left it alone. So, being a very greedy little mouse, he ate and ate until there was just a small piece left. Then, feeling very stuffy and drowsy, he cuddled up in the bottom of the dish, and, using what remained of the cake, for a pillow, he was soon fast asleep.

Now, we all know what happens to little children when they try to sleep after they have eaten too much of anything sweet—they have perfectly dreadful dreams. You may be sure that the same thing is true of little mice. This naughty little mouse had the most dreadful nightmare you ever heard of. He dreamed that he saw a most tempting bit of cheese and was just about to nibble into it when—snap!—went a trap

and he was caught by the very tip of his tail. After tugging and pulling for what seemed a very long time he finally wriggled free, but before he had gone ten steps he found himself face to face with a great monster called a cat. Just as the creature sprang at him he awoke with a squeak of terror and was thankful, oh, so thankful! to find that it had been only a dream.

Then, all of a sudden, he remembered what his mother had said about wedding cake dreams coming true.

A short time after the young mouse had this dreadful dream, he and his mother moved away to another pantry and I never heard what happened to him after that, but I feel pretty certain of this much: He was so fearful that the dream might come true that he hardly dared touch a morsel of food anywhere, however safe it seemed, and he was forever expecting to hear the snap of a trap.

The result was that he never really enjoyed another bite of food as long as he lived.

A PROUD BIRD AND HOW HE CAME TO GRIEF*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

IN A poultry yard, not so very many miles away, there once lived a fine young rooster, who would doubtless have been alive to this day if he had thought more of his deportment and less of his looks.

"I am the finest fowl in all the poultry yard!" he would say.

Then he would flap his beautiful wings and crow so loud that his voice could be heard all over the neighborhood.

Some of his brothers and sisters were beautiful too, but they were too polite to dispute him, so he went merrily on

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MR. FOX VISITS THE POULTRY HOUSE

from day to day, telling every one how beautiful he was and doing a great deal more crowing than people cared to listen to.

Now one dark night, old Mr. Fox tucked his sack under his arm and made a little visit to the poultry house. When he got inside, it was so very dark that he could scarcely see a foot ahead of him, and as for seeing two feet and the rest of a fowl, that was out of the question. So he stopped just inside of the

door and said in a low tone, "Who is the finest bird in the poultry house?"

Now young Mr. Rooster was so used to saying, "I am the finest bird in all the poultry house!" that he was able to say it even in his sleep—and *that* was exactly what he did. "I am the finest bird in all the poultry house!" he said, and flapped his wings a little, so that there could be no mistake as to just where he was—for he nexer dreamed who it was that asked the question.



A LITTLE FISH STORY*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

THERE are a great many million fish in the seas, but this story is about just one of them, and a very small one at that.

Now this little fish had everything in the seas to make him contented, but he was not happy. You will laugh when I tell you why he was not. He was unhappy because he was so very small.

Perhaps it was *that* for want of a better reason.

"It is very hard to be such a little mite of a fish!" he would say, over and over again. "If I were only larger, how much happier I could be." And he said it so many times that I really think he believed it.

One day he was swimming along with the rest of his school and thinking, no

doubt, how much more the larger fish had to be thankful for than he, when suddenly, with no warning, they found themselves in the meshes of a great net.

There was much floundering and splashing as the net was drawn up out of the water into the sunlight, and just as its haul was being emptied into the boat, the smallest fish in the school wriggled through the mesh and slipped back into the cool clear water.

How good it felt!

He swam here and there and everywhere, and some of the fish who knew him well all the rest of his life, said that they never again heard him say that he wished to be anything but a *little* fish.

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HONEY AND ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

BEARS, you know, are very fond of honey. The bear that I am going to tell about was even more fond of it than most other bears, if you can imagine such a thing. He would climb to the top of the tallest tree, if there happened to be a bee's nest in its hollow trunk, and he would go to no end of trouble to get his great paw down into the hole where the honey was. Mr. Bear did not mind the work one bit, but there was one thing that he did object to, and it happened altogether too often to be pleasant. The bees, of

course, did not like to be robbed of the honey they had worked for months to store up for the winter, so, when they saw Mr. Bear reach his great paw into their home, they did what any sensible bees would have done—they stung him just as hard as they could sting. If you have ever been stung by a bee, and I hope you never have, you know that it is a very unpleasant thing to have happen.

"If I could only get the honey without getting the stings," thought the Bear. He gave the matter a great deal

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of thought, when there was nothing else on his mind, and finally one day an idea came to him. "The bees get the honey from the flowers," said he to himself. "If I carry a bouquet with me when I go for honey, perhaps they will be so pleased that they will not sting me."

So he gathered a great bunch of wild flowers. It was not easy to climb with a large honey pail in one hand and the flowers tucked under his arm, but he managed somehow. Sure enough, it turned out just as he had expected. The smell of the flowers was too much for the poor little bees and they forgot all about their honey. They even forgot to sting Mr. Bear, but buried their noses deep in the blossoms to sip the honey, and all the while Mr. Bear busily helped himself to the honey they had stored away in the hollow trunk of the old tree. Of course he was very well pleased with his little scheme, and every day he would gather a fresh bunch of flowers for the bees and then go for more honey.

But, as time went by, Mr. Bear grew to feel that it was too much work to gather fresh flowers every time he went for honey, and he began to think up some plan that would make it easier for himself. "Why should I spend so much of my valuable time picking flowers for the bees?" said he. "Mrs. Bear has some beautiful cloth flowers on her last summer's hat. I can carry them when I go for honey and the bees will never know the difference, and I can use the same flowers over and over again."

So he stripped the beautiful cloth

daisies and roses and sunflowers and violets from Mrs. Bear's old hat and tied them with a great red ribbon. "How pleased the bees will be," he said to Mrs. Bear as he started off.

After some hunting he found a tree with a bee's nest in it but it was a long way up and Mr. Bear found the climbing very difficult. Well, he finally reached the hole and, perching on a bough, he held the flowers most invitingly in one hand while he reached into the hole with the other.

Now the bees may not have known any more than Mr. Bear knew about the taste of honey, but they certainly knew a great deal more about making it, and they didn't have to taste more than once to know that there was no honey to be gathered from cloth flowers. As for the beauty of the flowers, they didn't care one whit about that. They were only the more angry at Mr. Bear for trying to play a trick on them. They flew at him from behind and they flew at him from in front. They flew from above and they flew from below. They stung him on the nose, they stung him on the ears, they stung him on the paws, they stung his cheeks until his eyes were fairly puffed; and finally, because he just couldn't climb down fast enough, Mr. Bear simply let go and fell. He was thankful to reach the ground, if he did strike with a thump. He scampered home as fast as his poor sore paws would carry him, and I am sorry to say he was very cross to poor Mrs. Bear when she asked him what he had done with her flowers and the honey.



THE DINNER PARTY*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

I DON'T know how they happened to get acquainted with each other, but they did—a baby bunny and a baby squirrel and a baby robin. They not only became acquainted but they grew to be very close friends, and that was partly why they came to grief. It is not always wise for folks to be too friendly when their tastes are so different.

One day these three little friends were playing around an old stump in a field when their talk led to what they liked best to eat.

"Oh," said the little bunny, "there is nothing better than a good cabbage leaf. If you would taste it, just once, I am sure you would care for nothing else."

"I do not doubt that they are very

good," said the little squirrel, who was always polite, "but I can think of nothing better than a few nice hickory nuts."

"That is all very well," said the robin, "but bugs and worms are good enough for me."

They argued about it for quite a while and finally the little bunny said: "This is really quite unfair. How do any of us know which is best when we have never tasted anything but our own favorites? Suppose we each eat the things the others say are best and then we will all be able to form a fair opinion."

This seemed to be a very good plan, so they sat down to a fine feast on the top of the old stump. The bunny ate a

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great many nuts and bugs and worms, although I cannot say that he really enjoyed them. The squirrel nibbled at the cabbage leaves and bugs, though the very thought of them fairly made him sick. And the little robin made his meal on cabbage leaves and nuts. I think they were glad when the feast was finished.

That night a little mother rabbit had to sit up with a little baby bunny. A little mother squirrel sat up with a little baby squirrel. A little mother robin was up nearly all night with a little baby robin. After that, each of the little friends ate nothing but the food that he was really meant to eat.

BLACK-AS-NIGHT*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

"MEW! Mew! Mew!" There were three new kittens in the old box in a corner of the hay mow. Three tiny new kittens. One was as white as snow, the second was a tortoise-shell, and the third was as black as a coal.

Two little children came every day to see them, and as soon as the kittens were old enough to understand, they heard a great many interesting things about themselves. And, because they had seen very little of life, they believed everything they heard. "The white one is very beautiful," said one of the children, to which the other agreed. "So is the yellow one," he added. "But, oh! What a homely little creature the black one is."

"Black cats make me think of witches," said the first child.

Of course it was very stupid of the kittens to believe this, but, as I said, the world was very new to them and they did not know that people often say things they do not mean.

The little white kitten had no objec-

tions to being called beautiful, in fact, he quite enjoyed it. The tortoise-shell too was satisfied with his share of the flattery. They felt that, because they were more beautiful than their brother, they did not wish to be seen with him, so they spent most of their time together—and, a good deal of it, I am sorry to say, finding fault with their little black brother.

The children named the white kitten "Snowball," the tortoise-shell "Dandelion," but they had quite a time making up their minds whether to call the black kitten "Coal Black," or "Black-as-night"; they finally decided to call it "Black-as-night," because they thought that sounded more spooky.

The poor little black kitten was quite unhappy. He wanted to be loved the same as his brothers, but he had been led to think that it was a disgrace to be black. He spent many hours licking his little black paws and trying to make them white, but time went by and his paws were still as black as ever, so he

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DANDELION TRIES TO ESCAPE

finally decided it was no use and made up his mind to make the best of his lot.

One evening the kittens were playing in the yard when an ugly dog spied them and gave chase. They scampered up a nearby tree as fast as they could go, and they were none too soon. The dog, of course, could not climb the tree and this made him very angry, so he sat down and growled. "This is all very well," said he, "but I can wait as long as you can, and you will have to come down some time."

Darkness came on, and the kittens were becoming very tired of their places in the tree. Besides, they were getting hungry. But the dog still sat close to the tree, keeping watch. Finally Snowball decided that he would try to make his escape, but, as he neared the ground, the dog sprang at him with a growl, and little Snowball was glad to scamper back up out of danger.

An hour went by and the old dog was so quiet that the kittens thought surely he had fallen asleep. So Dandelion decided to try his luck, but, just as he was about to spring to the ground, the dog jumped up with such a start that poor little Dandelion almost lost his hold on the tree. He managed to hang on, though, and climb back up to the nearest branch.

The kittens were becoming very tired and it was nearly midnight when Black-as-night made up his mind that he simply was not going to stay in the tree any longer. So he climbed very quietly down the trunk until he reached the ground, not four feet from where the

old dog sat keeping watch. The night was so dark, and Black-as-night was so very black that Mr. Dog never even dreamed of what was happening. So Black-as-night stole softly away to his cozy bed without ever being seen.

Snowball and Dandelion spent the night in the tree, and did not come down until the next morning, after the chil-

dren had driven the dog away. And when they went to the saucer that was usually filled with milk, they found that Black-as-night had been there ahead of them and, I am afraid, had helped himself to a little more than his share. But they had learned a lesson, and they never again made fun of him for being black.

A TURTLE AND AN UNGRATEFUL RAT*

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

Down in the mud and rushes at the edge of the river, an old turtle basked through the long summer days. There were countless minnows and tadpoles and young frogs there too, and old Mr. Turtle had no difficulty finding more than enough to satisfy his appetite, and, as hunting for his dinner was the only thing on earth he had to do, and that was so very easy, you can see that he must have had a great deal of time on his hands.

He was a very good-natured old turtle and did a great deal of good in his quiet way. He was always ready and willing to carry his little friends across the river whenever they wished to go, and you may be sure that it was great fun for them to climb onto his broad back and be paddled safely across the deep water. Sometimes he would take a whole party of mice up the river for a day's outing, and it was never too much trouble to stop for one more if they happened to spy a friend on shore. In fact, old Mr. Turtle was so very simple and

obliging that I think his good nature was often imposed upon, and an old rat, whose manners were very bad, had even gone so far as to poke fun at him. But Mr. Rat was very much disliked anyway, and, if his remarks bothered the good old turtle at all, he kept his feelings to himself.

One day, as he was basking in the sun, more asleep than awake, he was aroused by a very young field mouse, that came running down to the water's edge, quite out of breath. "Oh, please Mr. Turtle," said the little mouse, "won't you take me across the river? I am trying to escape from old Mr. Rat—he is close at my heels and if he catches me he will make a meal of me—I am too tired to run any more."

It took old Mr. Turtle just about two seconds to get the little field mouse onto his back and start across the river. They were barely out into the stream when Mr. Rat appeared at the water's edge. He was in a great rage. He stamped the earth and tore at his long

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pointed whiskers. He called to Mr. Turtle to come back, but the old turtle paid no heed to him until he had landed his little passenger safely on the opposite shore. Then he turned straight around and swam back to where the rat was raging and scolding at him.

"What do you mean by taking my prize away from me, when I had him fairly caught?" said the ugly rat.

The old turtle answered very politely: "I make it my business to carry any one who wishes to go across the river," said he, "and I saw no reason why I should not take my little friend, the field mouse, across. I would gladly do as much for any one."

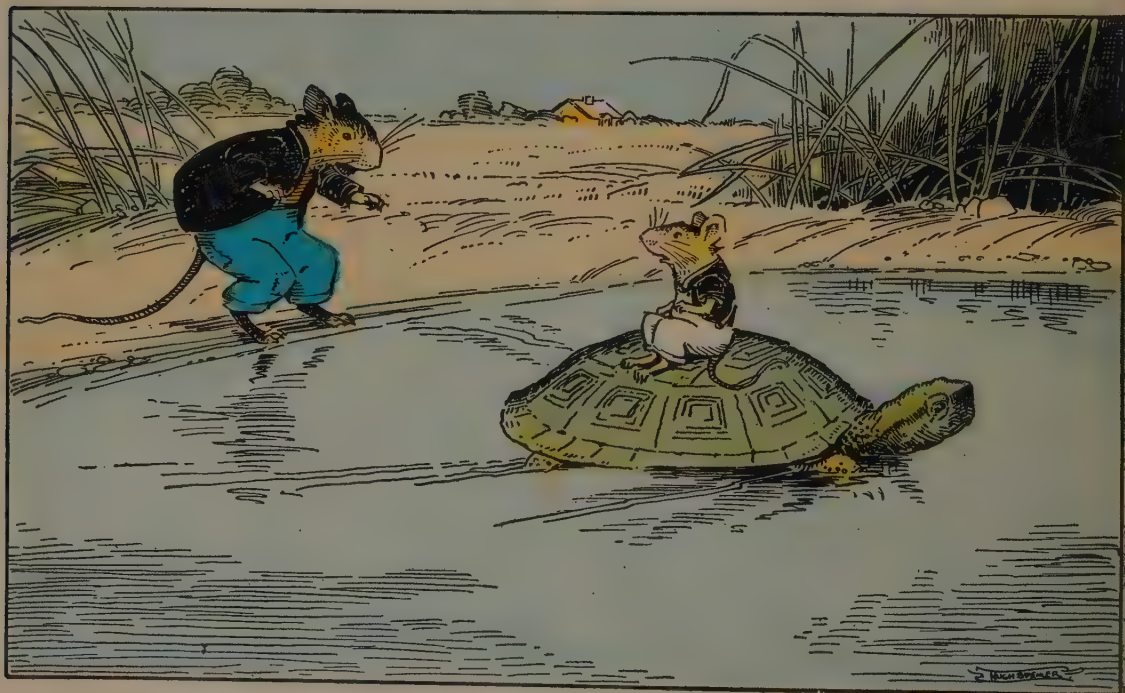
"Then take me, and be quick about it too," said the thankless rat, and he lost no time in springing onto the turtle's back.

Mr. Turtle paddled slowly along toward the middle of the stream, while his passenger raged and fretted at the slow progress they were making. "If I lose my dinner, it will be your fault," said he, "and I will see to it that you are punished."

By this time they had gotten to the very middle of the river.

"Now, see here," said old Mr. Turtle, "I cannot bear to think that I might be the cause of your losing your dinner. I would not delay you for anything in the world." Without saying another word, he plunged under the surface and went straight down to the bottom of the river, leaving his ungrateful passenger struggling in the water.

I do not know whether the rat reached the shore, but I know that he never caught the little mouse.



"THEN TAKE ME, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT," SAID THE THANKLESS RAT

